MAD®

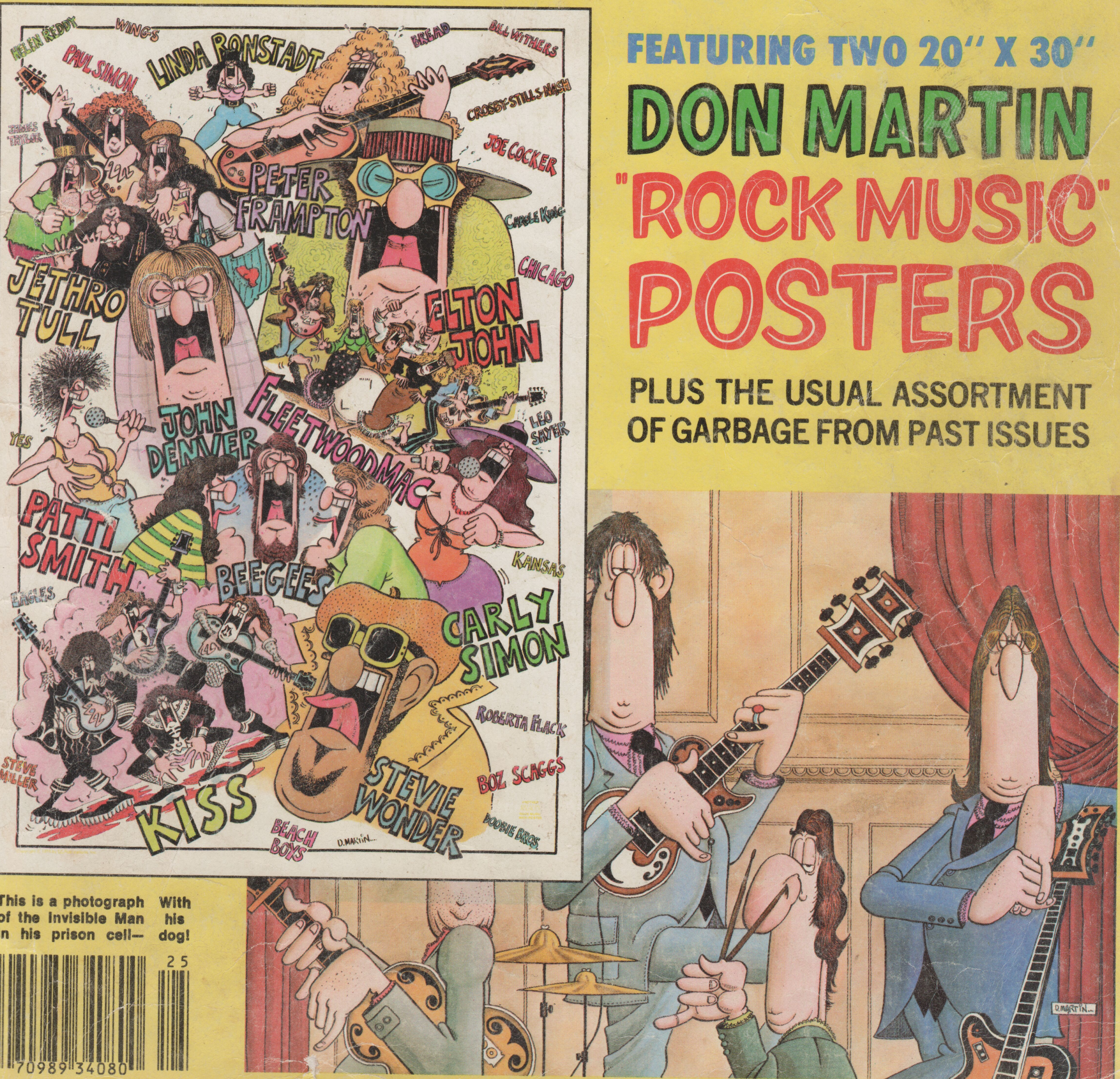
OUR PRICE
$1.55
SUPER
CHEAP

SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

FEATURING TWO 20" X 30"

DON MARTIN "ROCK MUSIC" POSTERS

PLUS THE USUAL ASSORTMENT OF GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES

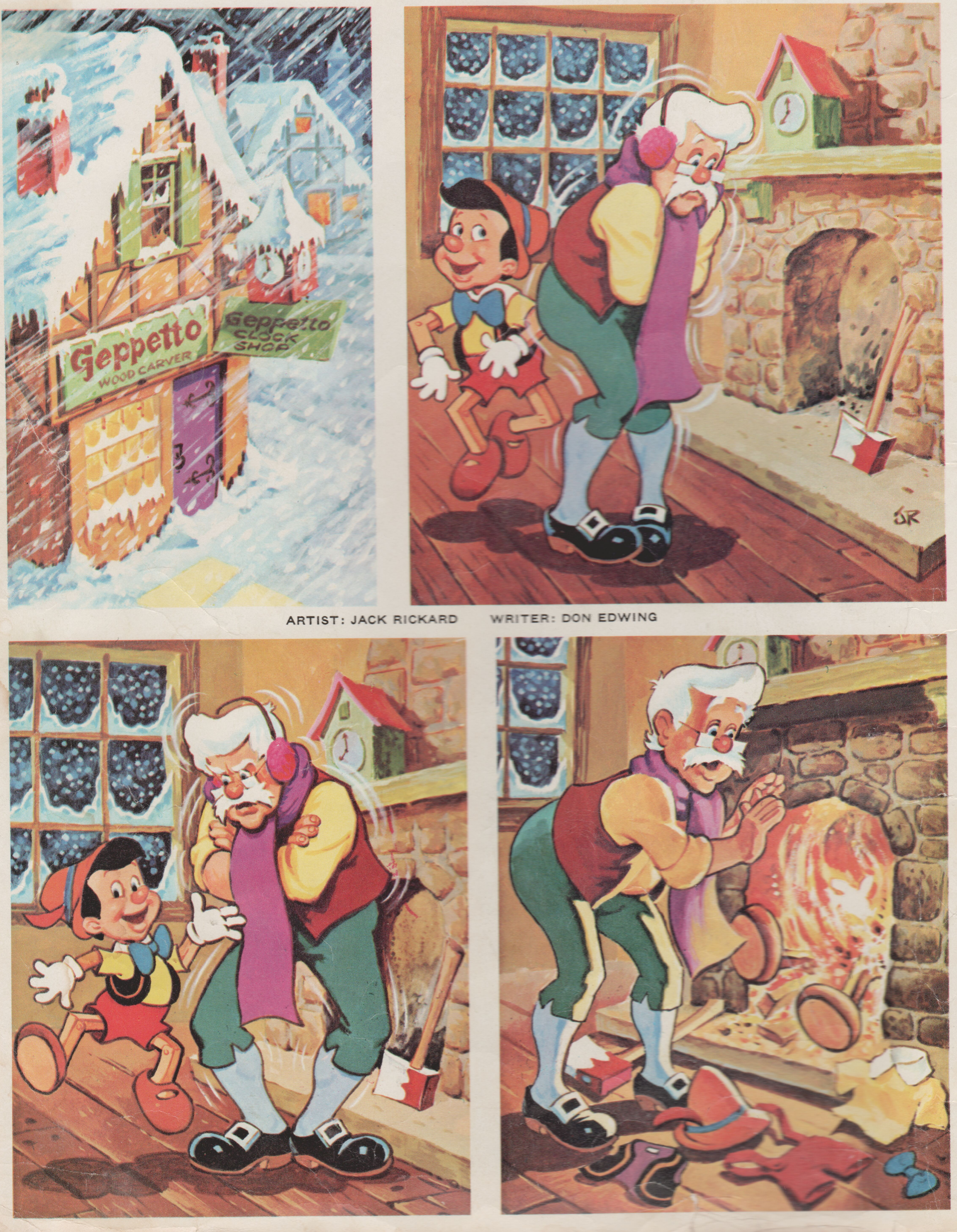

HELEN REDDY
WINGS
PAUL SIMON
LINDA RONSTADT
BREAD
BILL WITHERS
JAMES TAYLOR
CROSBY-STILLS-NASH
JOE COCKER
PETER FRAMPTON
CAROLE KING
CHICAGO
JETHRO TULL
ELTON JOHN
JOHN DENVER
FLEETWOOD MAC
LEO SAYER
YES
PATTI SMITH
BEE GEES
KANSAS
EAGLES
CARLY SIMON
ROBERTA FLACK
STEVIE WONDER
STEVE MILLER
BOZ SCAGGS
KISS
BEACH BOYS
D.MARTIN...
DOOBIE BROS.
D.MARTIN...

This is a photograph of the invisible Man in his prison cell— With his dog!

25

70989 34080

Scenes We'd Like To See

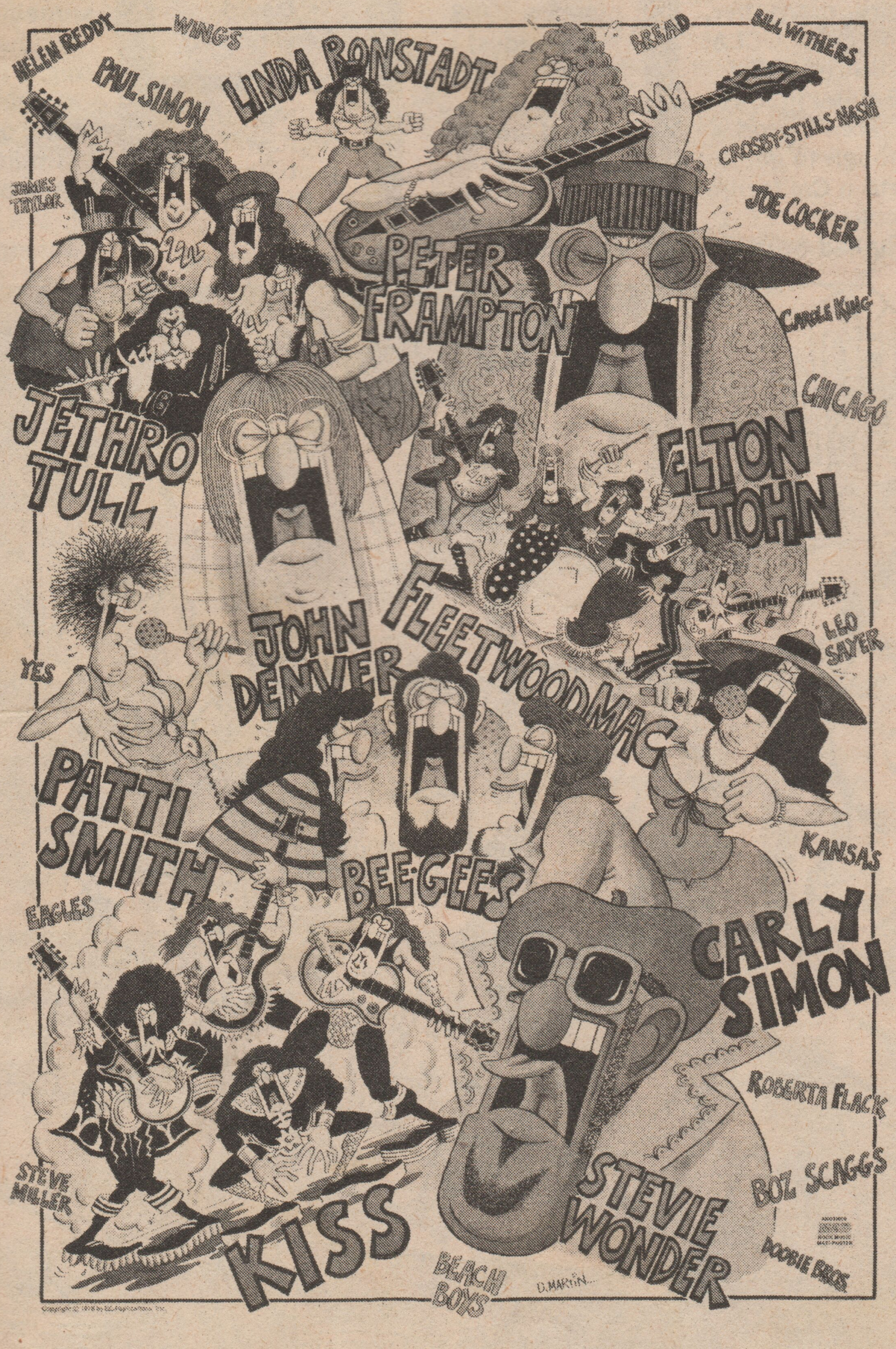

Geppetto
WOOD CARVER
Geppetto
CLOCK
SHOP
JR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DON EDWING

MAD
SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

"A Supermarket is where you spend half an hour hunting for instant coffee!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots


HELEN REDDY
WING'S
PAUL SIMON
LINDA RONSTADT
BREAD
BILL WITHERS
CROSBY-STILLS-NASH
JAMES TAYLOR
JOE COCKER
PETER FRAMPTON
CAROLE KING
CHICAGO
JETHRO TULL
ELTON JOHN
FLEETWOOD MAC
JOHN DENVER
LEO SAYER
YES
PATTI SMITH
BEE-GEES
KANSAS
EAGLES
CARLY SIMON
ROBERTA FLACK
STEVE MILLER
BOZ SCAGGS
KISS
STEVIE WONDER
BEACH BOYS
DOOBIE BROS.
D. MARTIN

MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER 25—Published by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Entire contents Copyright © 1974, 1978 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The names and characters used in MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

DEPARTMENTS
(In Order Of Their Appearance)

THERE'S GOLD IN OLDIES DEPARTMENT
"American Confetti" (A MAD Movie Satire) 2

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
One Sunday Morning On The Beach 9
One Day In The City 25
One Tuesday Afternoon After School 43
One Evening At A Cocktail Party 60
One Fine Evening In The Castle 69
One Dark Night In A Laboratory 80

ALLEY BE PRAISED DEPARTMENT
The MAD Bowling Primer 11

ADD-VERTISING DEPARTMENT
Trademark Graffiti 14

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CON DEPARTMENT
You Know There's Something Fishy When 18

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Dieting 20
The Lighter Side of Minor Ailments 64

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPARTMENT
MAD's Sure-Fire Cliche Killers 26

THEN AND OWW! DEPARTMENT
Remember When 30

HANG-UPS DEPARTMENT
Don Martin's "Rock Music" Posters ..... Insert

THE BARE FACTS DEPARTMENT
A MAD History Of Sex 33

HYPOCRITICAL OAFS DEPARTMENT
"The Realistic School Of Medicine" 39

OPTI-MISSED DEPARTMENT
Wishful Thinking 44

NEVER TRUST A SHOW ABOUT THE '30'S DEPARTMENT
"The Dulltons" (A MAD Show Satire) 47

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
"Spy Vs. Spy" 53

PORN FREE DEPARTMENT
Clean Ads For Dirty Movies 54

STAKING ACCLAIM DEPARTMENT
A MAD Guide To Status Symbols 57

THE SYMBOL TRUTH DEPARTMENT
Picture Signs We'd Like To See 61

SYMBOL EXPLANATION DEPARTMENT
Picture Signs For Everyday Situations 70

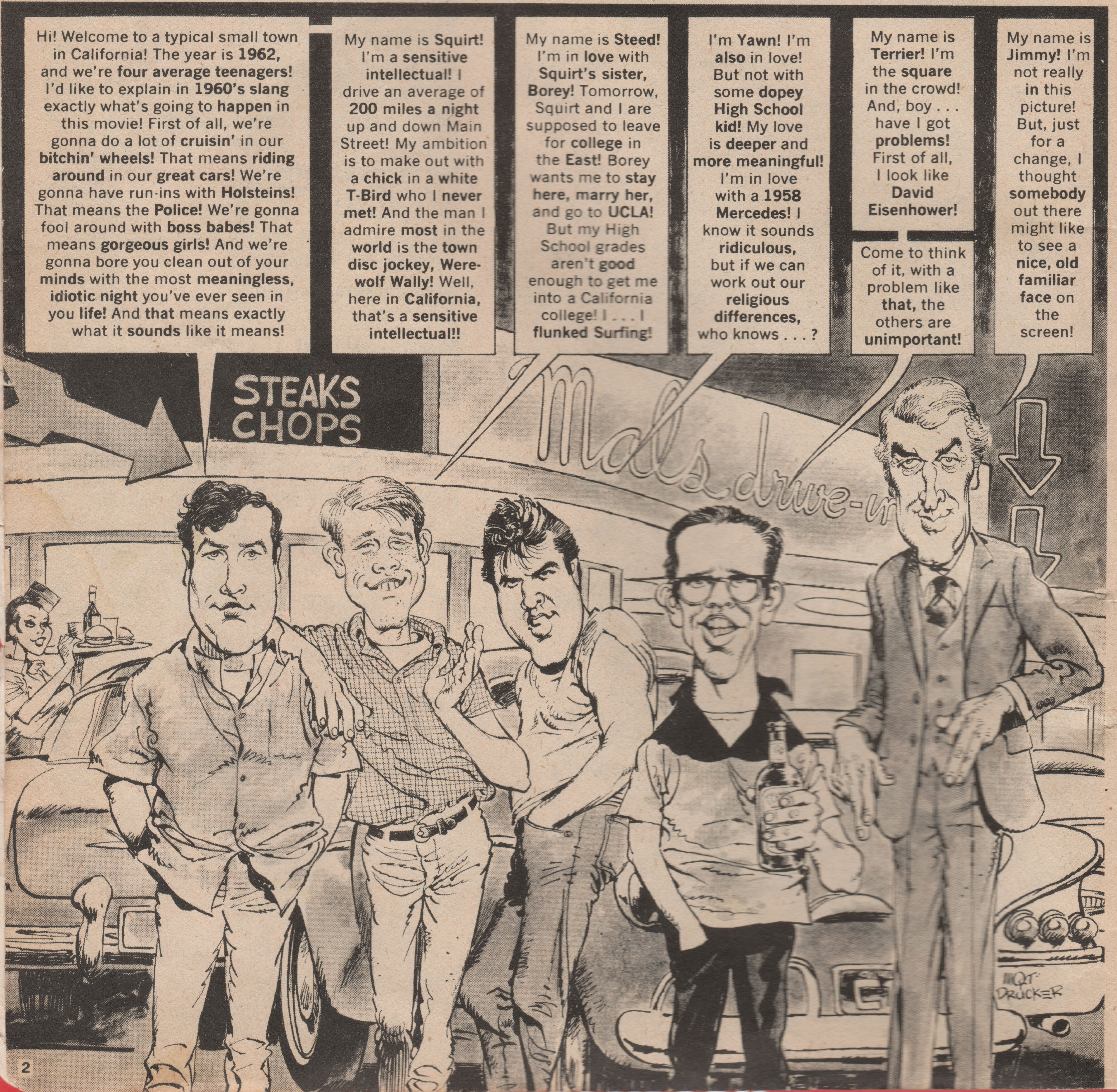
MALE CHAUVINIST PIG-MALION DEPARTMENT
"My Fair Laddie" 72

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones ..... **
**Various Places Around The Magazine

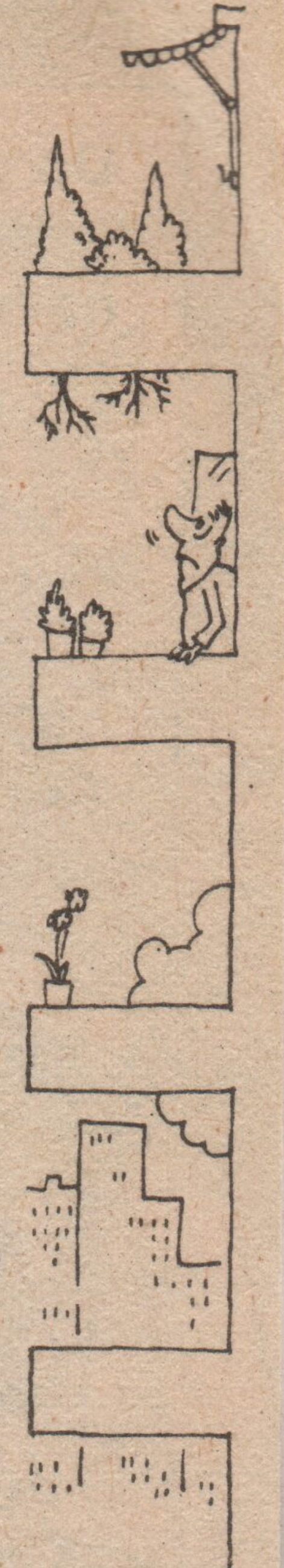
THERE'S GOLD IN OLDIES DEPT.

What's been just about the biggest thing going in the movies for the past couple of years? Nostalgia, right? The film-makers took us back to the 1920's in "The Boy Friend", to the '30's in "Paper Moon", to the '40's in "Summer of '42", and to the '50's in "The Last Picture Show". So that just about uses up all the important nostalgia decades, and now on to other things, right? Wrong!

AMERICAN


Hi! Welcome to a typical small town in California! The year is 1962, and we're four average teenagers! I'd like to explain in 1960's slang exactly what's going to happen in this movie! First of all, we're gonna do a lot of cruisin' in our bitchin' wheels! That means riding around in our great cars! We're gonna have run-ins with Holsteins! That means the Police! We're gonna fool around with boss babes! That means gorgeous girls! And we're gonna bore you clean out of your minds with the most meaningless, idiotic night you've ever seen in you life! And that means exactly what it sounds like it means!
My name is Squirt! I'm a sensitive intellectual! I drive an average of 200 miles a night up and down Main Street! My ambition is to make out with a chick in a white T-Bird who I never met! And the man I admire most in the world is the town disc jockey, Were-wolf Wally! Well, here in California, that's a sensitive intellectual!!
My name is Steed! I'm in love with Squirt's sister, Borey! Tomorrow, Squirt and I are supposed to leave for college in the East! Borey wants me to stay here, marry her, and go to UCLA! But my High School grades aren't good enough to get me into a California college! I . . . I flunked Surfing!
I'm Yawn! I'm also in love! But not with some dopey High School kid! My love is deeper and more meaningful! I'm in love with a 1958 Mercedes! I know it sounds ridiculous, but if we can work out our religious differences, who knows . . . ?
My name is Terrier! I'm the square in the crowd! And, boy . . . have I got problems! First of all, I look like David Eisenhower!
Come to think of it, with a problem like that, the others are unimportant!
My name is Jimmy! I'm not really in this picture! But, just for a change, I thought somebody out there might like to see a nice, old familiar face on the screen!
STEAKS CHOPS
Mal's drive-in
QT DRUCKER

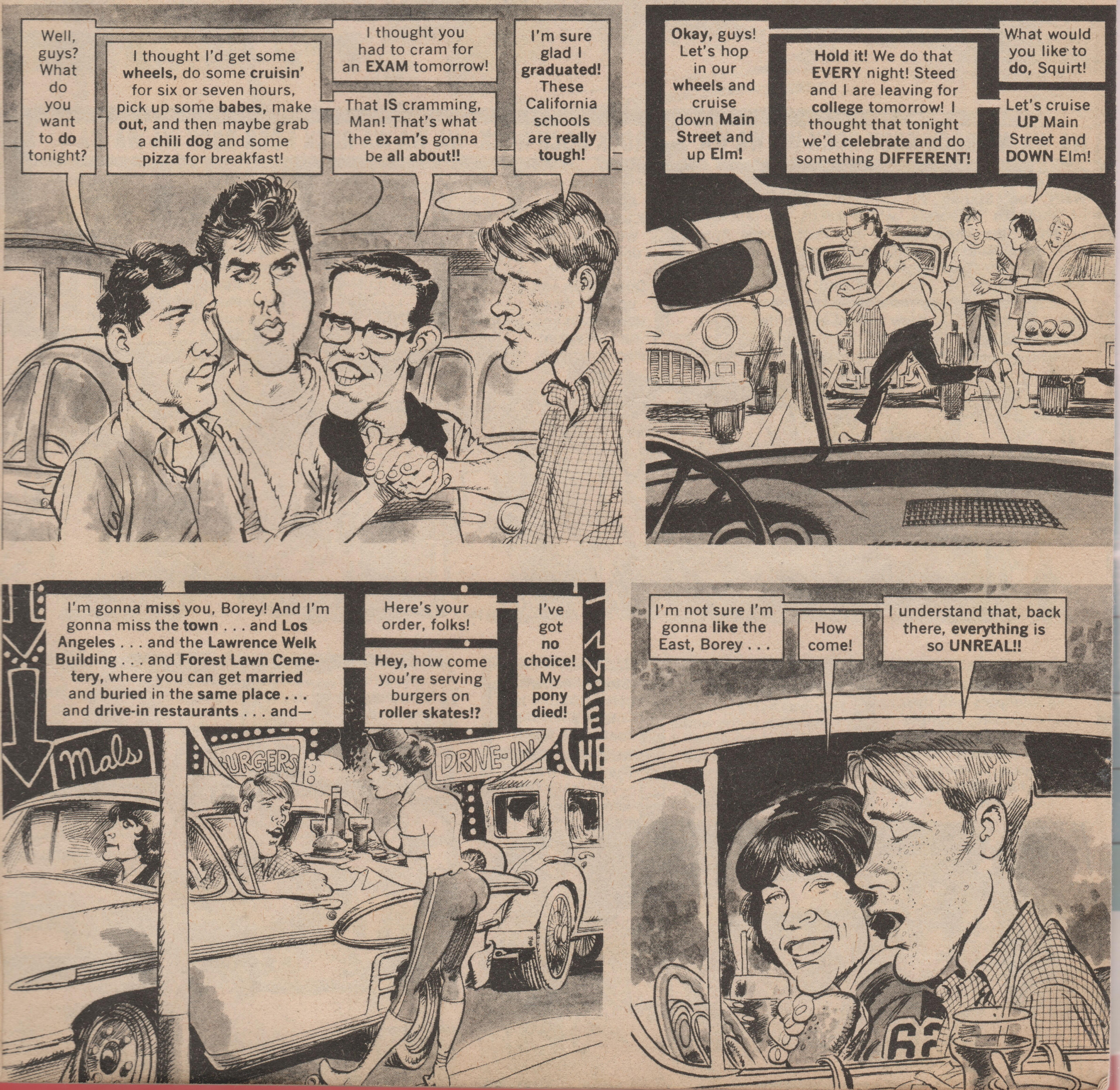
Some producer has just discovered another decade! What else? The 1960's! Okay, all you nostalgic 12-year-olds out there, it's time now to go back to the "Soaring Sixties" and reminisce over your glorious past—just a few minutes ago. So bring out the banners, fall into line, and get ready to march in one more parade down "Memory Lane, U.S.A."...while we here at MAD start tossing



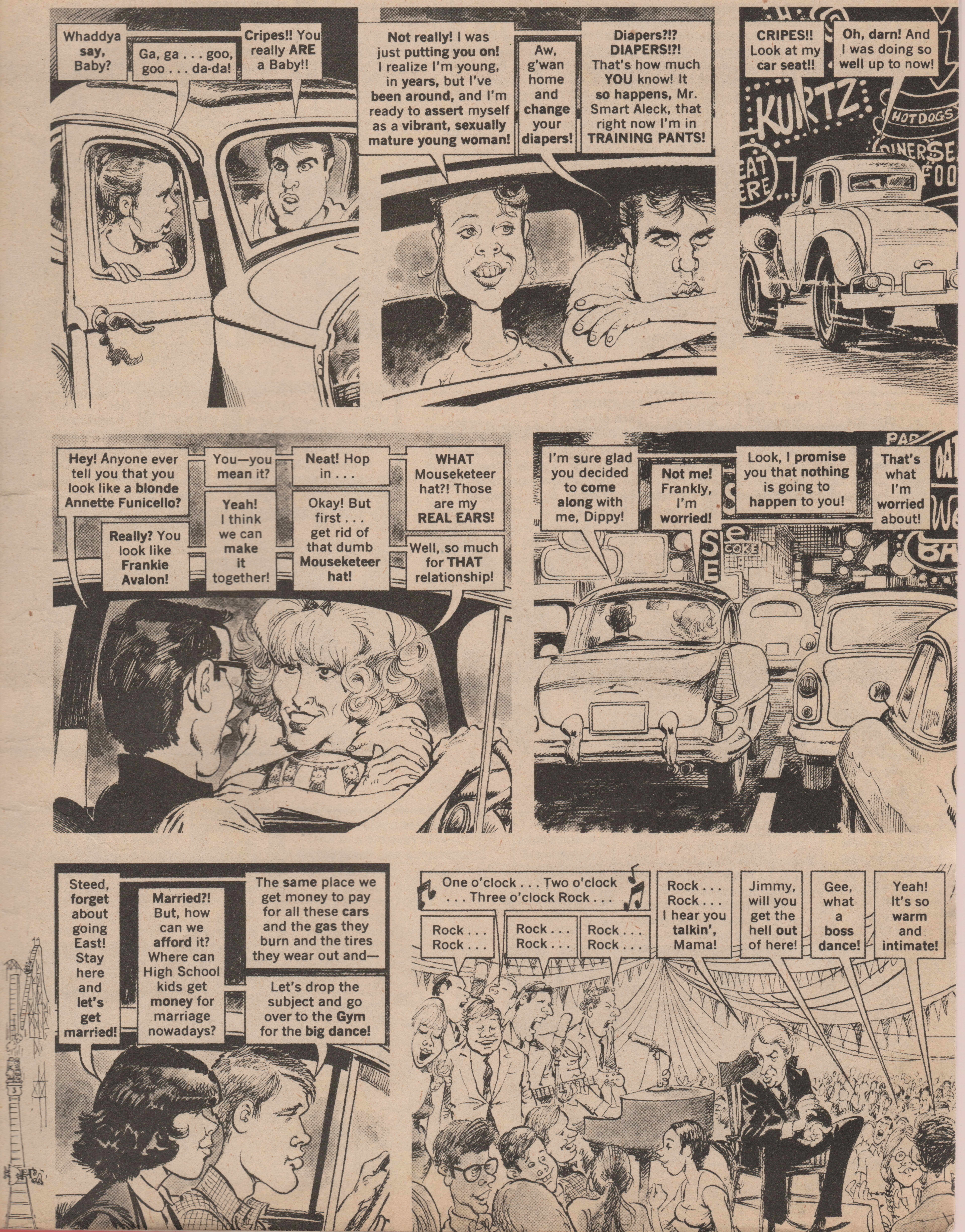
CONFETTI

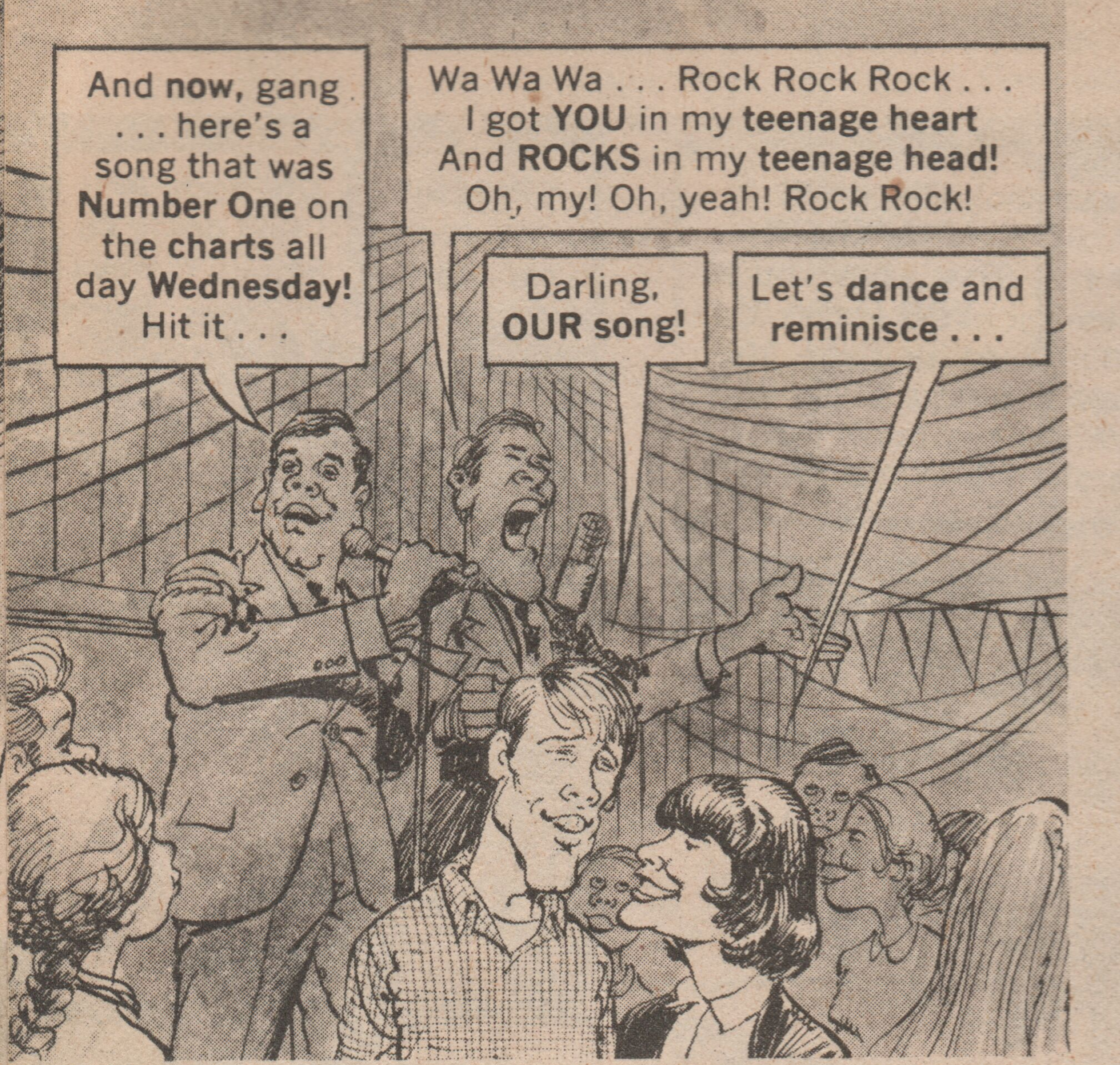
ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

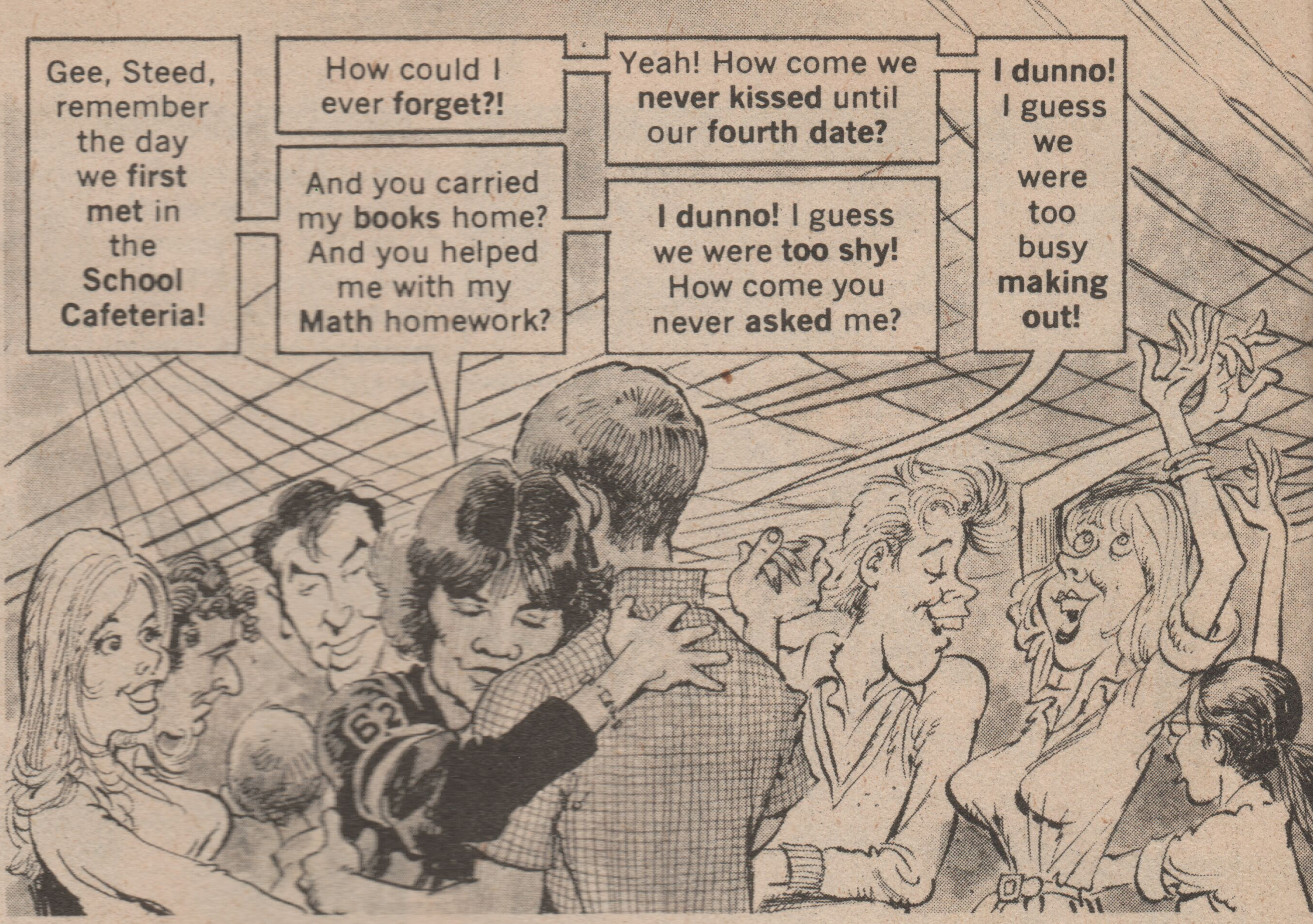
WRITER:
LARRY SIEGEL

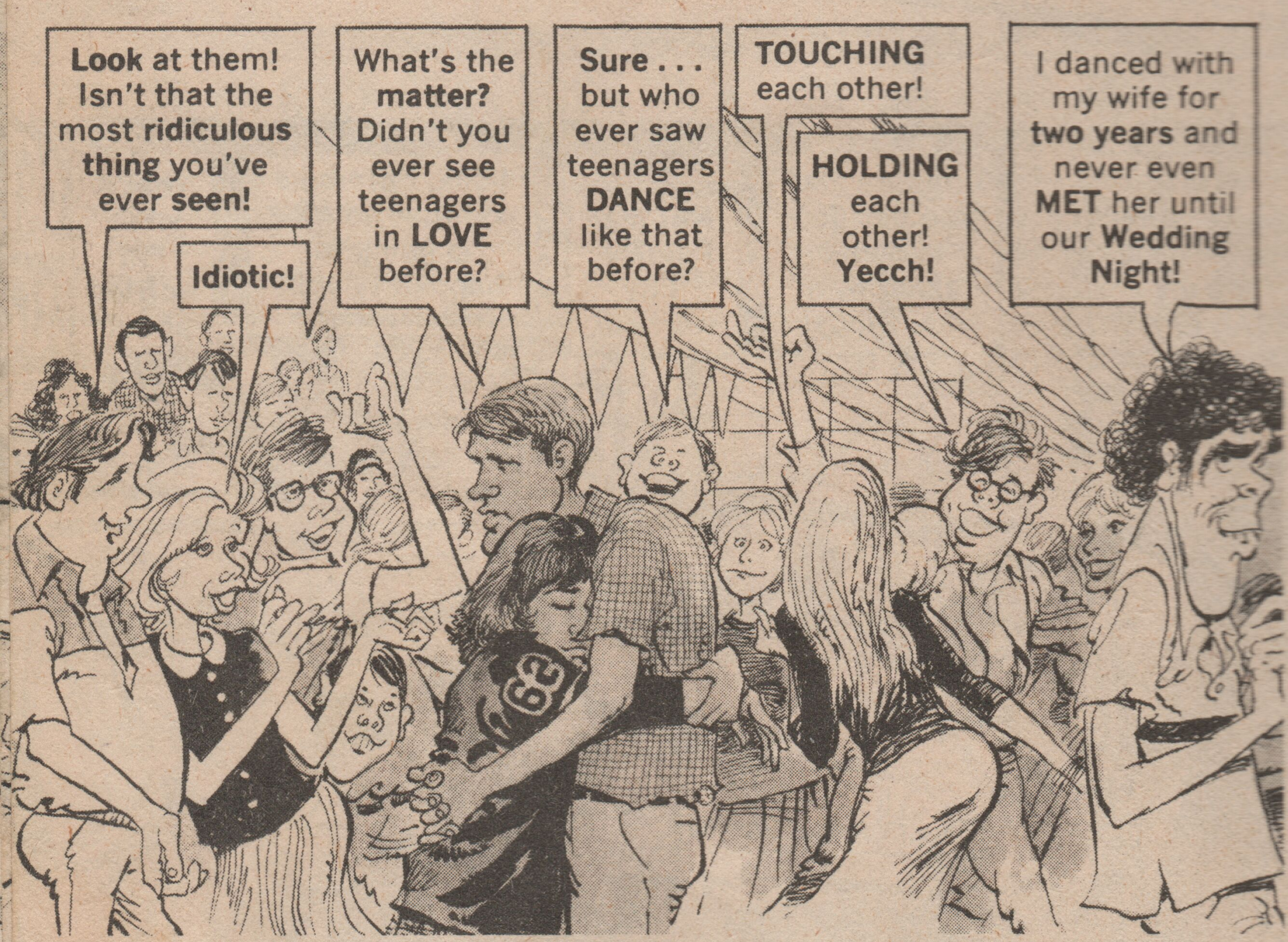

Well, guys? What do you want to **do** tonight?
I thought I'd get some **wheels,** do some **cruisin'** for six or seven hours, pick up some **babes,** make **out,** and then maybe grab a **chili dog** and some **pizza** for breakfast!
I thought you had to cram for an **EXAM** tomorrow!
That **IS** cramming, Man! That's what the **exam's** gonna be **all about!!**
I'm sure glad I **graduated!** These California schools are **really tough!**
Okay, guys! Let's hop in our **wheels** and cruise down **Main Street** and up **Elm!**
Hold it! We do that **EVERY** night! Steed and I are leaving for **college** tomorrow! I thought that tonight we'd **celebrate** and do something **DIFFERENT!**
What would you like to **do,** Squirt!
Let's cruise **UP** Main Street and **DOWN** Elm!
I'm gonna **miss** you, Borey! And I'm gonna miss the **town** . . . and **Los Angeles** . . . and the **Lawrence Welk Building** . . . and **Forest Lawn Cemetery,** where you can get **married** and **buried** in the **same place . . .** and **drive-in restaurants** . . . and—
Here's your order, folks!
Hey, how come you're serving burgers on **roller skates!?**
I've got **no choice!** My **pony died!**
Mals
BURGERS
DRIVE-IN
HE
I'm not sure I'm gonna **like** the East, Borey . . .
How come!
I understand that, back there, **everything** is so **UNREAL!!**
62

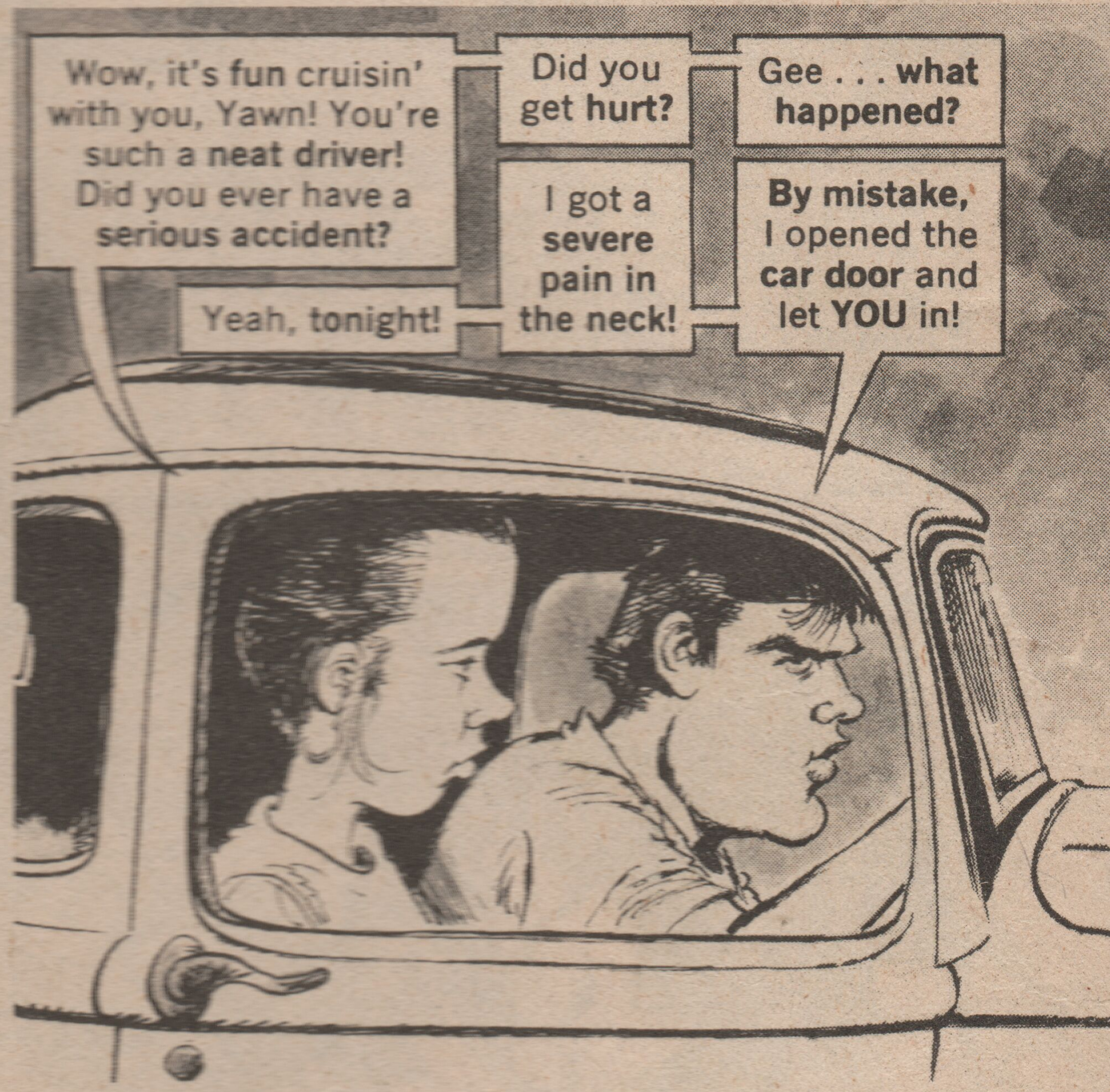
Do you really have to go? Are you sure you can't get into UCLA, Steed?
We've been through this before! Even if I didn't flunk Surfing, I just don't have the average to get into UCLA! I discussed all that with my Grade Advisor!
Ahhh, what does Dean Martin know!
Borey, I'm crazy about you! And when I graduate, we're gonna get married! But, since I'm gonna be gone for four years, I think we should see other people!
Yes, that makes sense! After all, we're so very much in love, nothing can affect our relationship!
Then you really think it's okay to see other people??
Why not?
Hi, baby! You come here often?
Not yet! NOT YET!!
ARK
DRIV
WA WA WA ROCK ROCK ROCK WA WA WA
ROCK ROCK ROCK WA WA WA ROCK ROCK ROCK WA WA WA
Hi, Cats! This is your favorite Deejay, Werewolf Wally, on Station K.L.O.P., the cultural voice of Southern California, which keeps you abreast of everything important in this Post-Atomic Age! Hey, Gang! Guess what? Chubby Checker just cut a new single, "Twistin' On Your Teenage Grave"! Well, so much for the world and national news!
Man, I dig that Werewolf Wally!
I knew nothin' about life until HE came along!
Hi! Where you goin', Yawn?
Where th'hell do you THINK I'm goin'?!? Down Main and up Elm, then down Main and up Elm again!
Me, too! How about that? Man, this is livin', huh!?!
I can't stand it anymore! Always down Main and up Elm! I'm gonna make a right turn on Maple . . . JUST ONCE! What could happen?
You'd fall off the edge of the world and be eaten by dragons!
That's stupid! Columbus said the world is ROUND!
Yeah, but Werewolf Wally says California is FLAT!
That's good enough for me!
That was Freddie Feh and The Stinkpots with their rockin', rollin', stompin' rendition of The Canadian National Anthem! And this, of course, is Werewolf Wally, who sees everything . . . and knows everything!
That was her! That was the chick in the white T-Bird! I don't know who she is, but I know I love her! Hey! Where did she go? I must see her again! I MUST!!
Stop whimpering, schmuck! She just made a left turn onto Oak Street!
Thanks, Werewolf! You really DO know everything!
Hi, girls! Which one of you wants to ride with me?
How about me?
Sure, Baby! You'll do fine!
Jump out at the next light, Baby, and hop into my car! Okay, Baby?
PLYING
HOTEL
BIG AL'S
BAR
THX
JERRY
LAS
RS

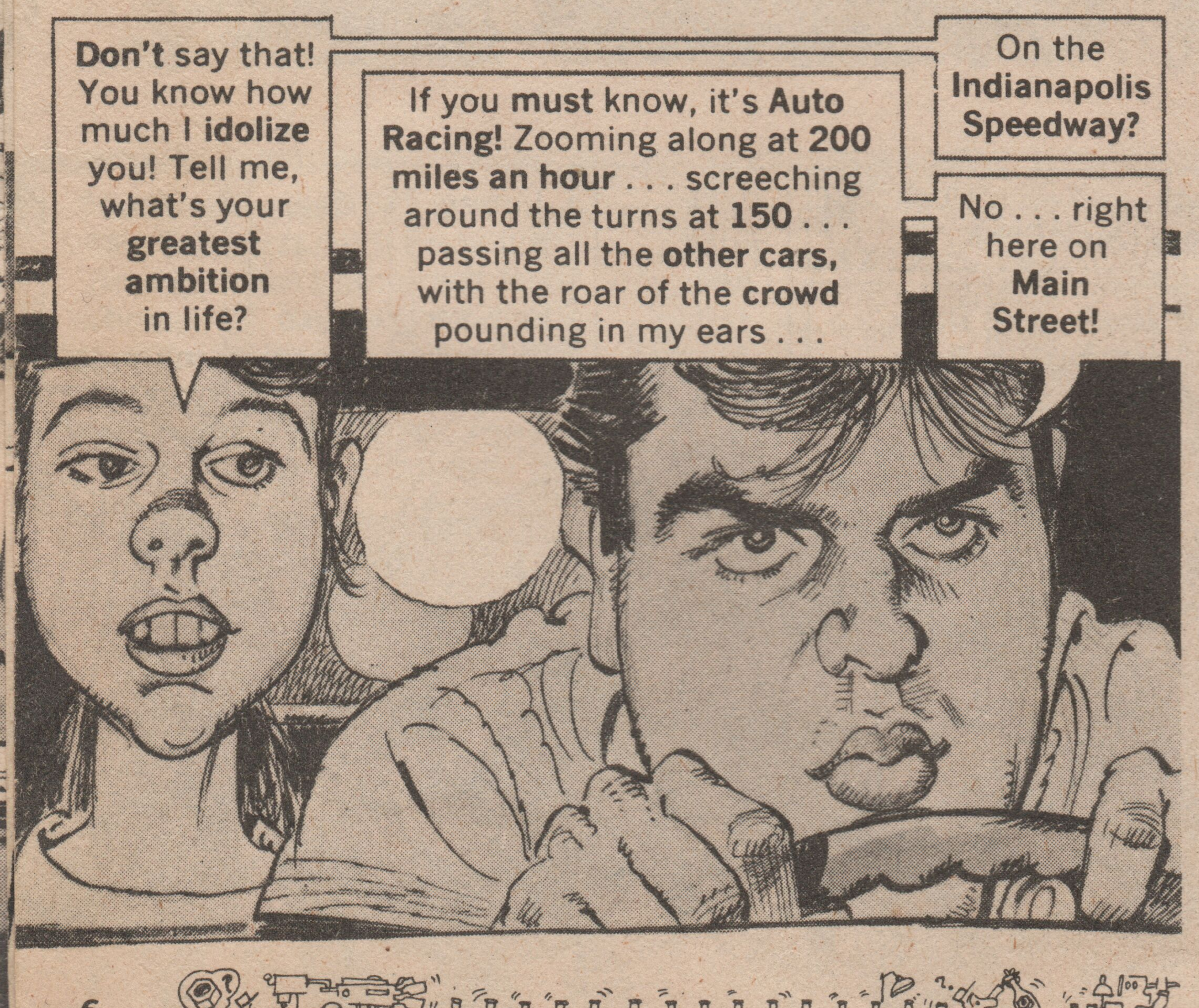

Whaddya say, Baby?
Ga, ga . . . goo, goo . . . da-da!
Cripes!! You really ARE a Baby!!
Not really! I was just putting you on! I realize I'm young, in years, but I've been around, and I'm ready to assert myself as a vibrant, sexually mature young woman!
Aw, g'wan home and change your diapers!
Diapers?!? DIAPERS!?! That's how much YOU know! It so happens, Mr. Smart Aleck, that right now I'm in TRAINING PANTS!
CRIPES!! Look at my car seat!!
Oh, darn! And I was doing so well up to now!
KURTZ
HOT DOGS
DINER
SEA FOO
EAT HERE
Hey! Anyone ever tell you that you look like a blonde Annette Funicello?
Really? You look like Frankie Avalon!
You—you mean it?
Yeah! I think we can make it together!
Neat! Hop in . . .
Okay! But first . . . get rid of that dumb Mouseketeer hat!
WHAT Mouseketeer hat?! Those are my REAL EARS!
Well, so much for THAT relationship!
I'm sure glad you decided to come along with me, Dippy!
Not me! Frankly, I'm worried!
Look, I promise you that nothing is going to happen to you!
That's what I'm worried about!
COKE
Steed, forget about going East! Stay here and let's get married!
Married?! But, how can we afford it? Where can High School kids get money for marriage nowadays?
The same place we get money to pay for all these cars and the gas they burn and the tires they wear out and—
Let's drop the subject and go over to the Gym for the big dance!
One o'clock . . . Two o'clock . . . Three o'clock Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . . I hear you talkin', Mama!
Jimmy, will you get the hell out of here!
Gee, what a boss dance!
Yeah! It's so warm and intimate!

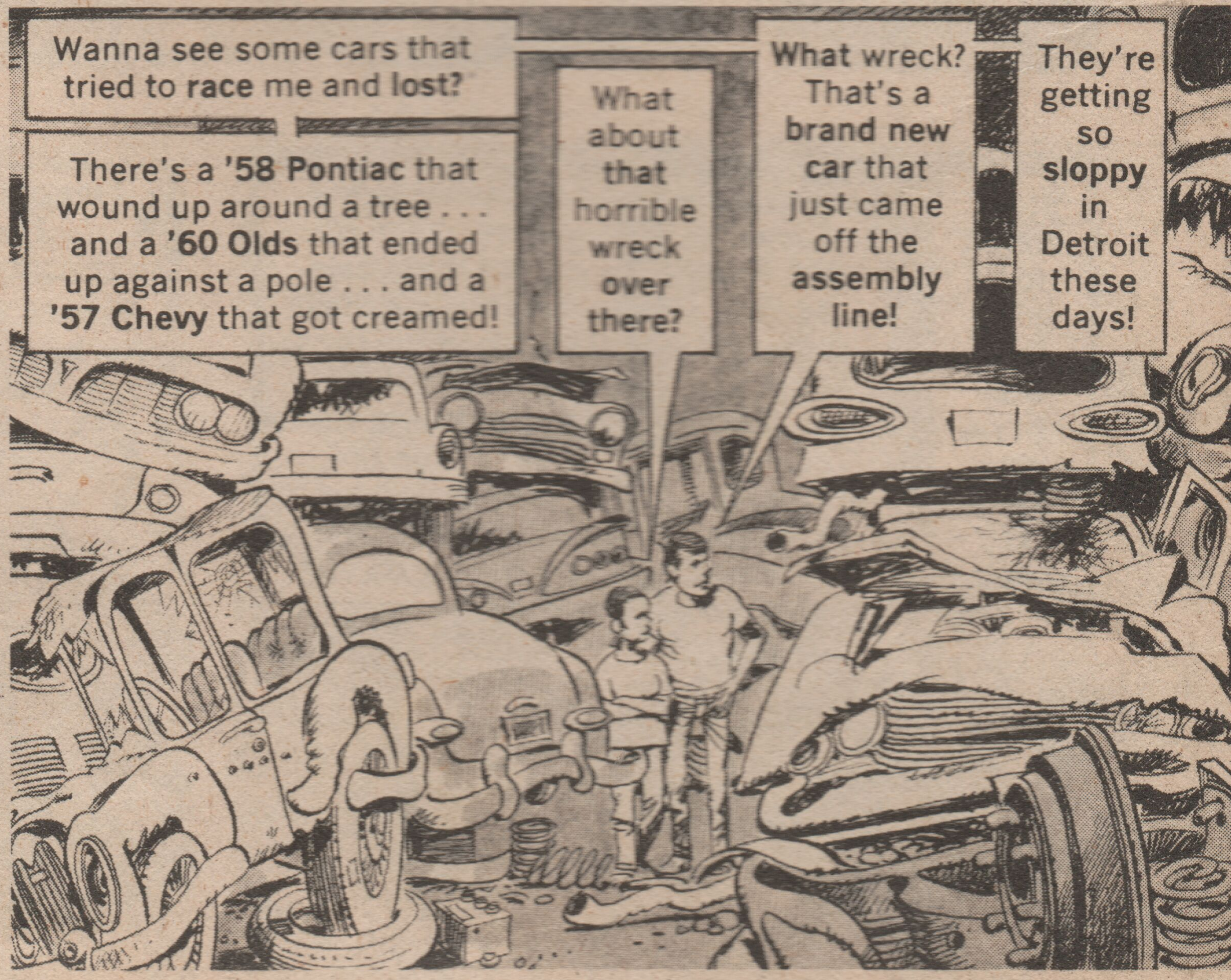

And now, gang . . . here's a song that was Number One on the charts all day Wednesday! Hit it . . .
Wa Wa Wa . . . Rock Rock Rock . . . I got YOU in my teenage heart And ROCKS in my teenage head! Oh, my! Oh, yeah! Rock Rock!
Darling, OUR song!
Let's dance and reminisce . . .

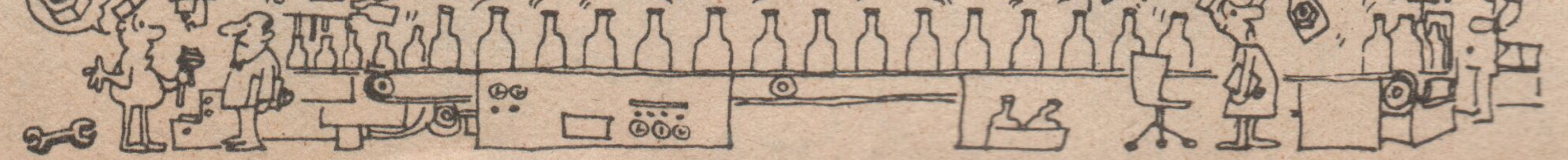

Gee, Steed, remember the day we first met in the School Cafeteria!
How could I ever forget?!
And you carried my books home? And you helped me with my Math homework?
Yeah! How come we never kissed until our fourth date?
I dunno! I guess we were too shy! How come you never asked me?
I dunno! I guess we were too busy making out!
62


Look at them! Isn't that the most ridiculous thing you've ever seen!
Idiotic!
What's the matter? Didn't you ever see teenagers in LOVE before?
Sure . . . but who ever saw teenagers DANCE like that before?
TOUCHING each other!
HOLDING each other! Yecch!
I danced with my wife for two years and never even MET her until our Wedding Night!
62

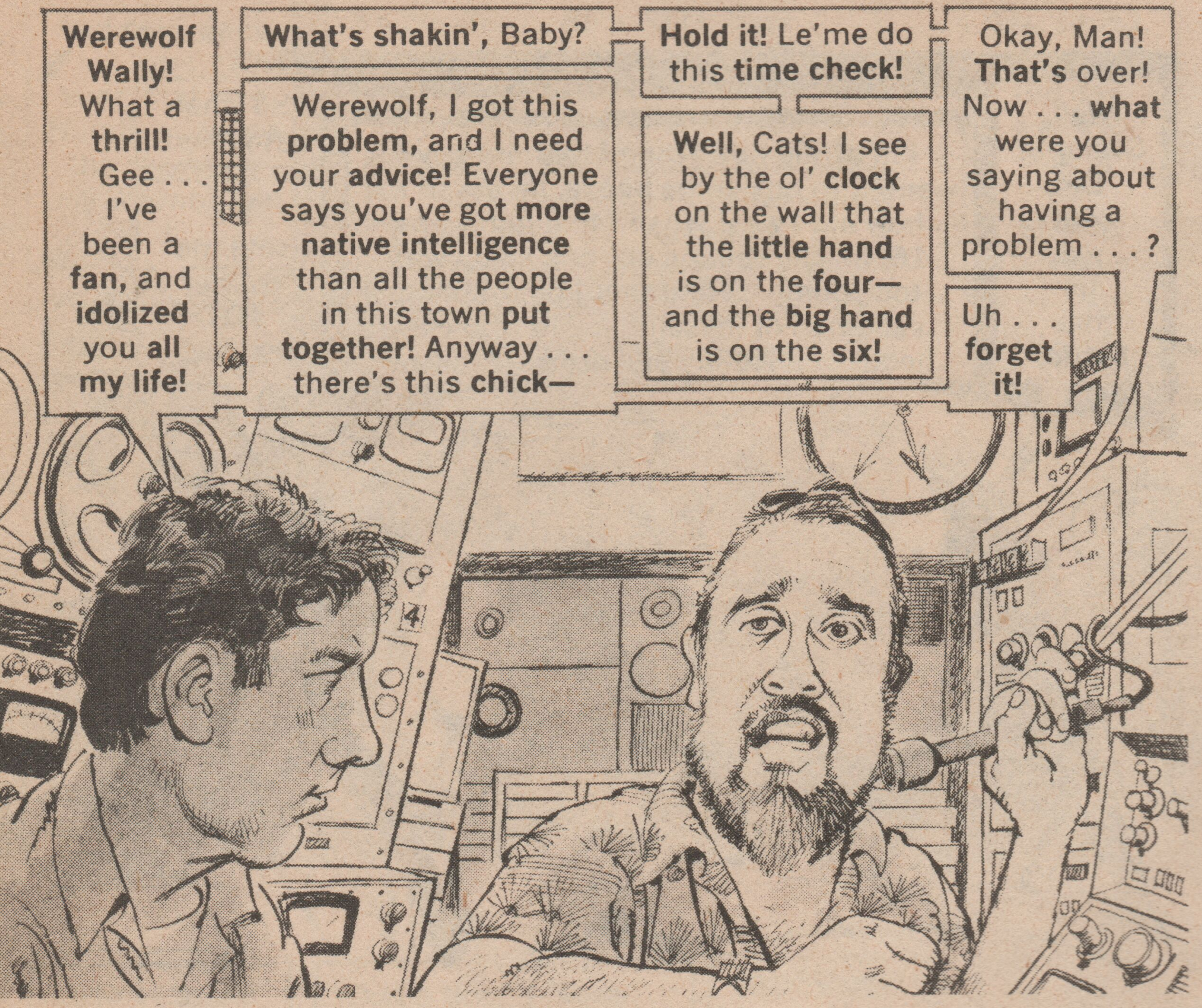

Wow, it's fun cruisin' with you, Yawn! You're such a neat driver! Did you ever have a serious accident?
Yeah, tonight!
Did you get hurt?
I got a severe pain in the neck!
Gee . . . what happened?
By mistake, I opened the car door and let YOU in!

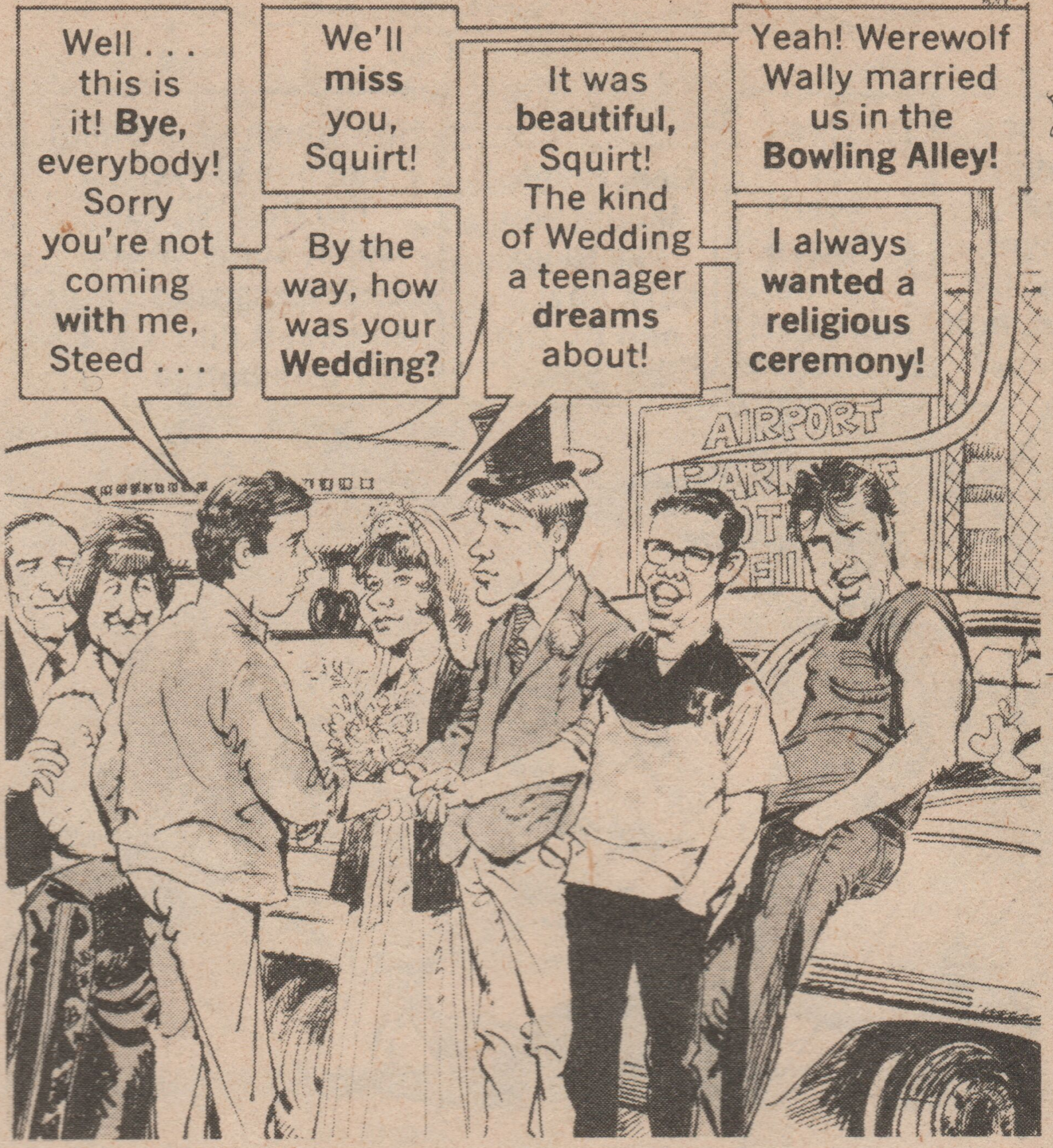

Don't say that! You know how much I idolize you! Tell me, what's your greatest ambition in life?
If you must know, it's Auto Racing! Zooming along at 200 miles an hour . . . screeching around the turns at 150 . . . passing all the other cars, with the roar of the crowd pounding in my ears . . .
On the Indianapolis Speedway?
No . . . right here on Main Street!

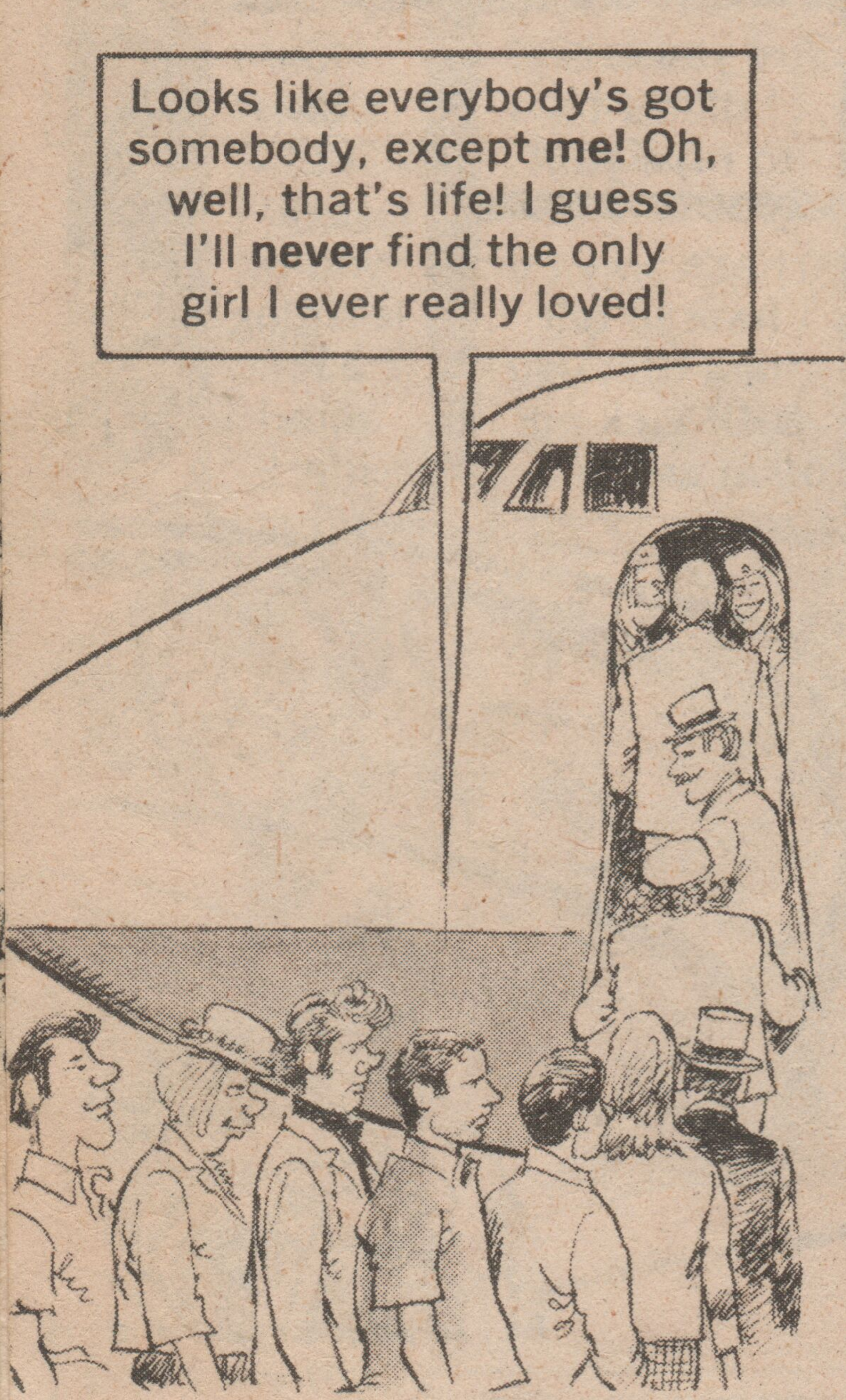

Wanna see some cars that tried to race me and lost?
There's a '58 Pontiac that wound up around a tree . . . and a '60 Olds that ended up against a pole . . . and a '57 Chevy that got creamed!
What about that horrible wreck over there?
What wreck? That's a brand new car that just came off the assembly line!
They're getting so sloppy in Detroit these days!

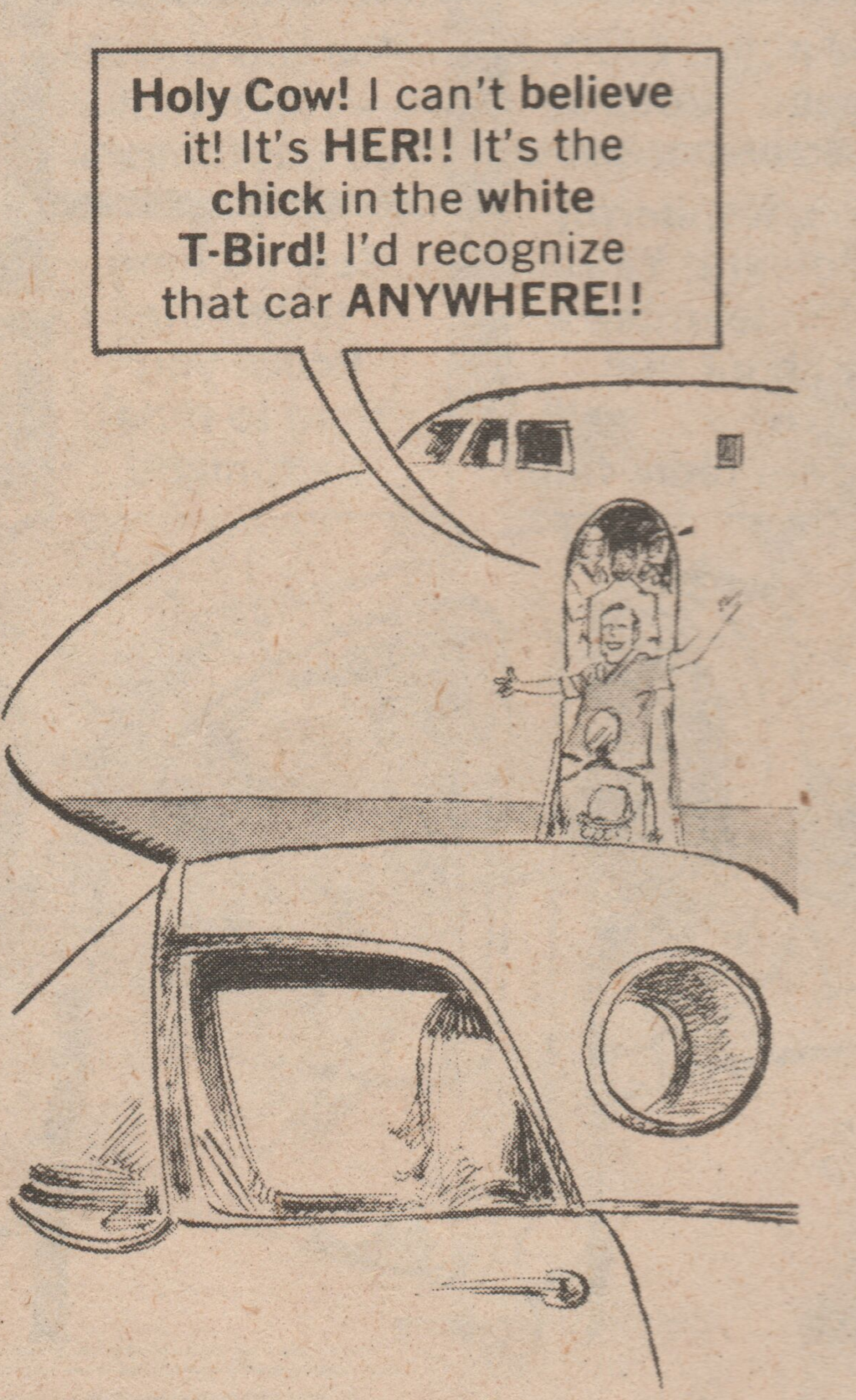


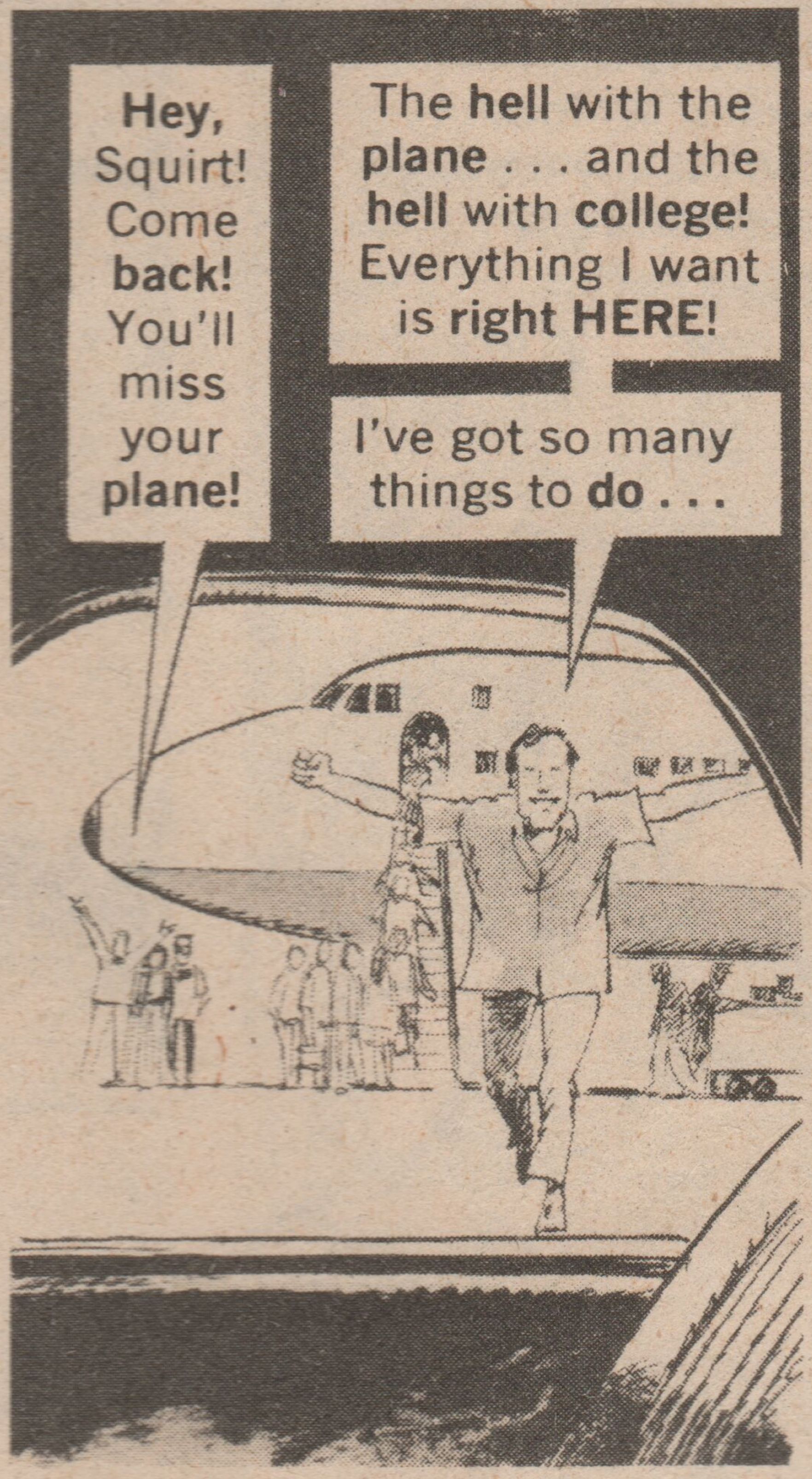
What a wild, crazy night this has been, huh Dippy?
Has it ever! You're some swinger!
Gee, thanks! Would you like to go back now . . . and try the See-Saws?
How much excitement can one girl take?! I'm thirsty! How about some booze?
No sweat! I'll go buy us a bottle!
Well, Swinger? Did you get us the bottle?
I'm afraid not! When I told the guy I wanted to buy some booze, he asked me how old I was! When I told him I was 16, he chewed me out and said I was too young . . . and that I ought to be ashamed of myself . . . and who ever heard of a kid my age drinking booze!
So what happened?
He sold me some POT instead!
It's almost morning, Steed! You'll be leaving! I can't bear it! Stay! Please stay!
Okay! I won't go! I'll stay here and marry you, Borey!
You WILL?!? Oh, I can't believe it! My love . . . my angel . . . my darling—
Let's make out right now!
. . . my headache!
62
Good night, Brat! And good riddance!
I had a wonderful time tonight, Yawn! And I'm learning a lot about life! Tomorrow . . . we'll have even more fun!
Are you crazy? I wouldn't take you out tomor—
Gee, I'd hate to tell the Police you tried to rape me tonight!
Are you crazy? I didn't try to rape you!
That's why I'd hate to tell them that you DID! Pick me up at seven . . .
Holy Cow!! I'LL say you're learning a lot about life!!
Gee, I really had a great time tonight, Terrier! Will you drive me home . . . ?
Drive, hell! Let's fly!
How are we gonna do that?
Easy! Here! Take two more puffs, then flap your arms!
WA WA WA ROCK . . . ROCK . . . ROCK . . . OH, BABY! YEAH . . . YEAH . . . ROCK . . .
That was Crudd and the Doo-Doos, with the theme song from The Apu Trilogy . . .
. . . and this is Werewolf Wally!
The night's almost over, and I still haven't found the chick in the white T-Bird! I don't know what to do! If there was only someone I could turn to . . . someone who could help me . . .
Why, of course! Werewolf Wally! If HE can't help me, then NOBODY can!!
RE
ZAR
GRILL

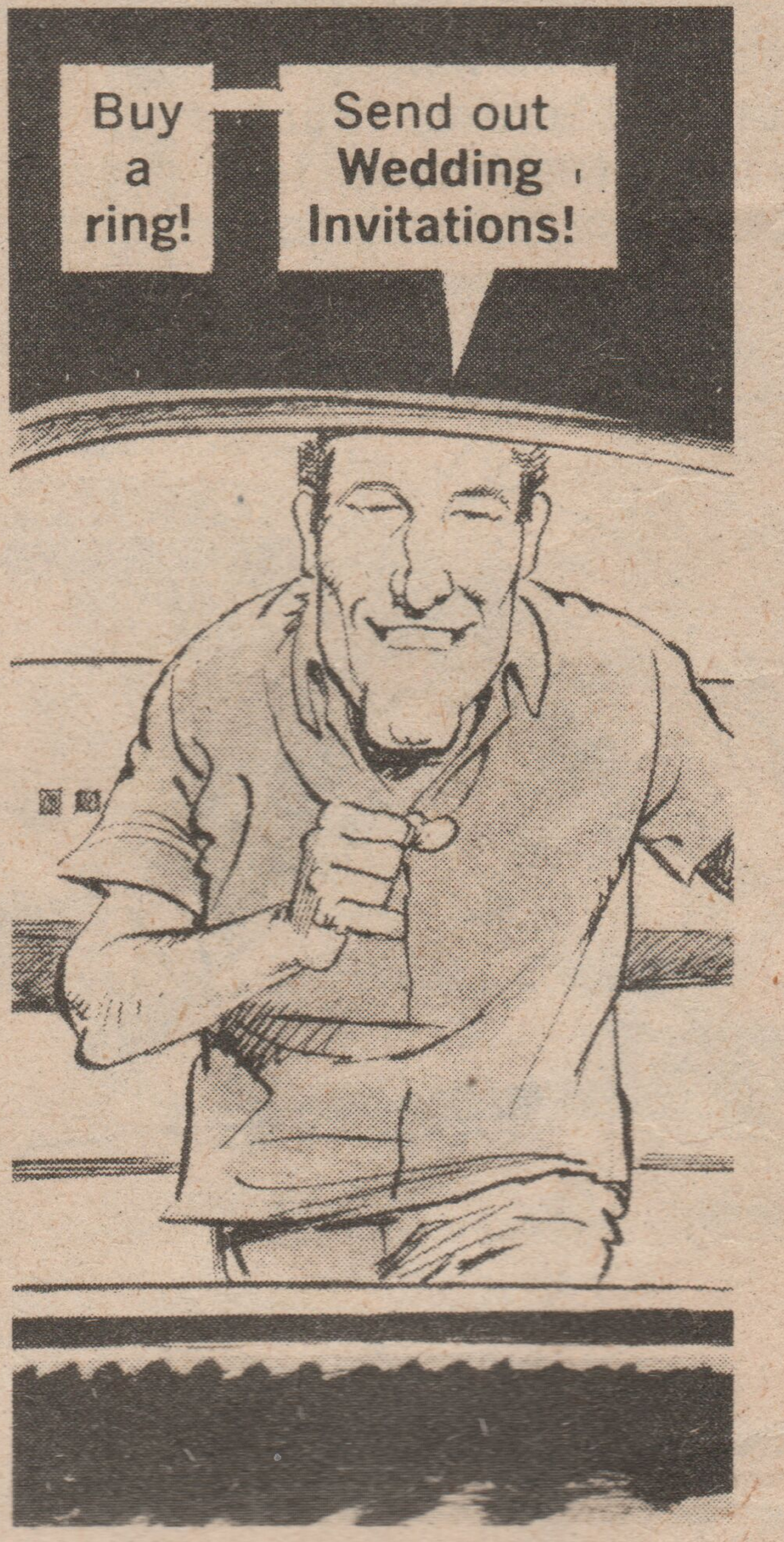

Werewolf Wally! What a thrill! Gee . . . I've been a fan, and idolized you all my life!
What's shakin', Baby?
Werewolf, I got this problem, and I need your advice! Everyone says you've got more native intelligence than all the people in this town put together! Anyway . . . there's this chick—
Hold it! Le'me do this time check!
Well, Cats! I see by the ol' clock on the wall that the little hand is on the four—and the big hand is on the six!
Okay, Man! That's over! Now . . . what were you saying about having a problem . . . ?
Uh . . . forget it!

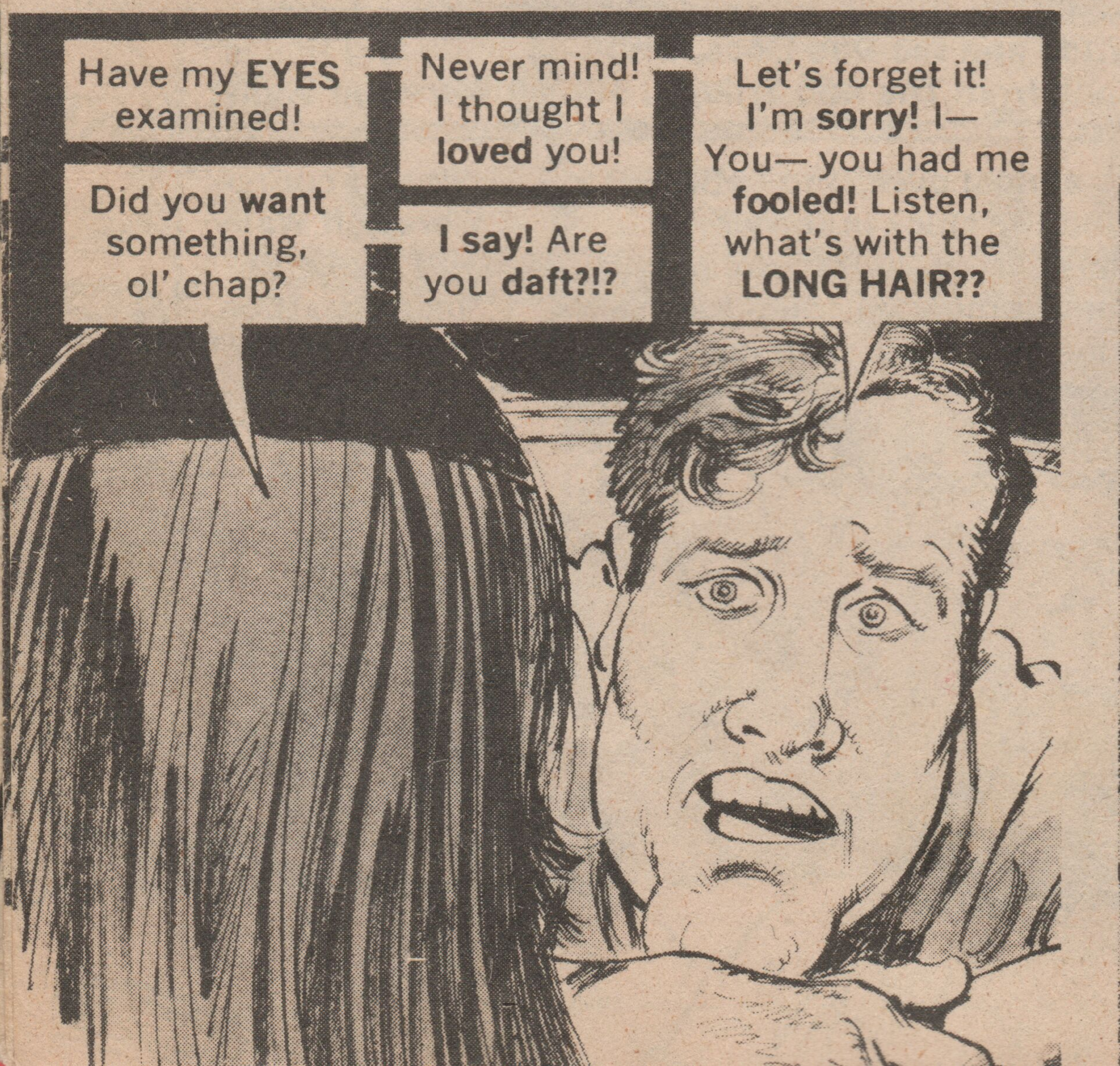

Well . . . this is it! Bye, everybody! Sorry you're not coming with me, Steed . . .
We'll miss you, Squirt!
By the way, how was your Wedding?
It was beautiful, Squirt! The kind of Wedding a teenager dreams about!
Yeah! Werewolf Wally married us in the Bowling Alley!
I always wanted a religious ceremony!
AIRPORT

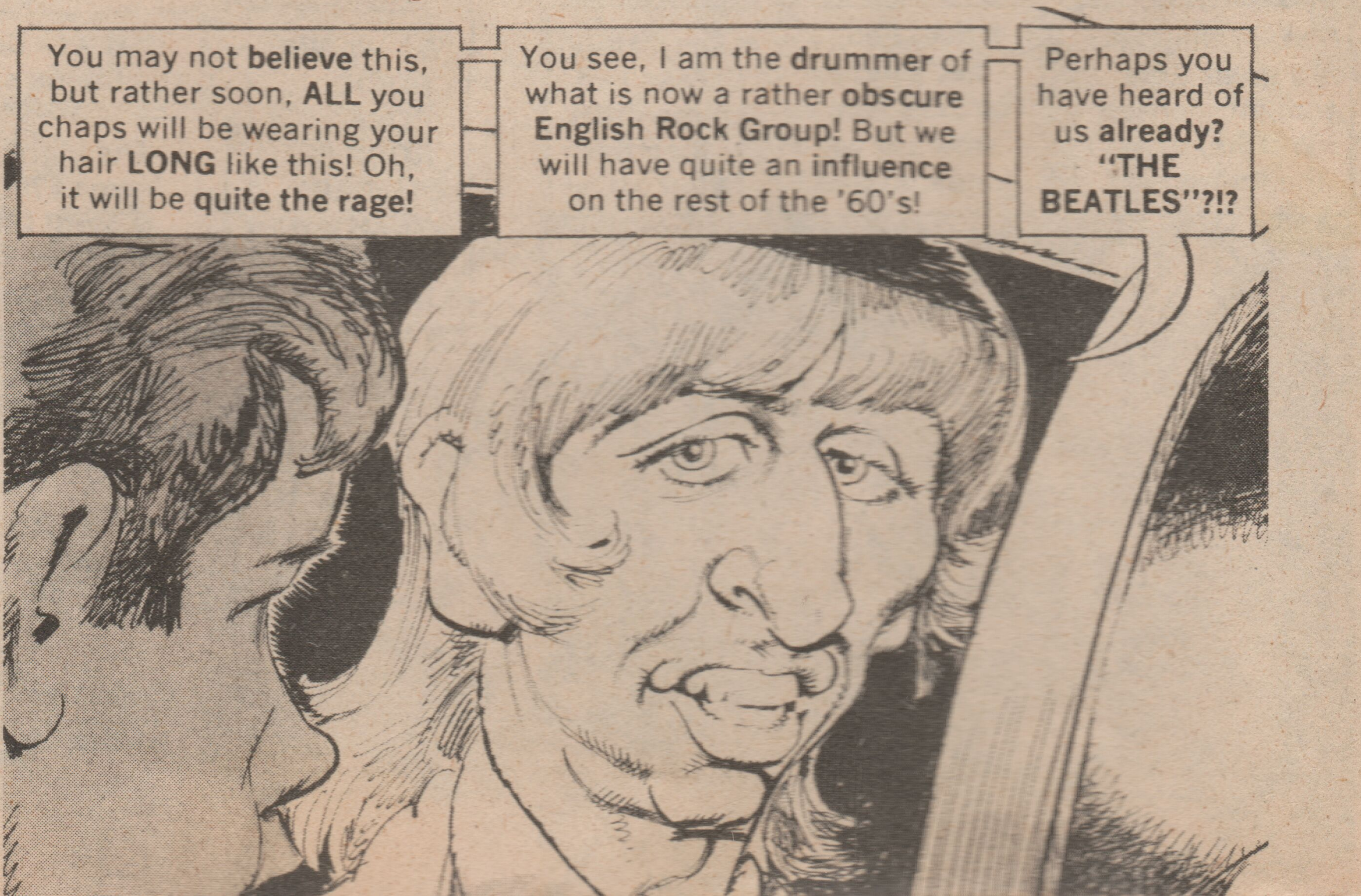

Looks like everybody's got somebody, except me! Oh, well, that's life! I guess I'll never find the only girl I ever really loved!


Holy Cow! I can't believe it! It's HER!! It's the chick in the white T-Bird! I'd recognize that car ANYWHERE!!


Hey, Squirt! Come back! You'll miss your plane!
The hell with the plane . . . and the hell with college! Everything I want is right HERE!
I've got so many things to do . . .

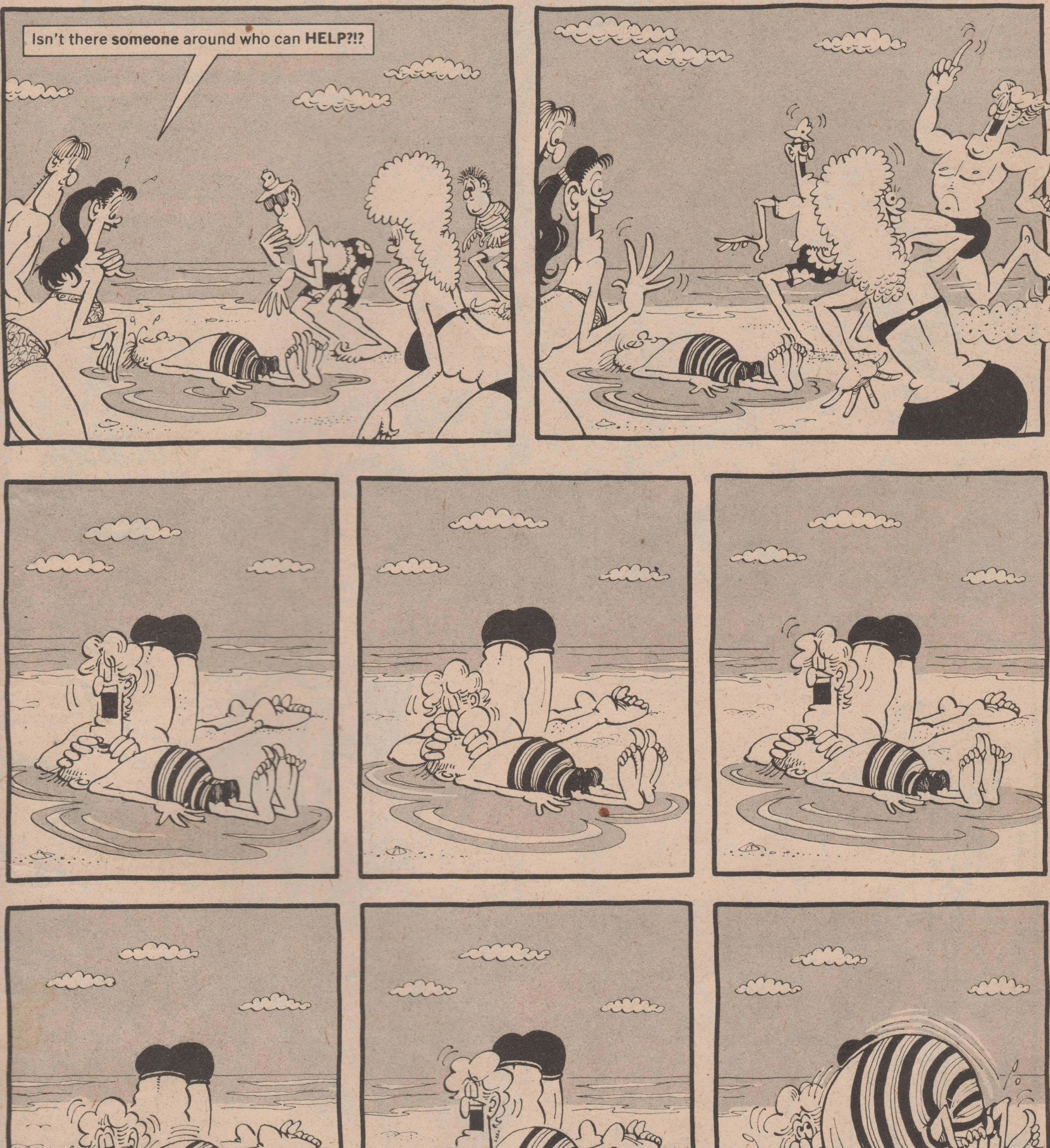

Buy a ring!
Send out Wedding Invitations!

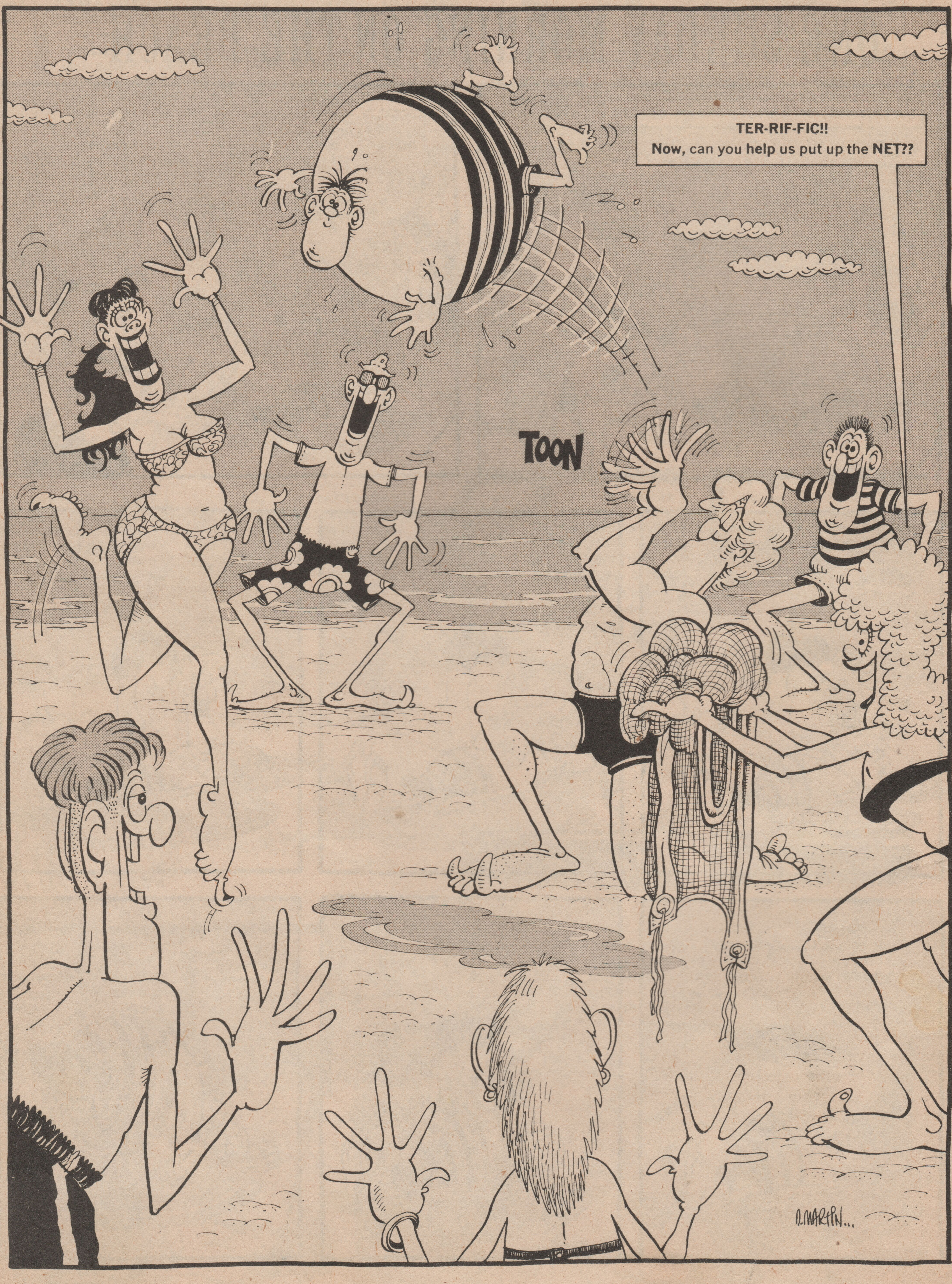

Have my EYES examined!
Never mind! I thought I loved you!
Let's forget it! I'm sorry! I— You— you had me fooled! Listen, what's with the LONG HAIR??
Did you want something, ol' chap?
I say! Are you daft?!?


You may not believe this, but rather soon, ALL you chaps will be wearing your hair LONG like this! Oh, it will be quite the rage!
You see, I am the drummer of what is now a rather obscure English Rock Group! But we will have quite an influence on the rest of the '60's!
Perhaps you have heard of us already? "THE BEATLES"?!?

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE SUNDAY MORNING ON THE BEACH


Isn't there someone around who can HELP?!?

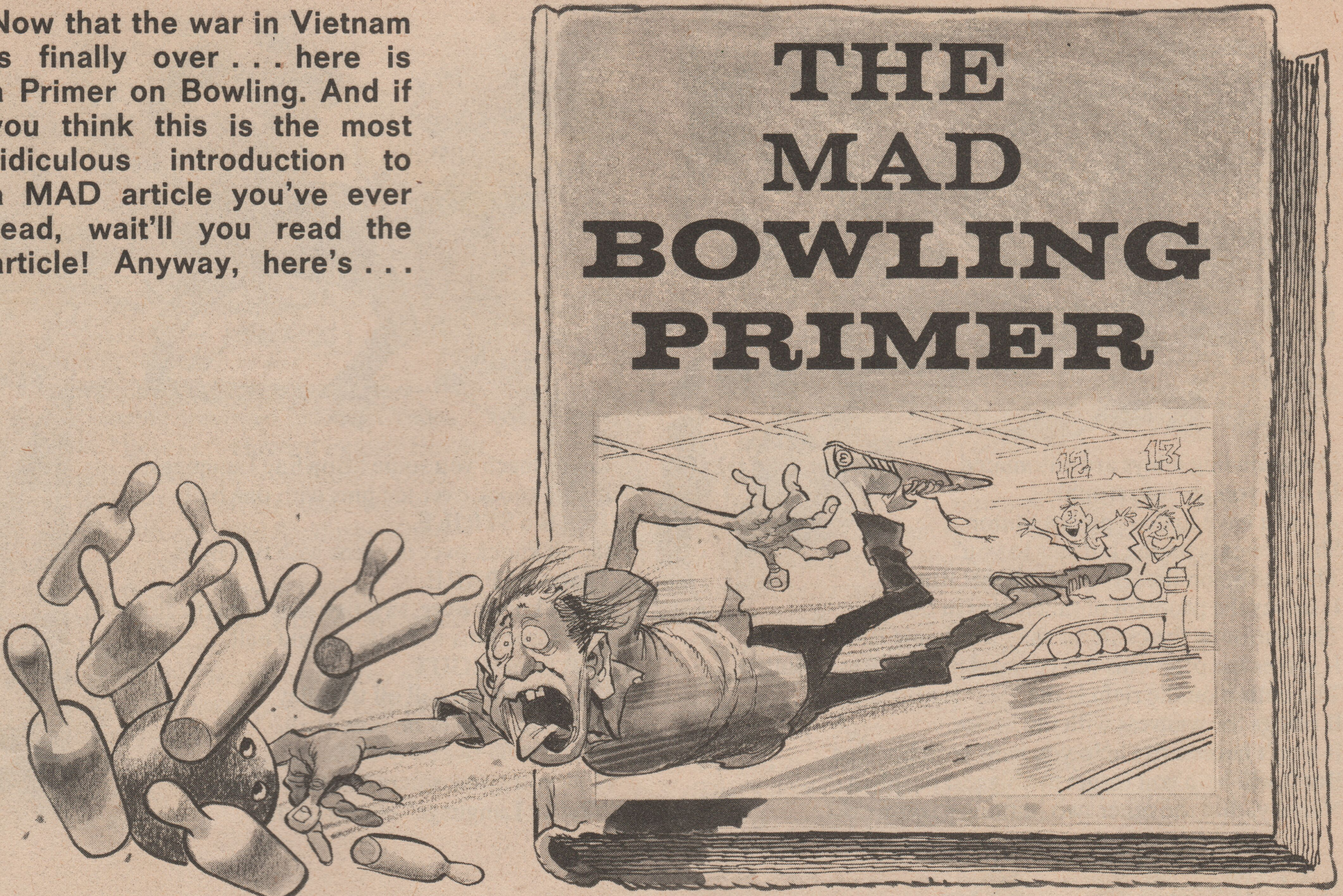

TER-RIF-FIC!!
Now, can you help us put up the NET??
TOON
D. MARTIN...

WOMEN'S LIB
JOIN WSL

ALLEY BE PRAISED DEPT.

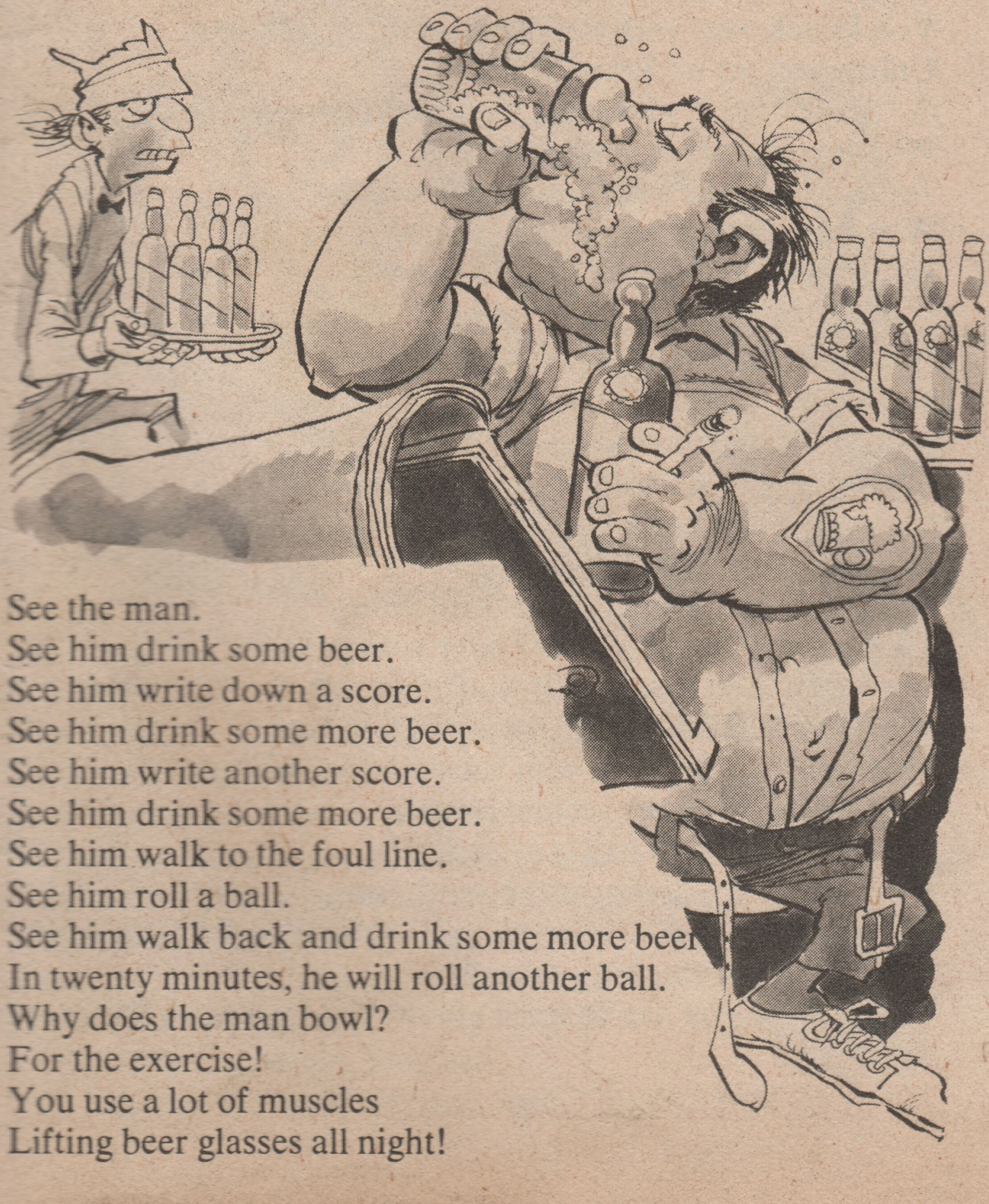
Now that the war in Vietnam is finally over . . . here is a Primer on Bowling. And if you think this is the most ridiculous introduction to a MAD article you've ever read, wait'll you read the article! Anyway, here's . . .

THE MAD BOWLING PRIMER



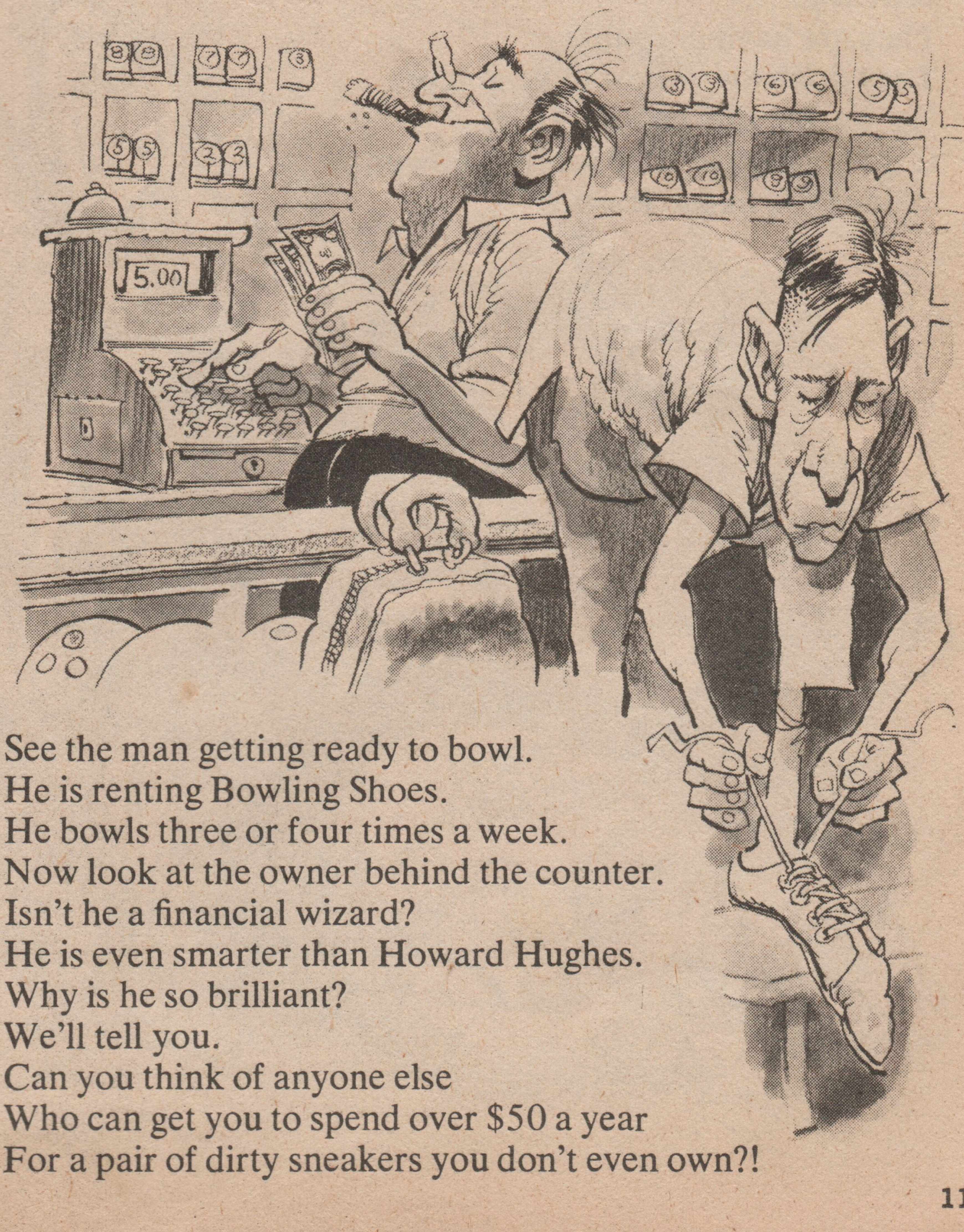
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1.



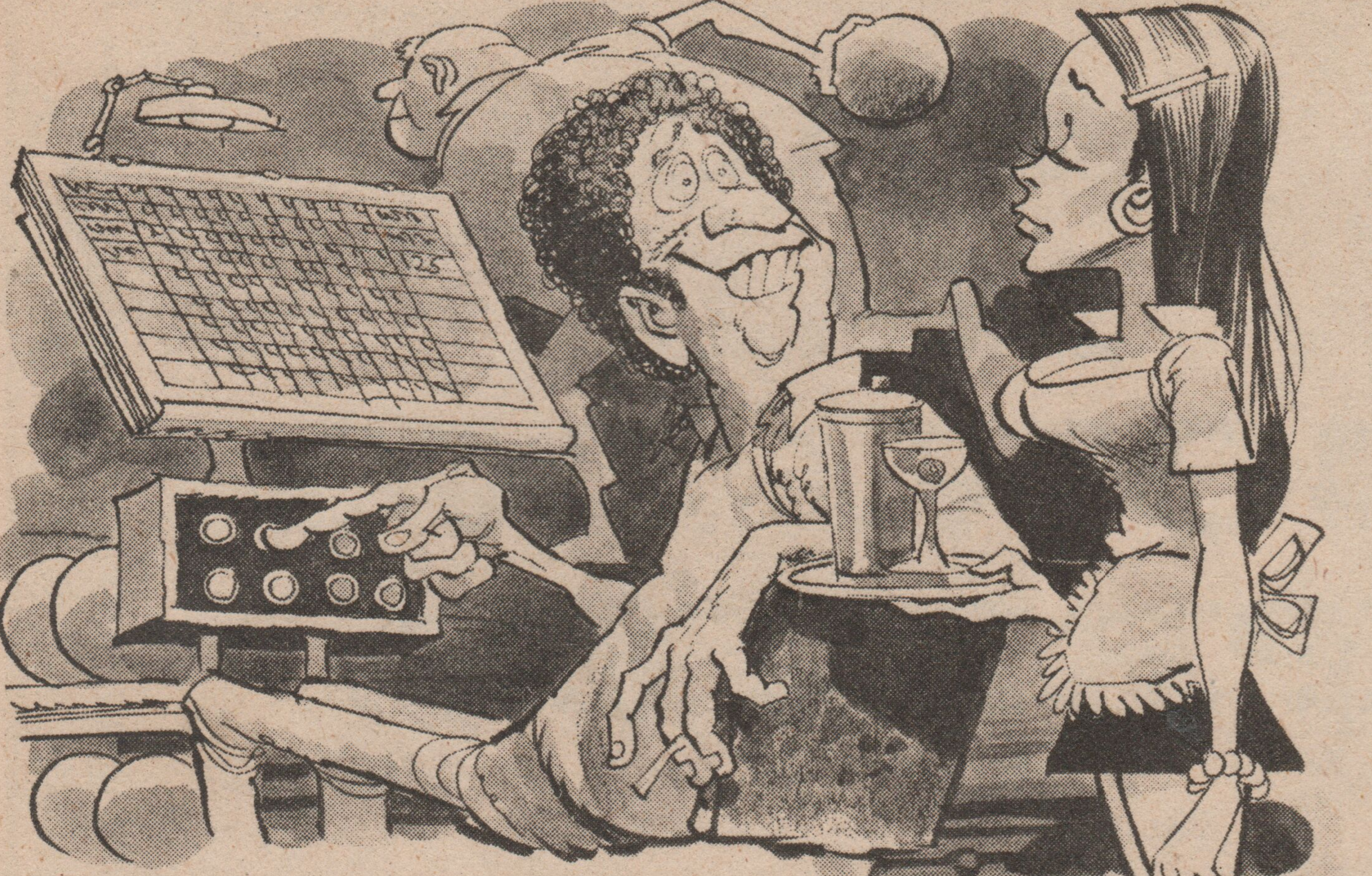
See the man.
See him drink some beer.
See him write down a score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him write another score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him walk to the foul line.
See him roll a ball.
See him walk back and drink some more beer.
In twenty minutes, he will roll another ball.
Why does the man bowl?
For the exercise!
You use a lot of muscles
Lifting beer glasses all night!

CHAPTER 2.



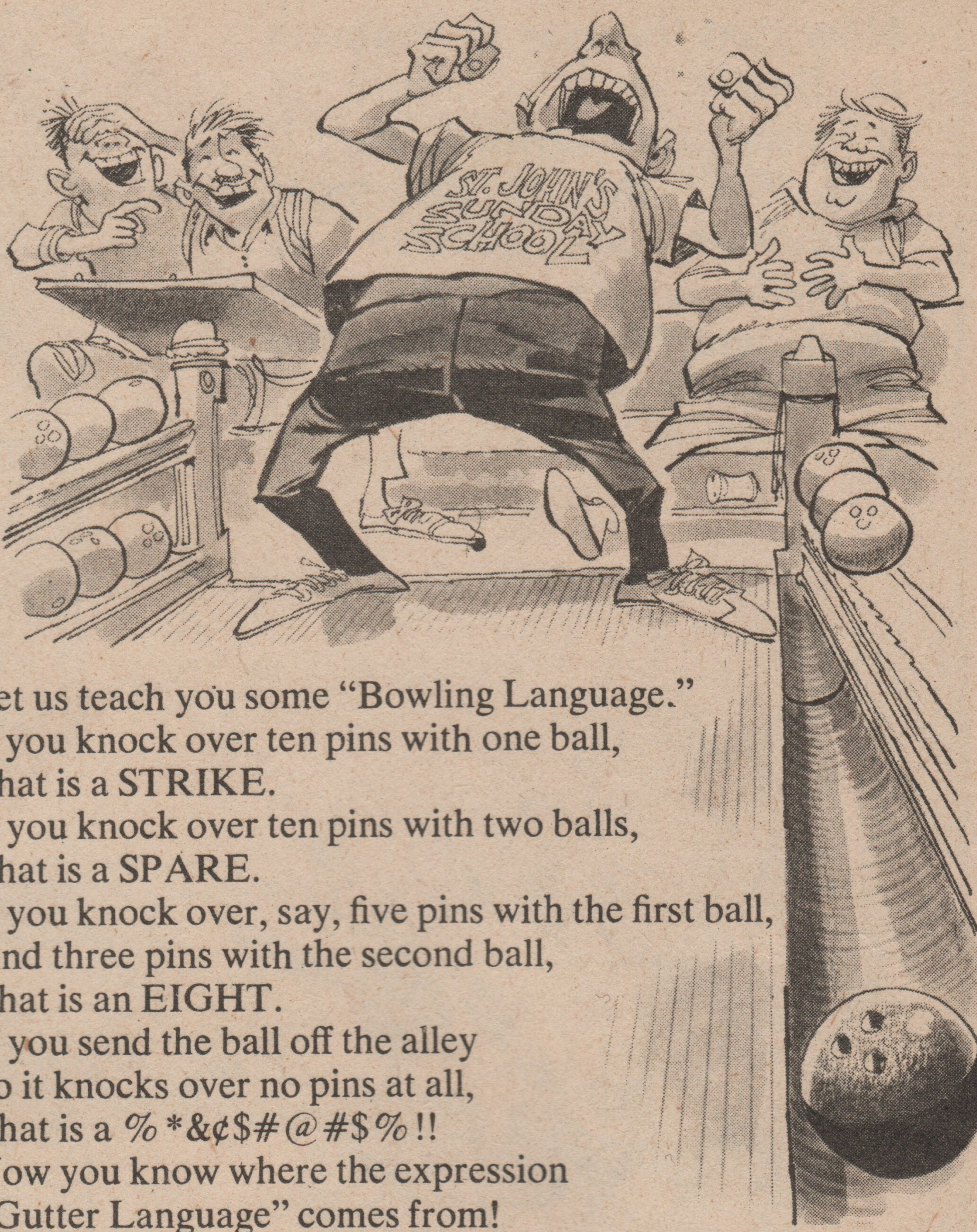
See the man getting ready to bowl.
He is renting Bowling Shoes.
He bowls three or four times a week.
Now look at the owner behind the counter.
Isn't he a financial wizard?
He is even smarter than Howard Hughes.
Why is he so brilliant?
We'll tell you.
Can you think of anyone else
Who can get you to spend over $50 a year
For a pair of dirty sneakers you don't even own?!

CHAPTER 3.



Most bowling alleys are automated.
In case you get into trouble,
All you have to do is push a button.
Shall we explain the buttons to you?
The button on the left is the "Reset Button."
It solves the problem of fallen pins in the alley.
The button in the center is the "Mechanic Button."
It solves the problems not covered by the "Reset Button."
The button on the right is the "Service Button."
It brings the waitress with the booze.
It won't necessarily help you with your bowling.
But it will help you forget the biggest problem of all,
Namely, that the other two buttons never work!

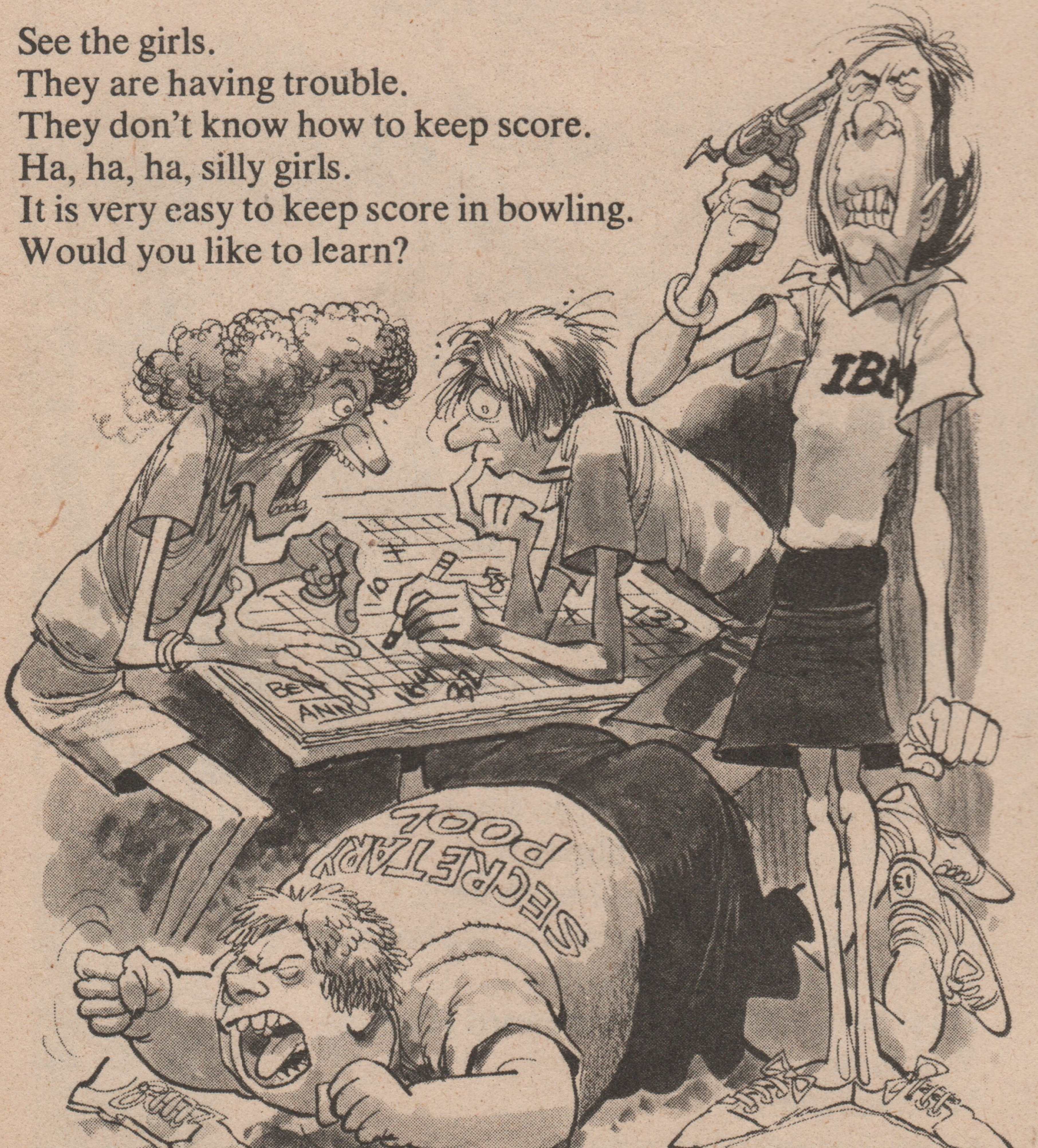
CHAPTER 4.



Let us teach you some "Bowling Language."
If you knock over ten pins with one ball,
That is a STRIKE.
If you knock over ten pins with two balls,
That is a SPARE.
If you knock over, say, five pins with the first ball,
And three pins with the second ball,
That is an EIGHT.
If you send the ball off the alley
So it knocks over no pins at all,
That is a %*&¢$#@#$%!!
Now you know where the expression
"Gutter Language" comes from!

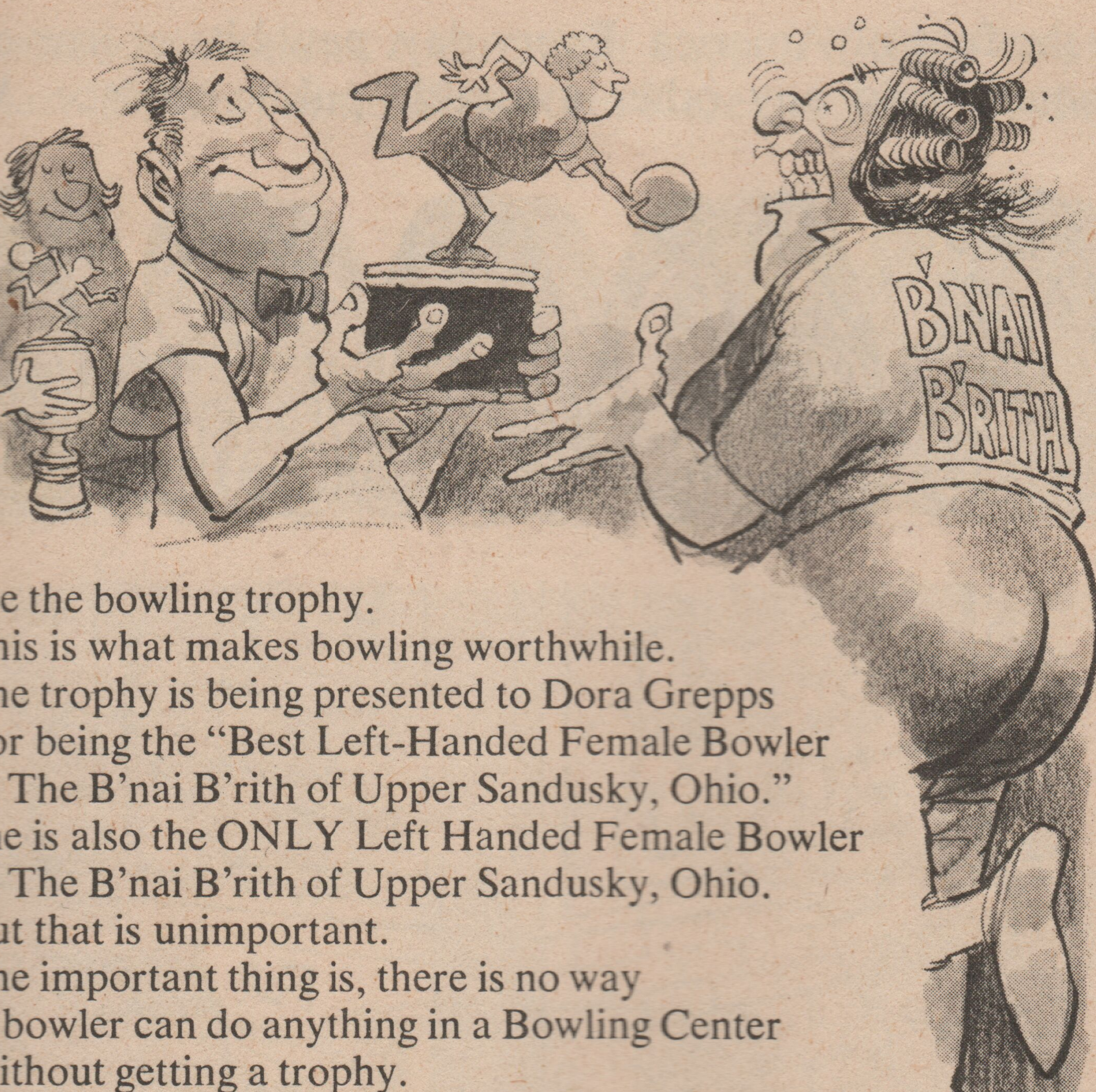
CHAPTER 5.

See the girls.
They are having trouble.
They don't know how to keep score.
Ha, ha, ha, silly girls.
It is very easy to keep score in bowling.
Would you like to learn?



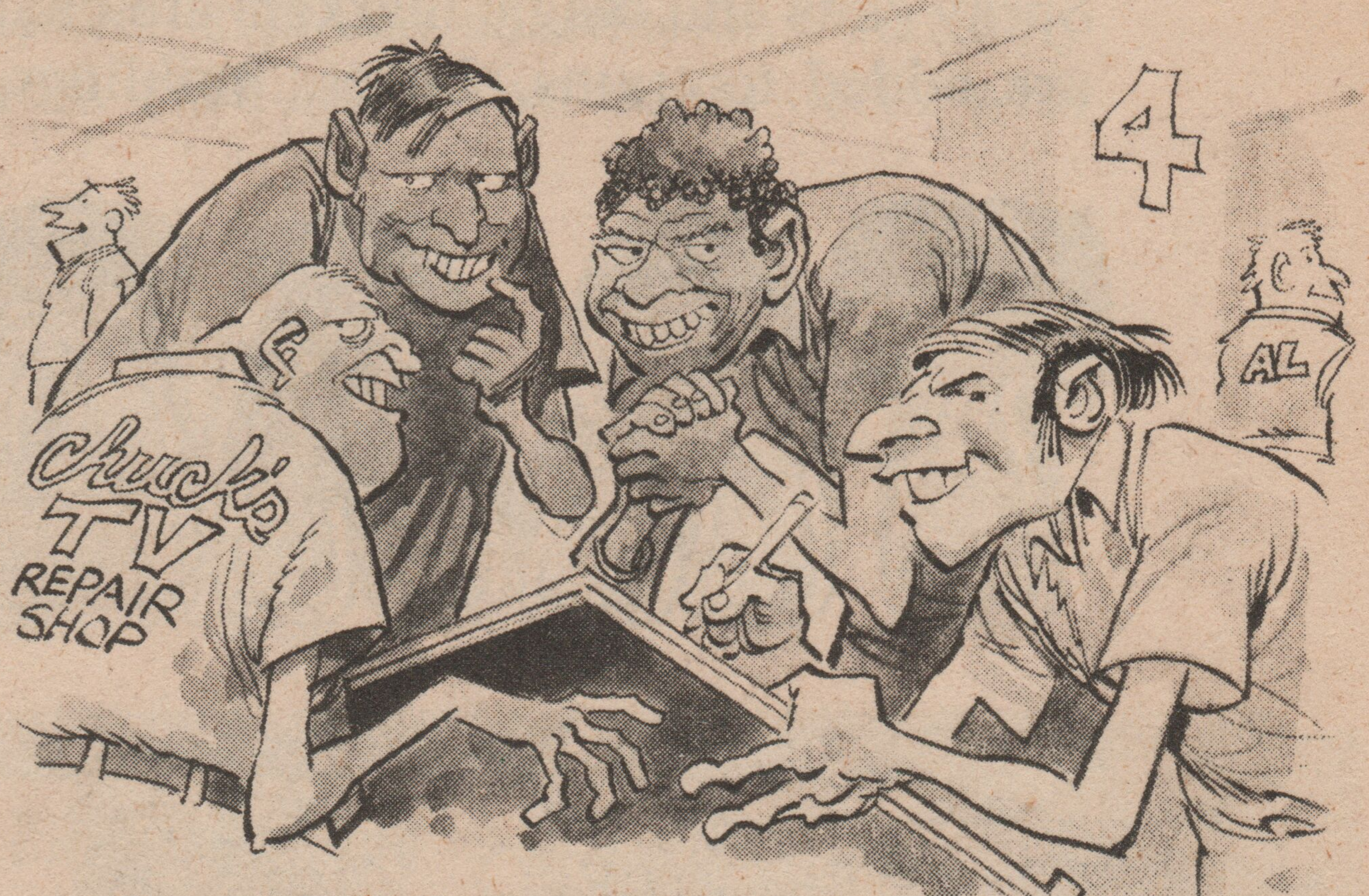
Okay, in the first frame, enter the amount of pins
You knock over with both balls in the first inning,
Unless you get a "Spare."
A "Spare" is 10, plus what you get on your next ball,
Which you enter in the first frame,
And add to it the total you knock over
With both balls in the second inning,
Which you enter in the second frame,
Unless you bowl another "Spare"
In which case, you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Strike" in the first inning,
In which case, you have 10,
Plus what you get with your next two balls,
Unless the first ball of the second inning is also a "Strike",
In which case, you have 20,
But you have to wait for the third inning
To find out what you knock over with your third ball,
In order to add it to the 20, and enter it in the first frame,
And then add the second inning's 10 to that,
Plus what you get with your third and fourth balls,
And enter that in the second frame,
Unless your fourth ball is a "Strike"
In which case you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Spare" or a "Strike" in the 10th frame,
In which case, you kill yourself!
Now, would you like to learn about the blue lines in Hockey?

CHAPTER 6.



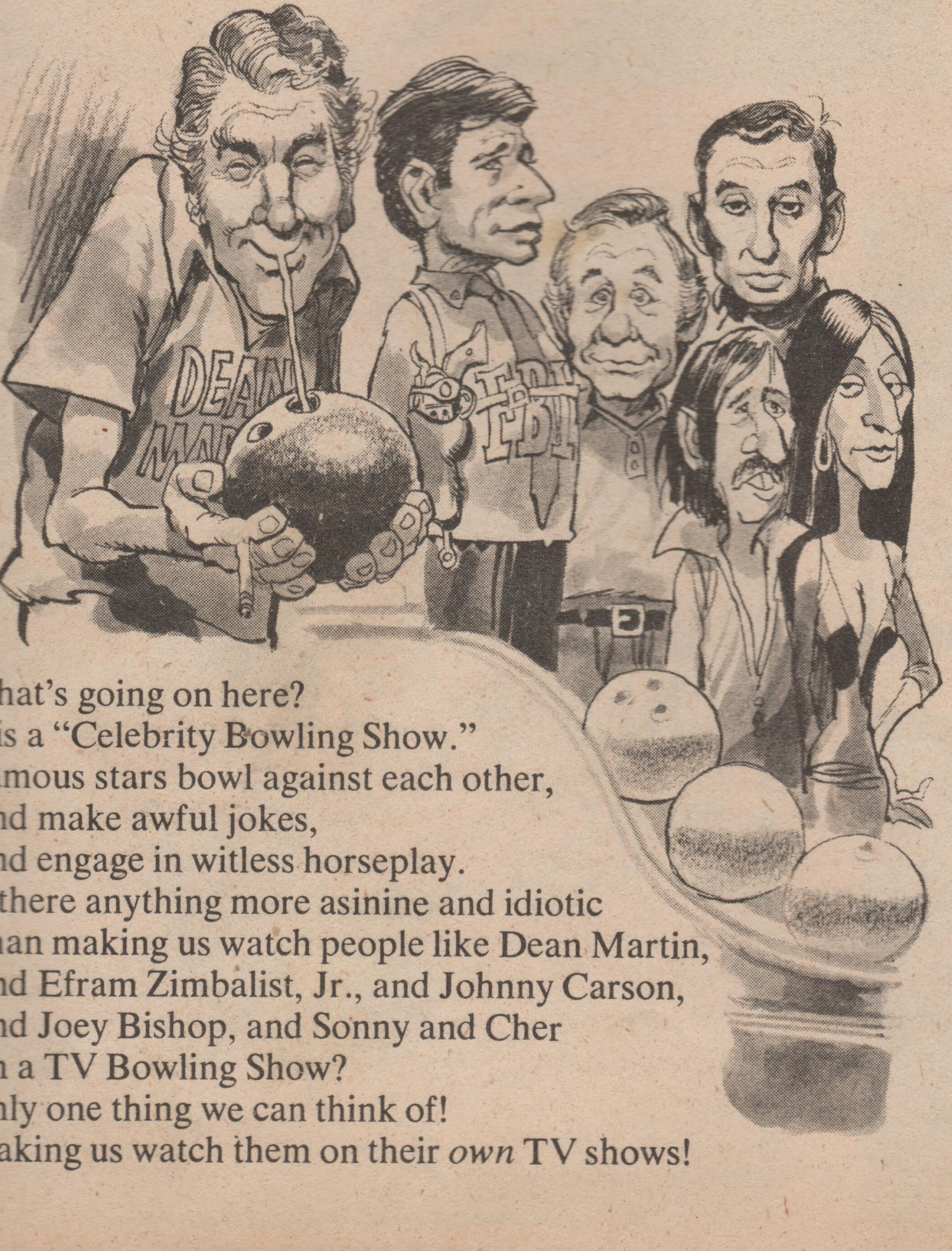
See the bowling trophy.
This is what makes bowling worthwhile.
The trophy is being presented to Dora Grepps
For being the "Best Left-Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio."
She is also the ONLY Left Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
But that is unimportant.
The important thing is, there is no way
A bowler can do anything in a Bowling Center
Without getting a trophy.
See how excited Mrs. Grepps is with her new trophy.
She's so excited, she has to go to the Ladies Room.
When she is finished,
The matron will give her a towel,
And a bar of soap,
And another trophy.

CHAPTER 7.



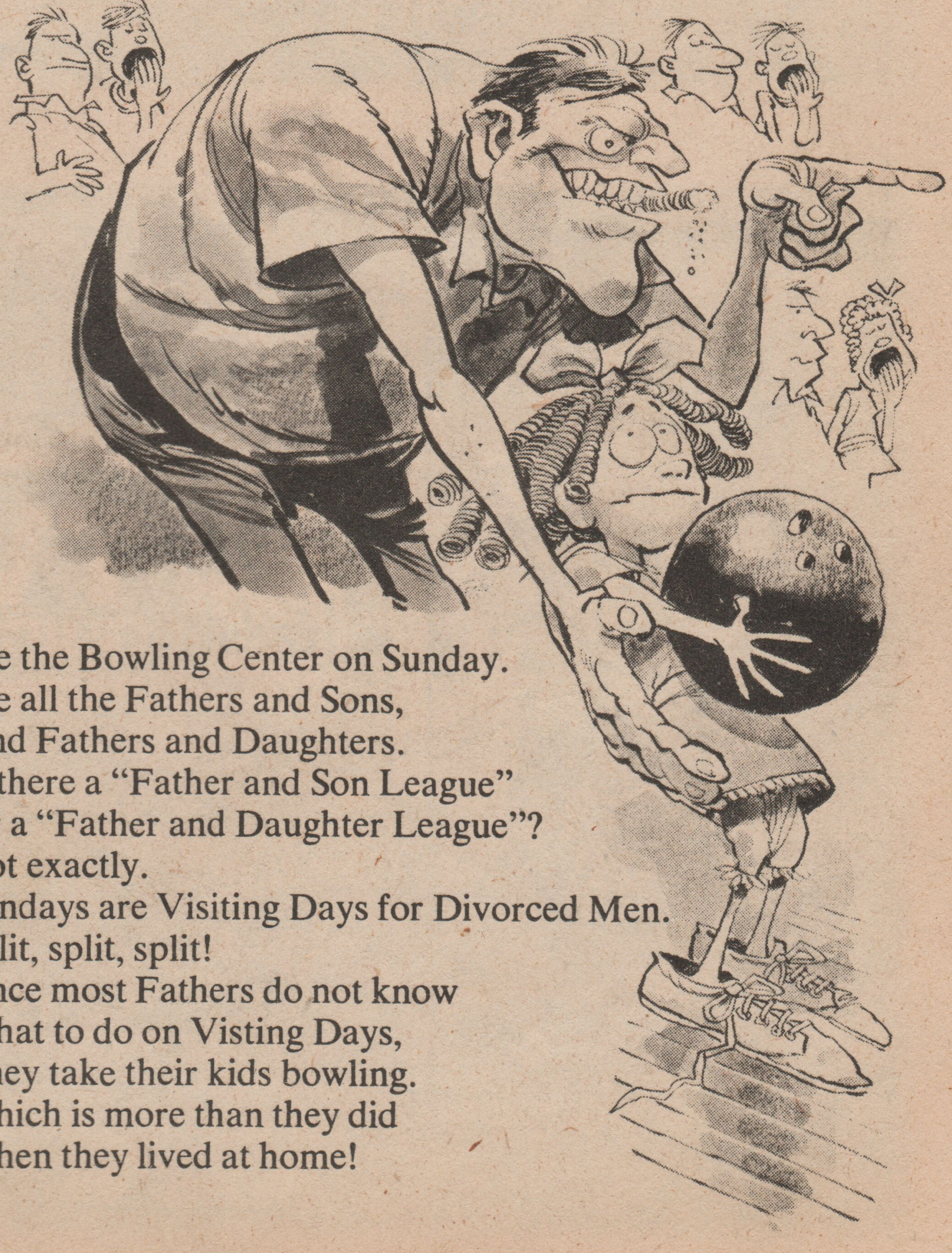
See the League Bowling competition.
Isn't it exciting?
All the greats and near-greats of Industry are here.
Look, there's the team from "Al's Service Station",
And the gang from "Barney's Moving and Storage",
And the boys from "Cy's Poultry Market".
See the team in the fourth alley.
They have just finished a game.
Their combined score is 421.
But when they submit their score sheet
It will read "792"...
Do you find that hard to understand?
That's the team from "Chuck's TV Repair Shop"!
Now do you understand?

CHAPTER 8.



What's going on here?
It is a "Celebrity Bowling Show."
Famous stars bowl against each other,
And make awful jokes,
And engage in witless horseplay.
Is there anything more asinine and idiotic
Than making us watch people like Dean Martin,
And Efram Zimbalist, Jr., and Johnny Carson,
And Joey Bishop, and Sonny and Cher
On a TV Bowling Show?
Only one thing we can think of!
Making us watch them on their *own* TV shows!

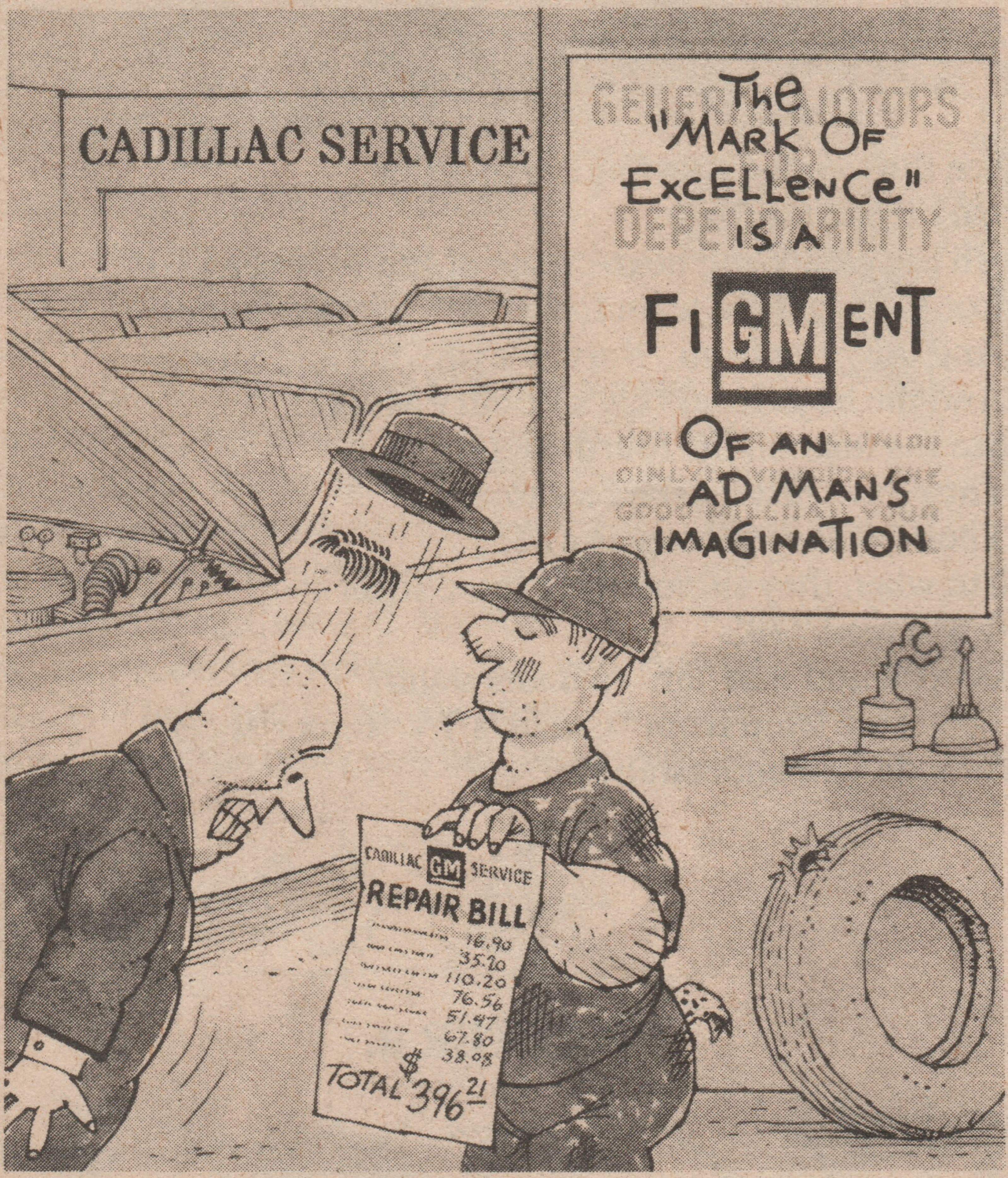
CHAPTER 9.

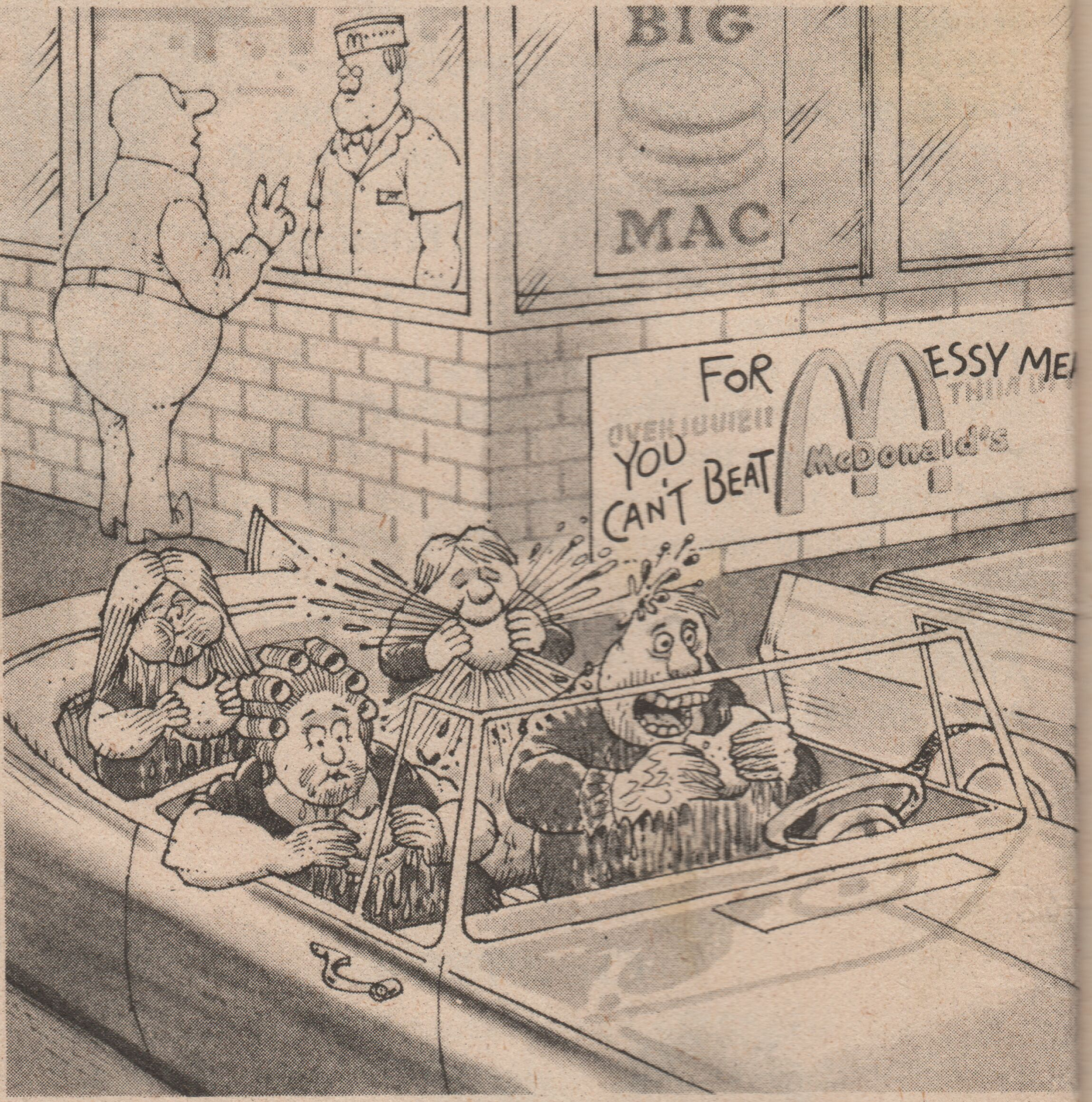


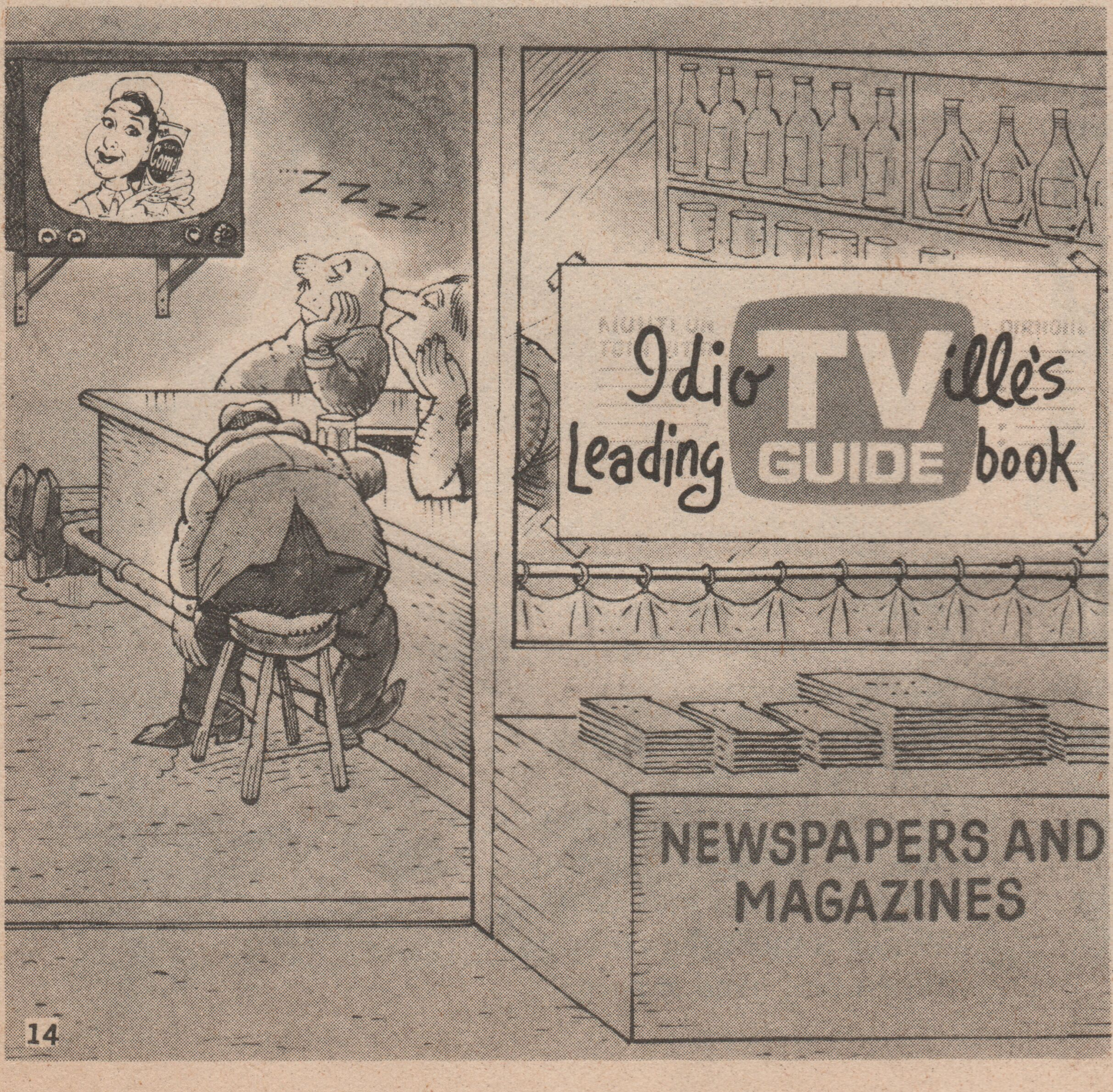
See the Bowling Center on Sunday.
See all the Fathers and Sons,
And Fathers and Daughters.
Is there a "Father and Son League"
Or a "Father and Daughter League"?
Not exactly.
Sundays are Visiting Days for Divorced Men.
Split, split, split!
Since most Fathers do not know
What to do on Visting Days,
They take their kids bowling.
Which is more than they did
When they lived at home!

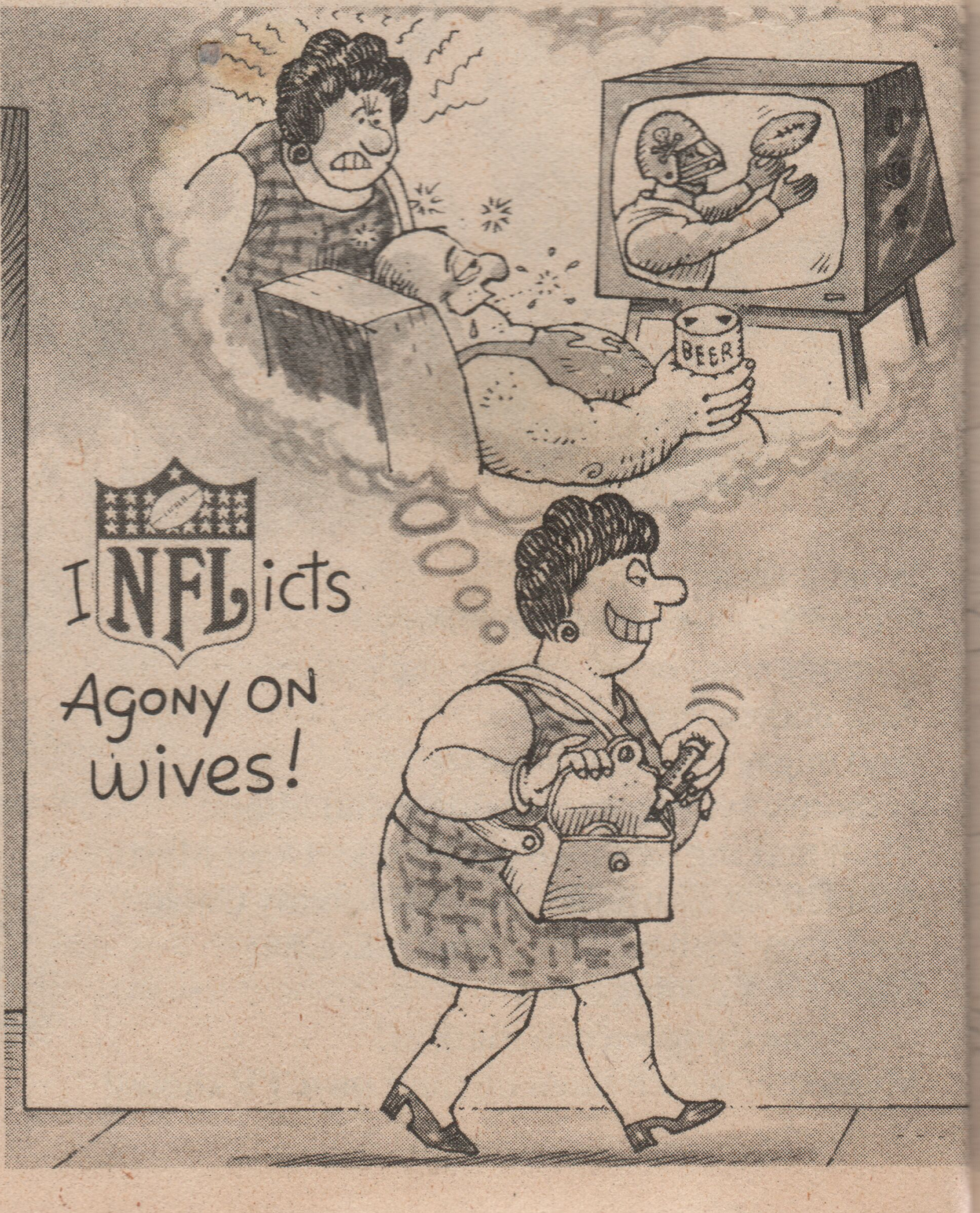
Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverenc
are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available public surface. We a

TRADEMARK


CADILLAC SERVICE
GENERAL MOTORS FOR DEPENDABILITY
The "Mark Of Excellence" is a FiGMent Of an AD MAN's IMAGINATION
CADILLAC GM SERVICE
REPAIR BILL
16.90
35.20
110.20
76.56
51.47
67.80
38.08
TOTAL $396.21


BIG MAC
FOR MESSY ME
YOU CAN'T BEAT McDonald's

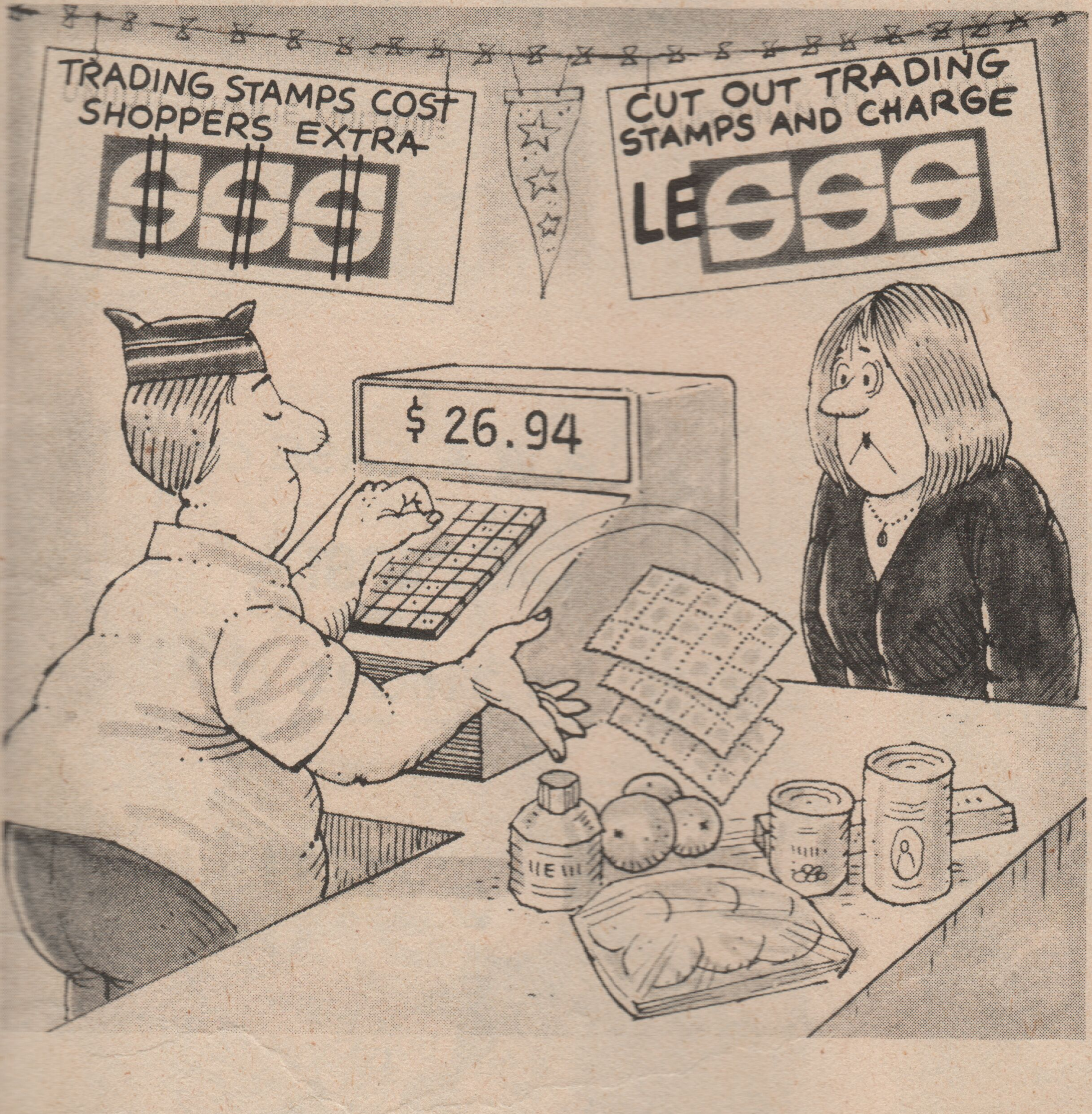

ZZZZ
IdioTVille's Leading GUIDE book
NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

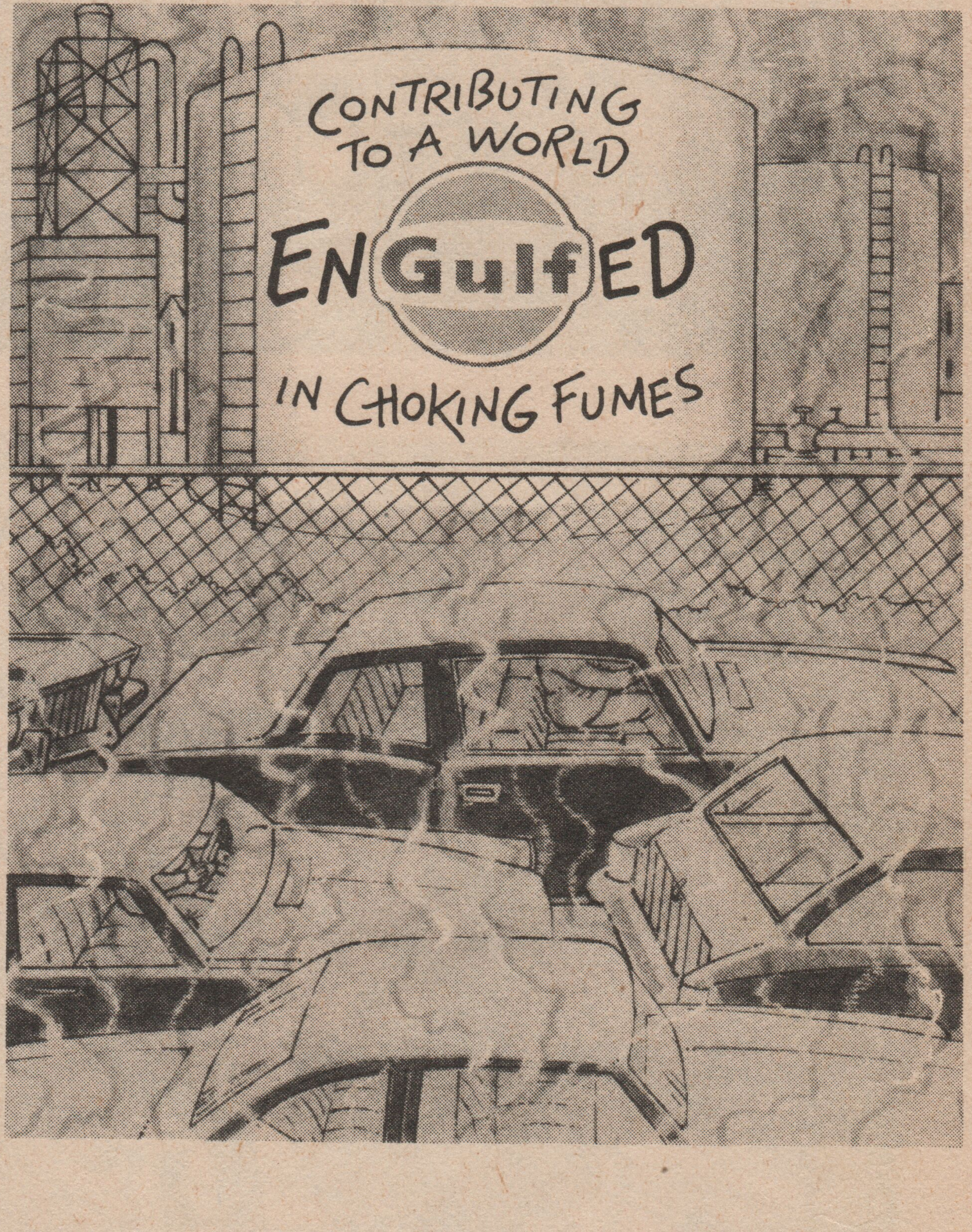

BEER
INFLicts Agony ON wives!

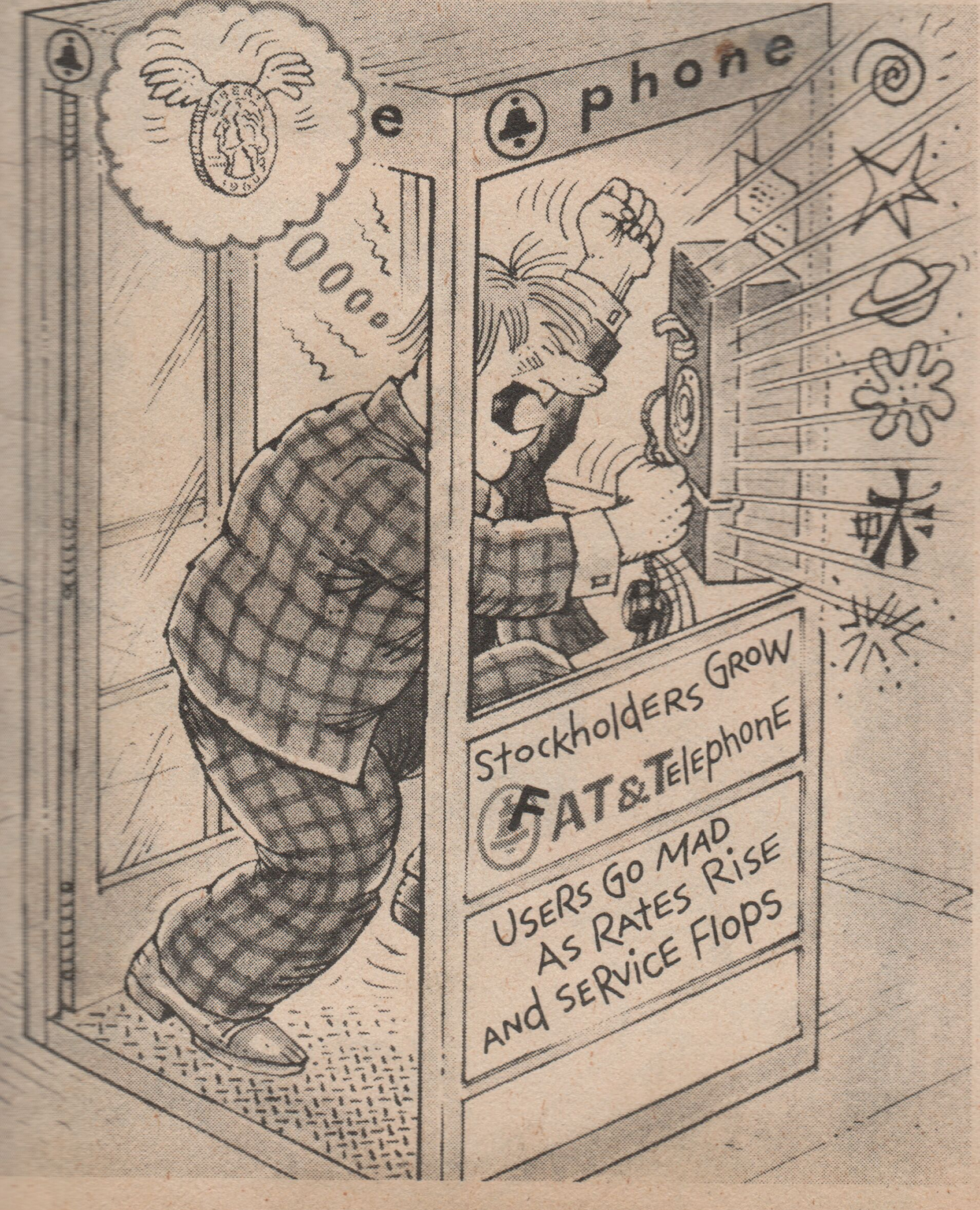
MAD shudder to think what might happen if those Graffiti Rascals ever started attacking that holy f holies, the Corporate Signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with

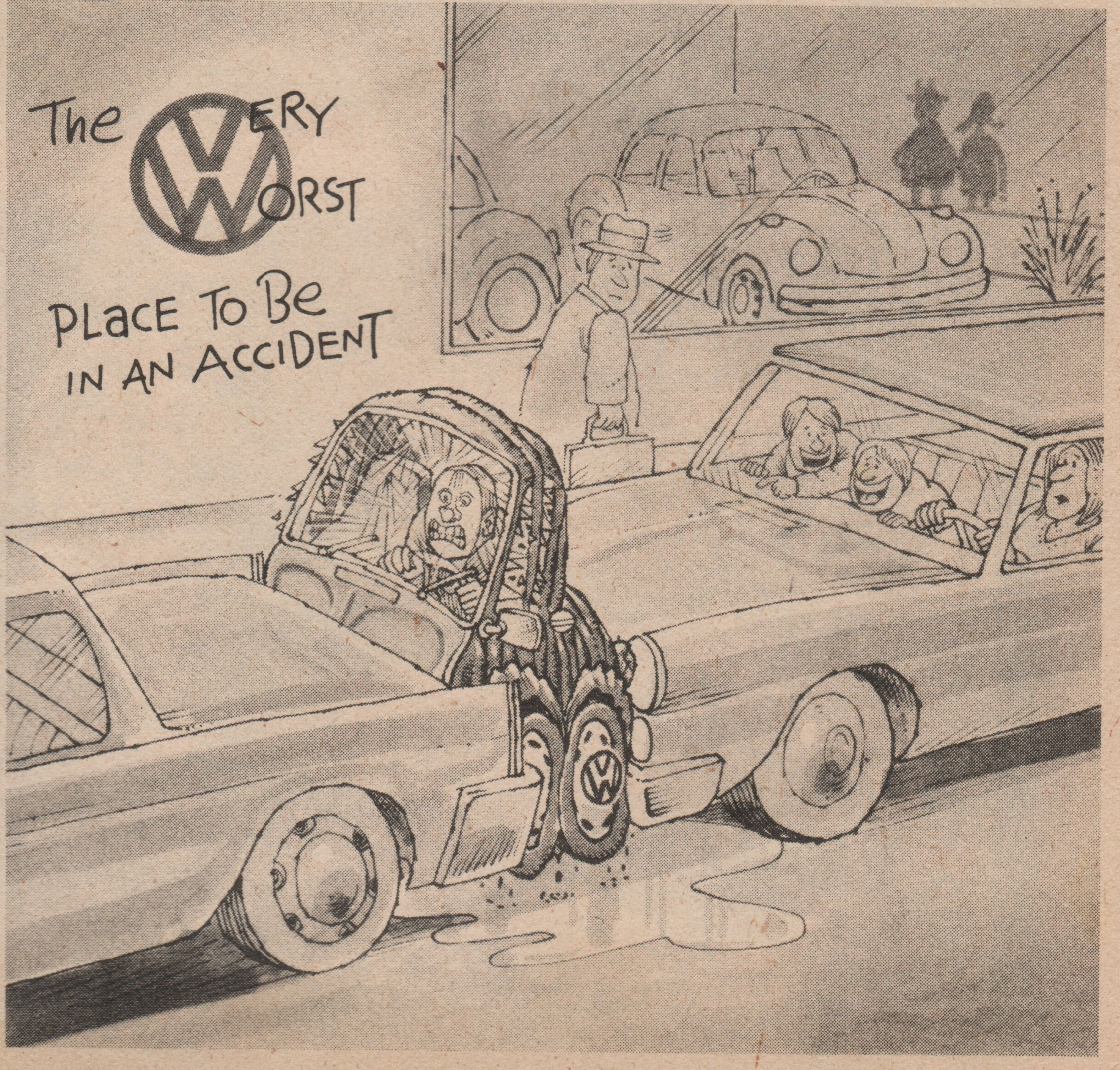
GRAFFITI

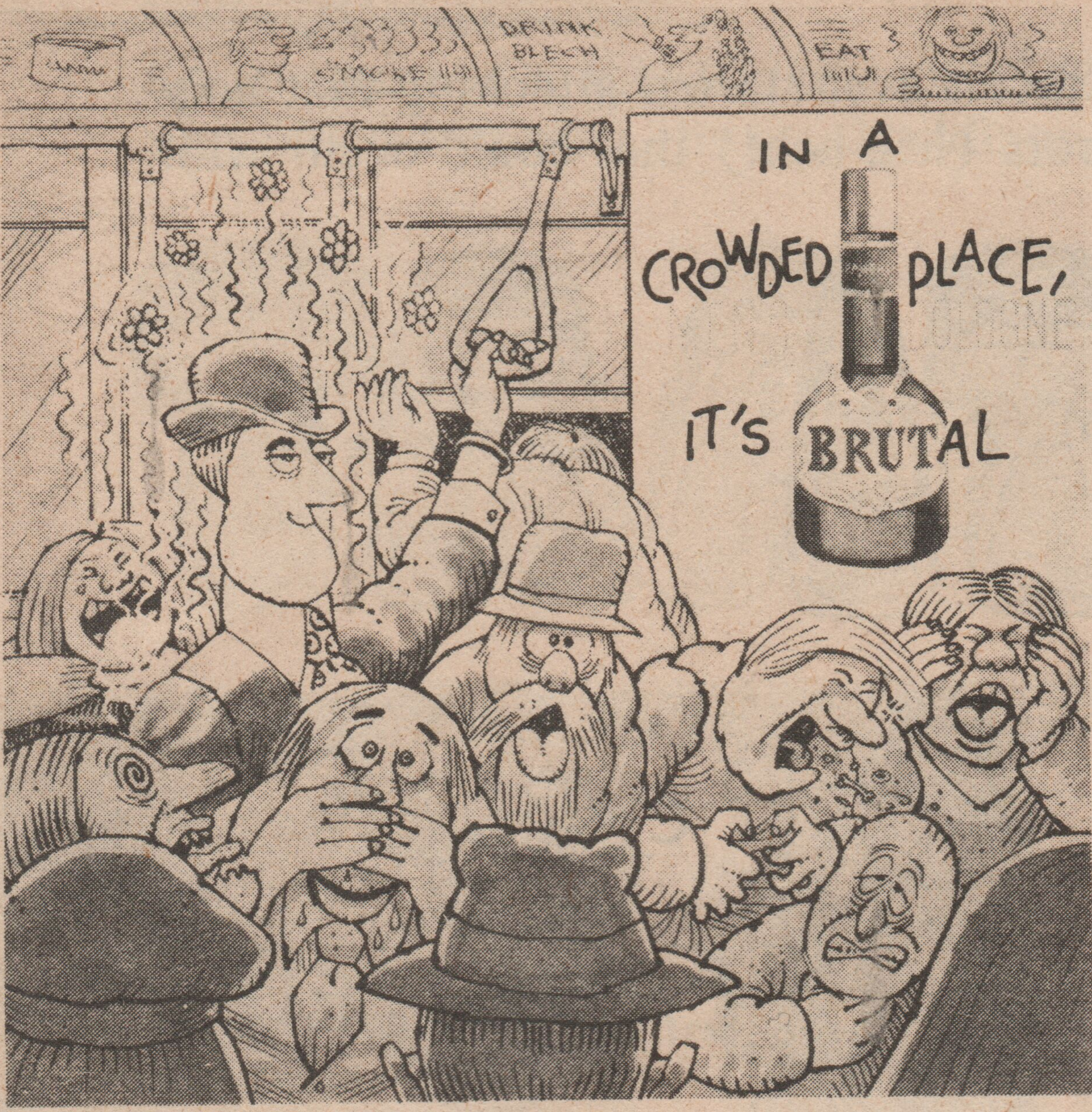
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

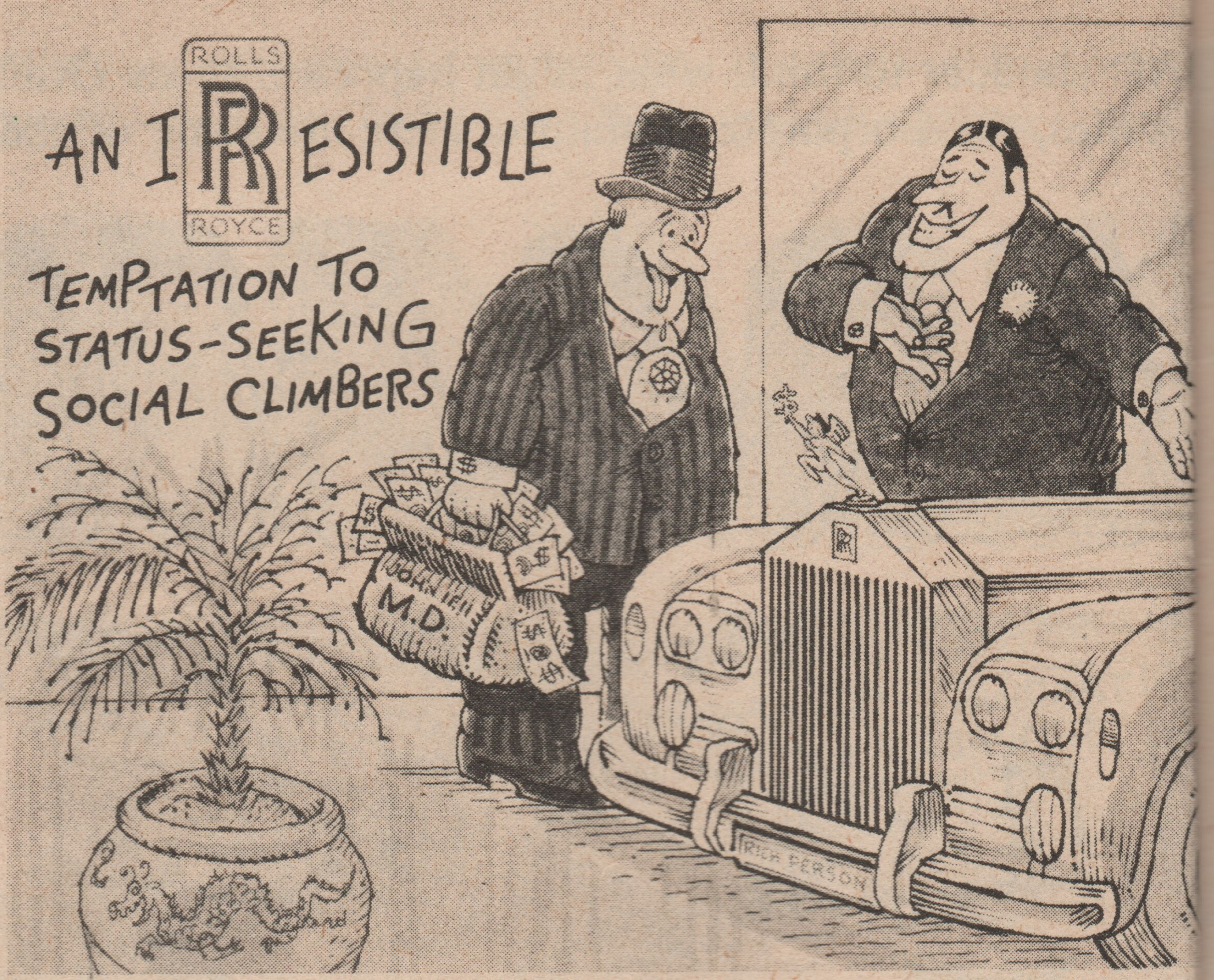

TRADING STAMPS COST SHOPPERS EXTRA
$$$
CUT OUT TRADING STAMPS AND CHARGE
LESSS
$ 26.94

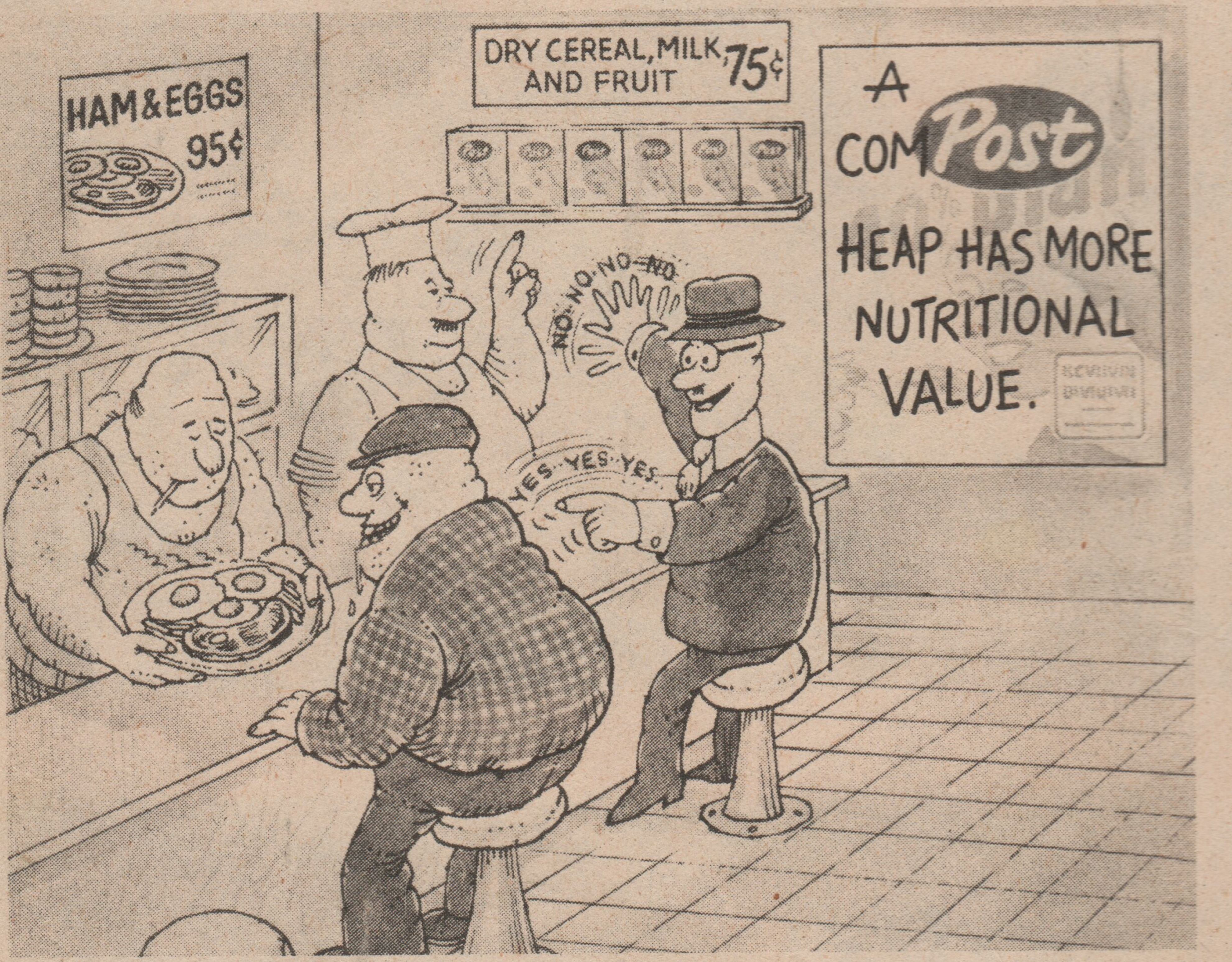

CONTRIBUTING TO A WORLD
ENGulfED
IN CHOKING FUMES

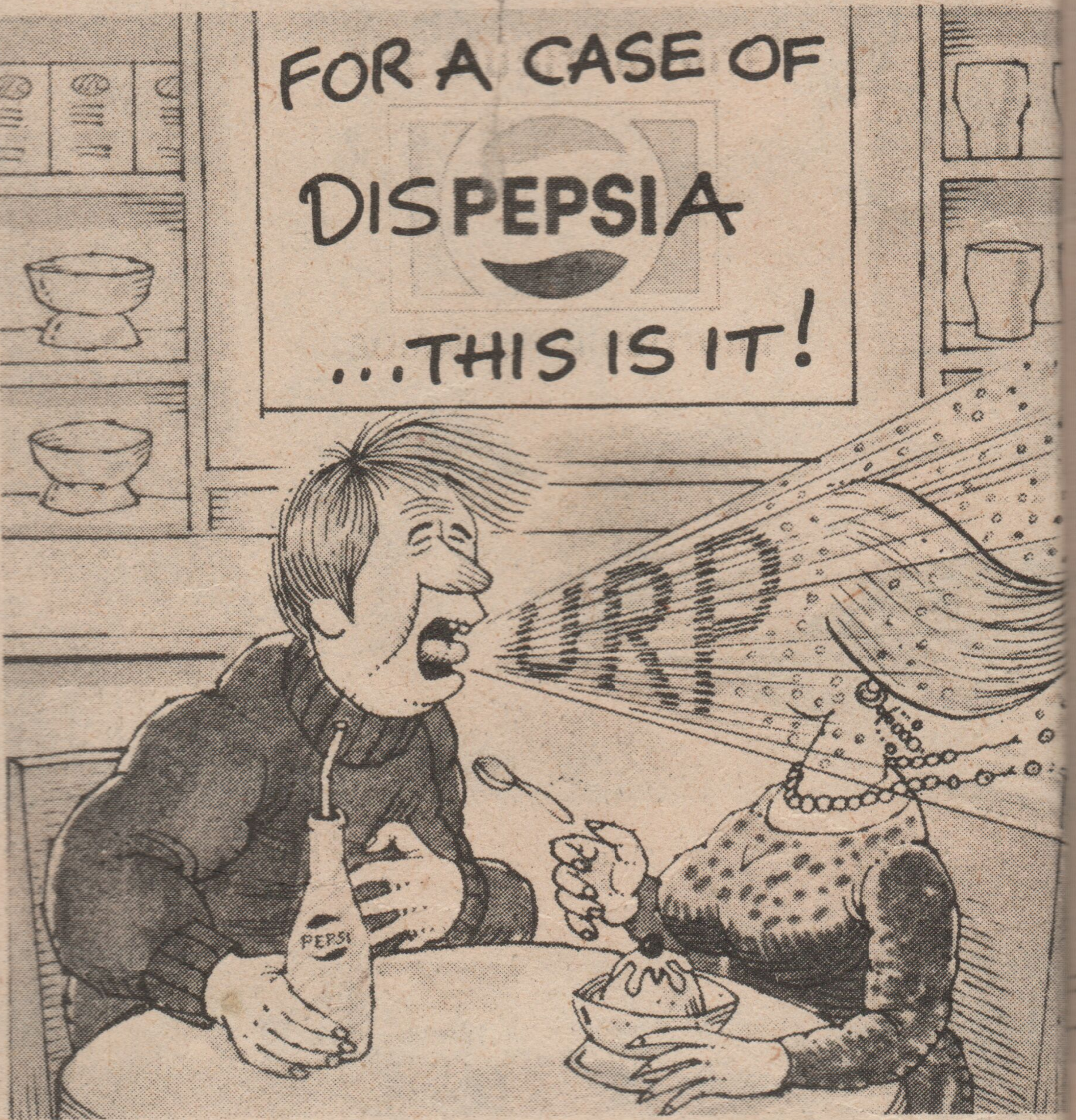

e phone
phone
Stockholders Grow
FAT&Telephone
Users Go MAD As Rates Rise and Service Flops

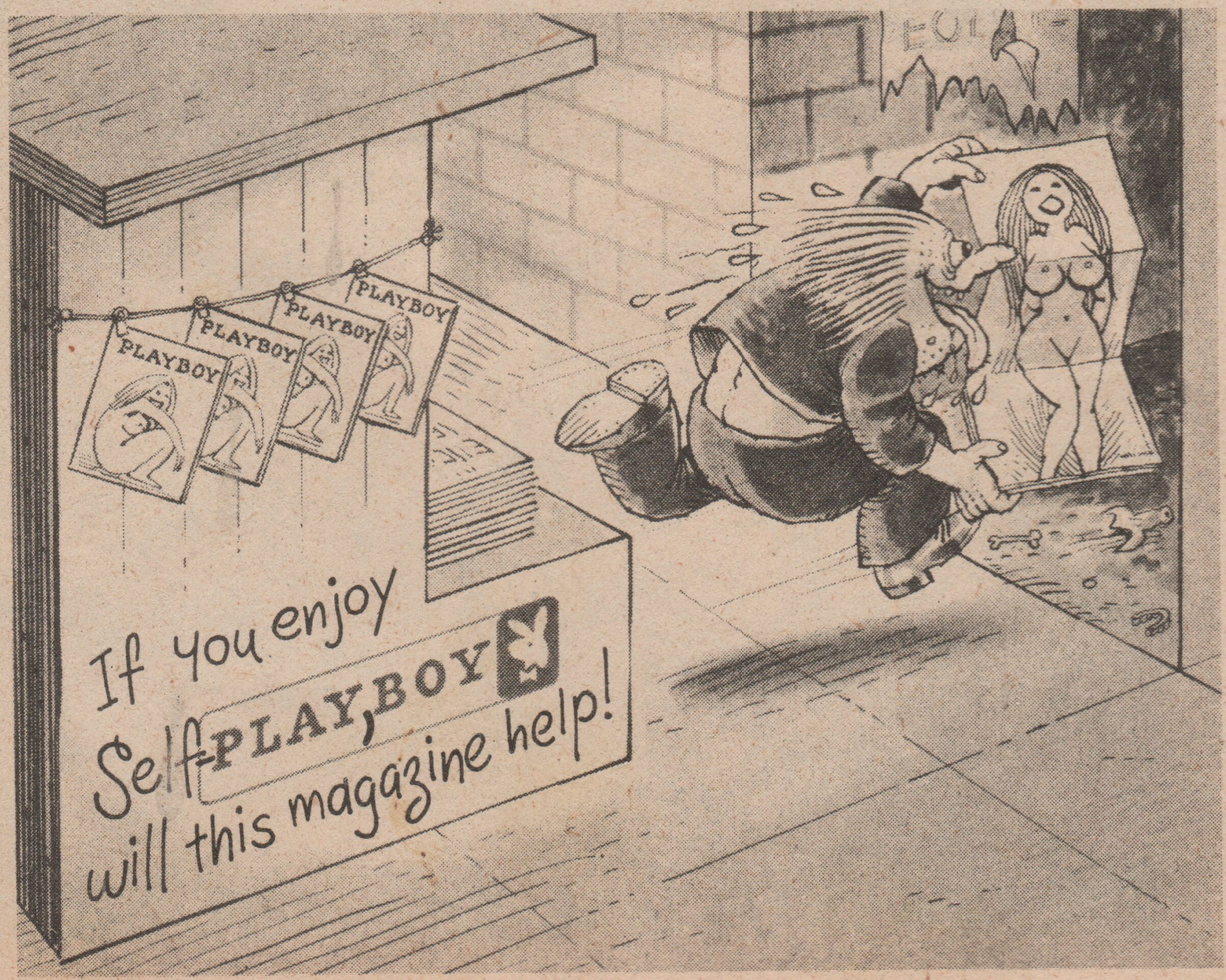

The VERY WORST
PLACE TO BE IN AN ACCIDENT

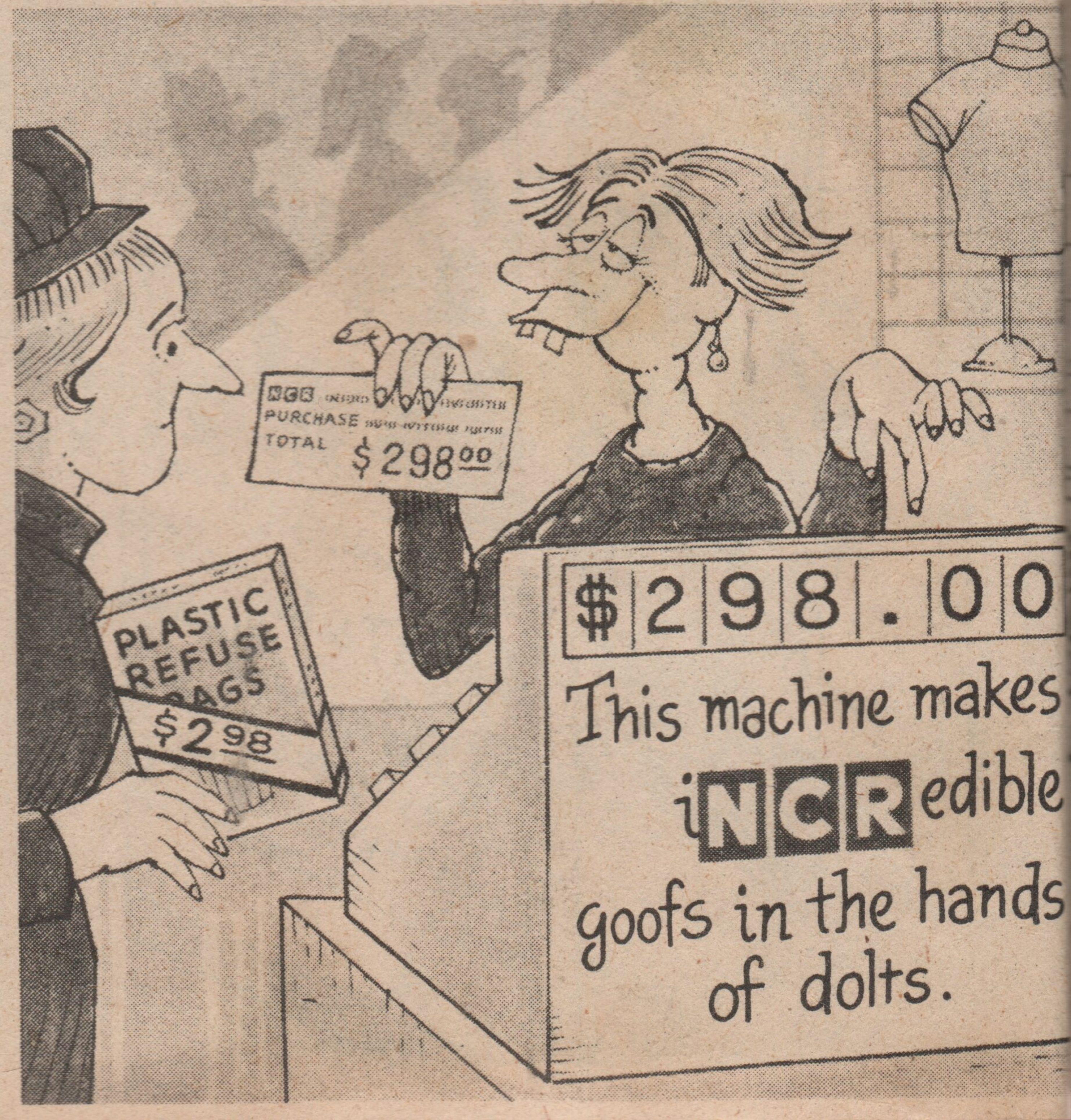

SMOKE
DRINK BLECH
EAT
IN A CROWDED PLACE, IT'S BRUTAL
BRUTAL


AN IRRESISTIBLE
ROLLS ROYCE
TEMPTATION TO STATUS-SEEKING SOCIAL CLIMBERS
M.D.
RICH PERSON


HAM & EGGS 95¢
DRY CEREAL, MILK, AND FRUIT 75¢
A COMPost HEAP HAS MORE NUTRITIONAL VALUE.
NO-NO-NO-NO
YES-YES-YES


FOR A CASE OF DISPEPSIA ...THIS IS IT!
URP
PEPSI

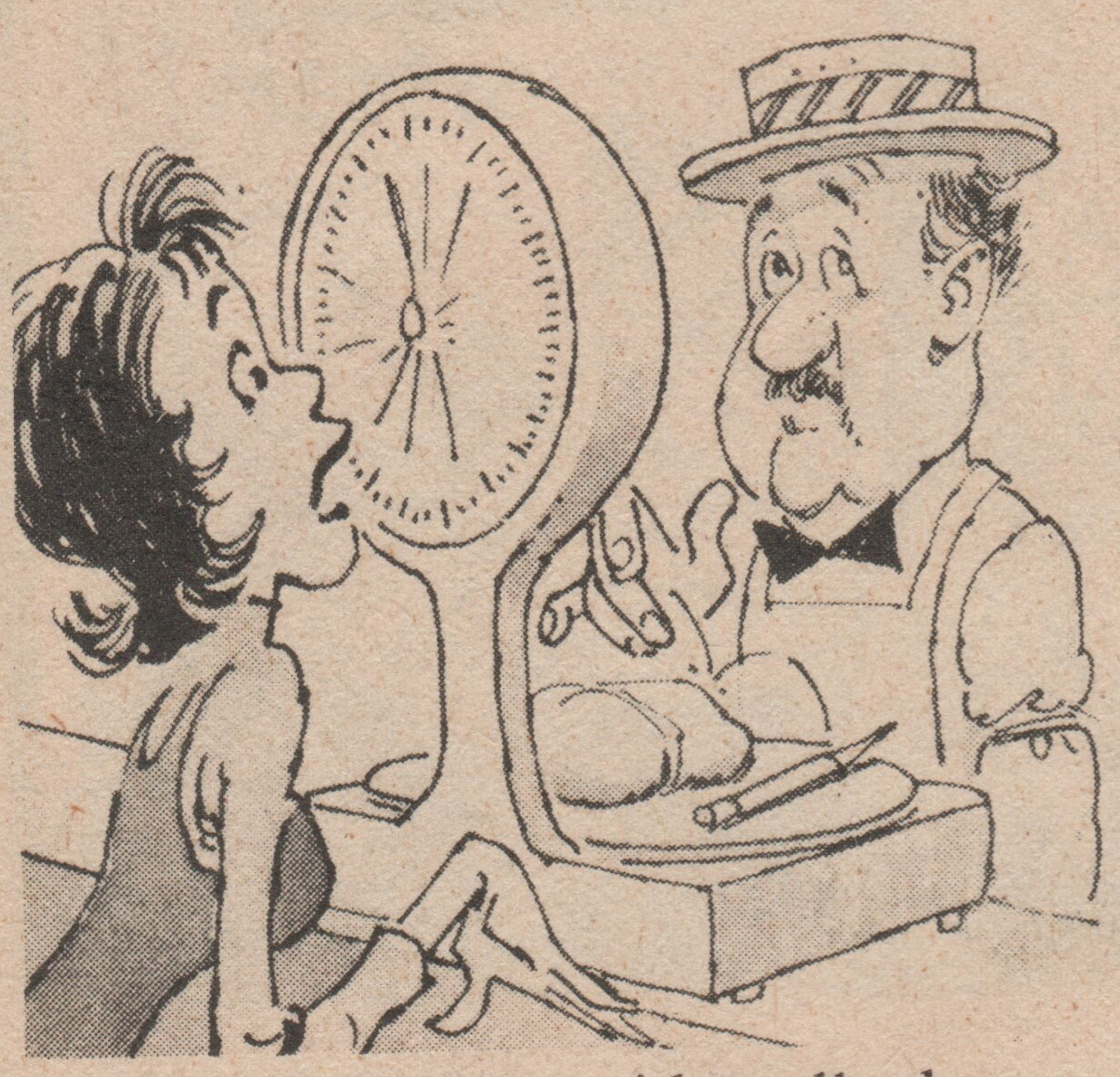

PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY
If you enjoy Self-PLAY, BOY will this magazine help!


PURCHASE
TOTAL $298.00
PLASTIC REFUSE BAGS $2.98
$298.00
This machine makes iNCRedible goofs in the hands of dolts.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CON DEPT.

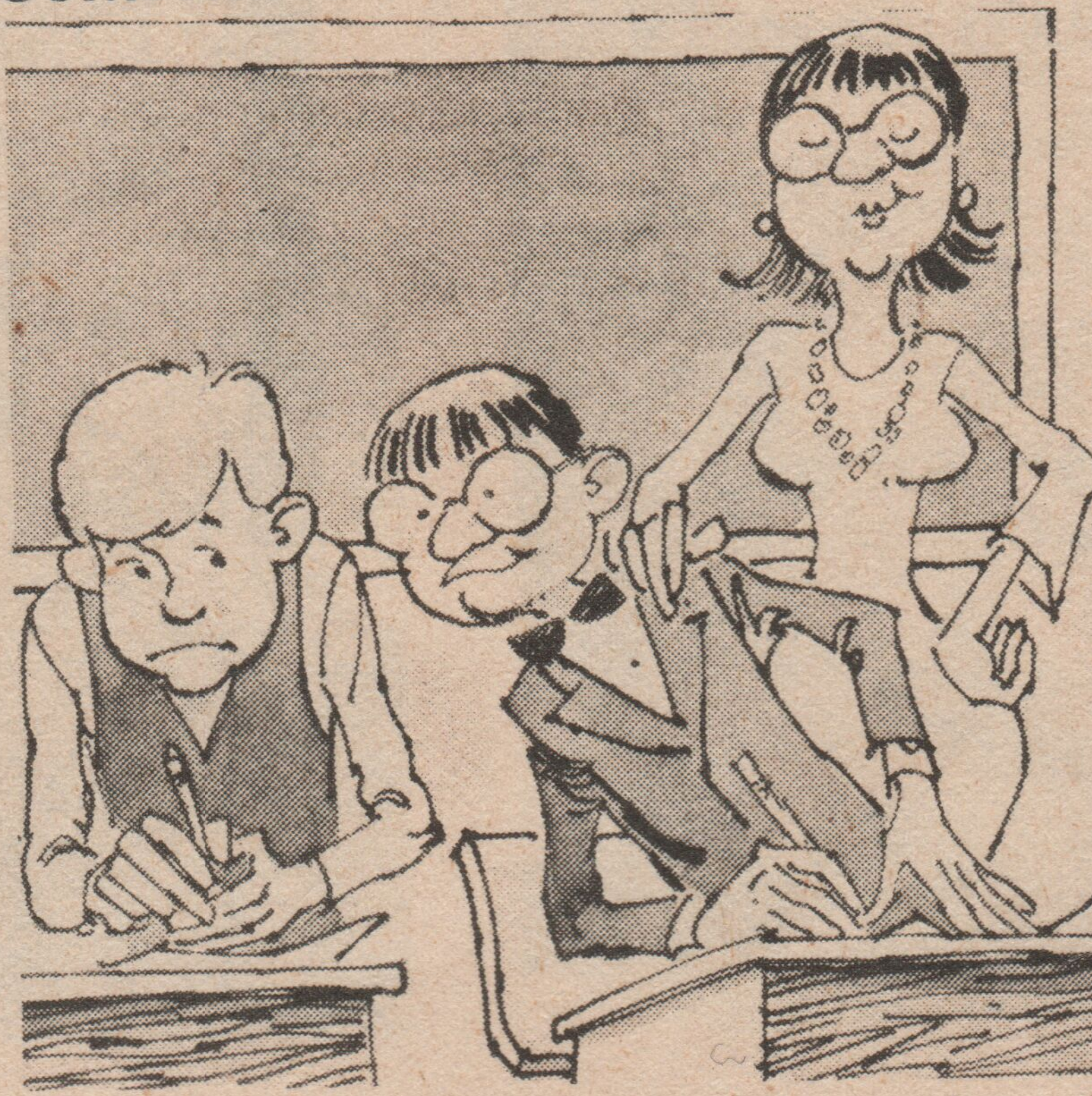
You Know There's SOM

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



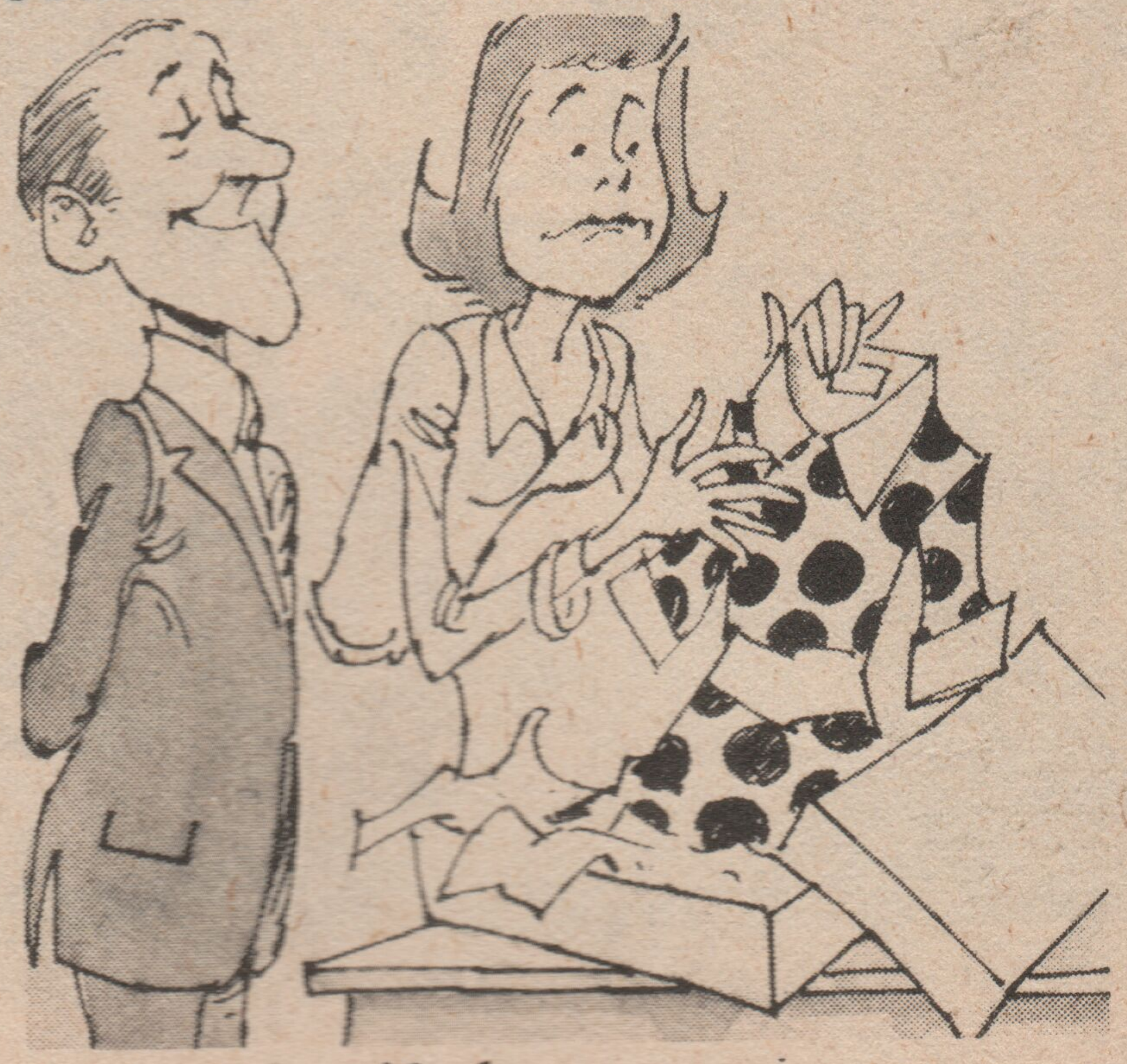
. . . the butcher accidentally drops his pencil on the scale . . . and the dial shows it weighs four pounds!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



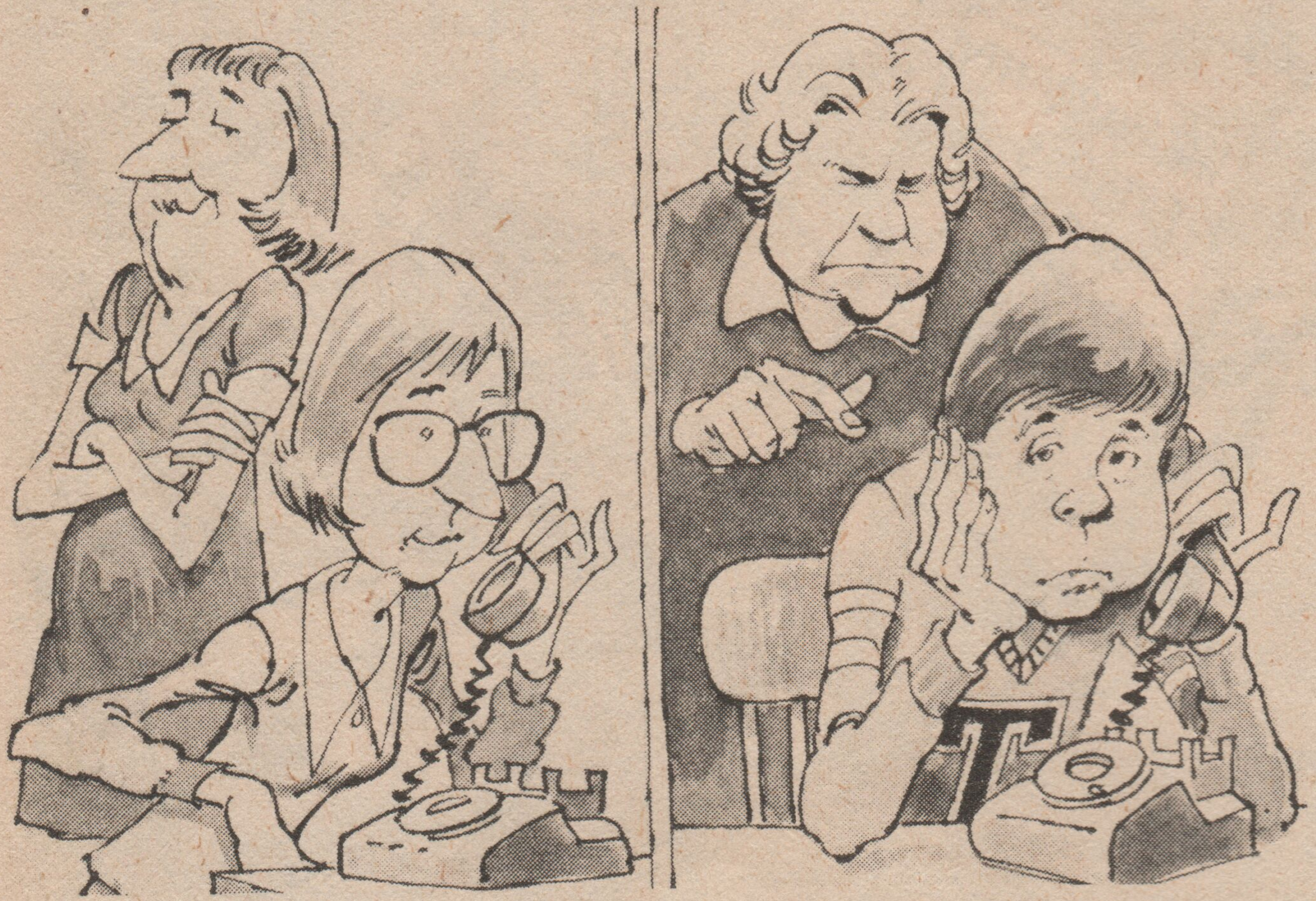
. . . the teacher's nephew copies off your examination paper, and he gets an "A". . . but you flunk!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



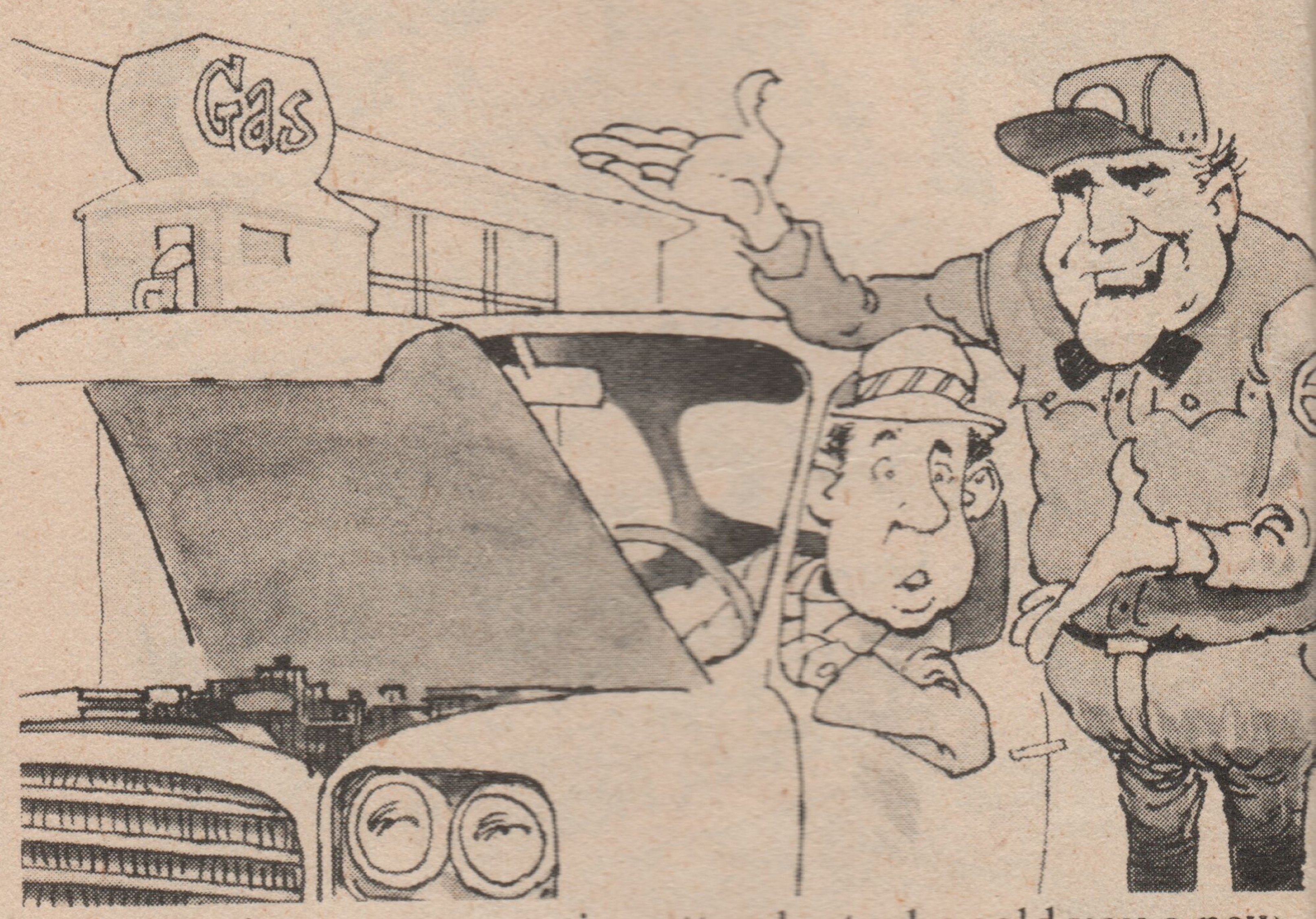
. . . the gift that comes in a "Saks Fifth Avenue" box has a "Montgomery Ward" label!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



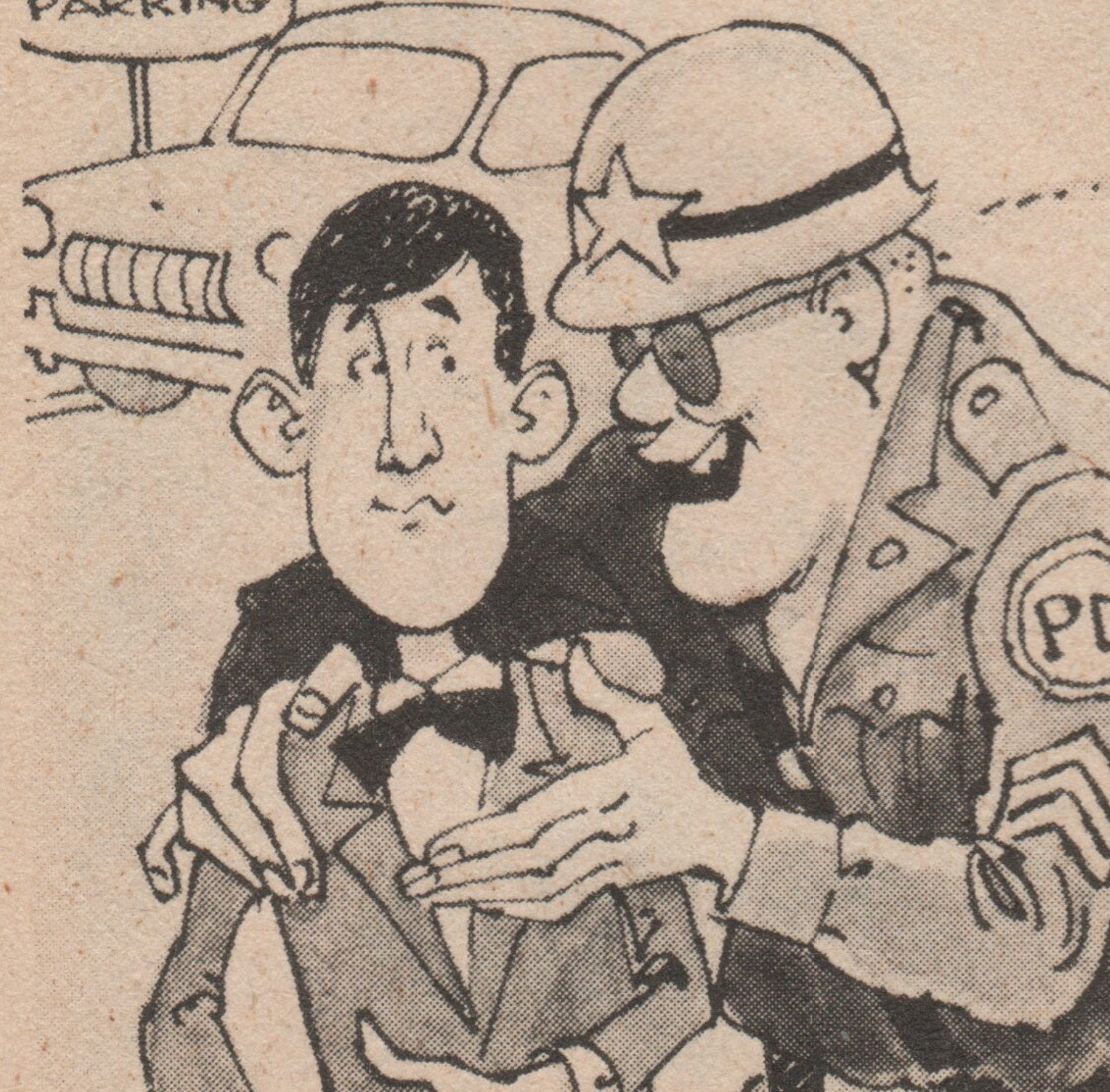
. . . your cousin, who's always hated you, calls you up at the last minute to ask you to go to the Senior Prom!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



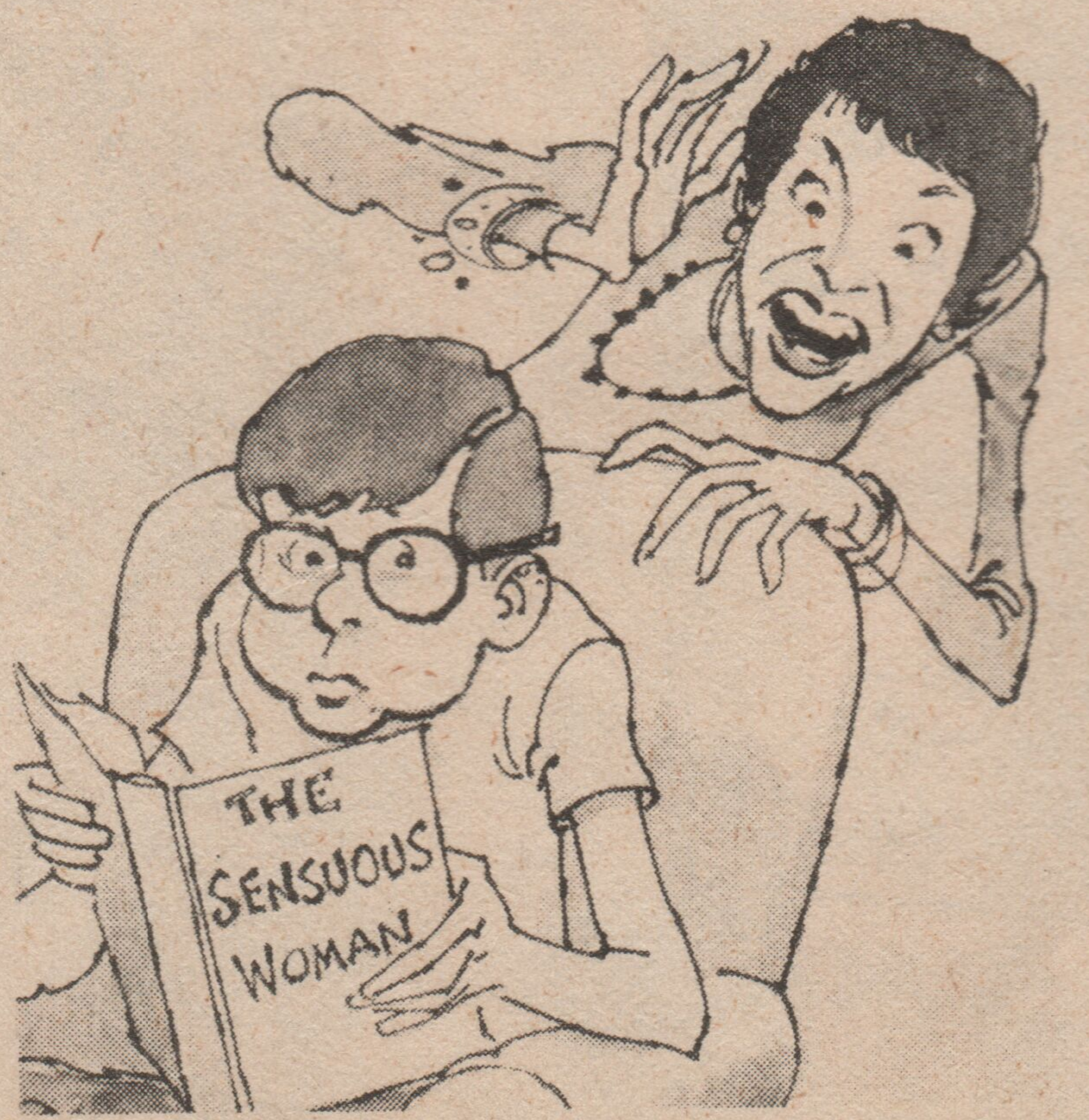
. . . the same gas station attendant who sold you a new fan belt just last week claims you need a new fan belt!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



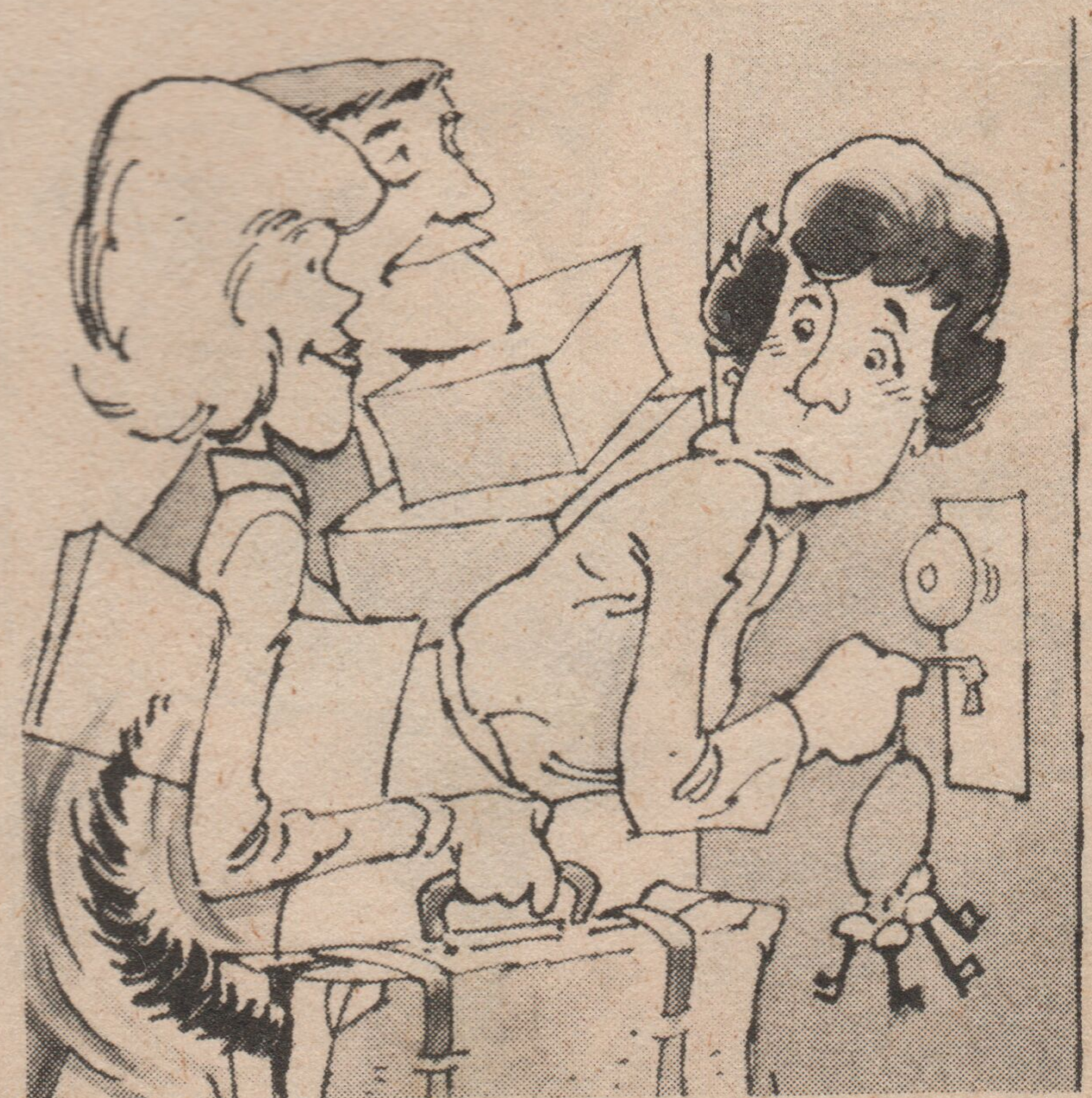
. . . the cop offers to collect your traffic fine right now, and save you a trip to Court!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



. . . your ten-year-old claims his teacher has assigned him to read "The Sensuous Woman"!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



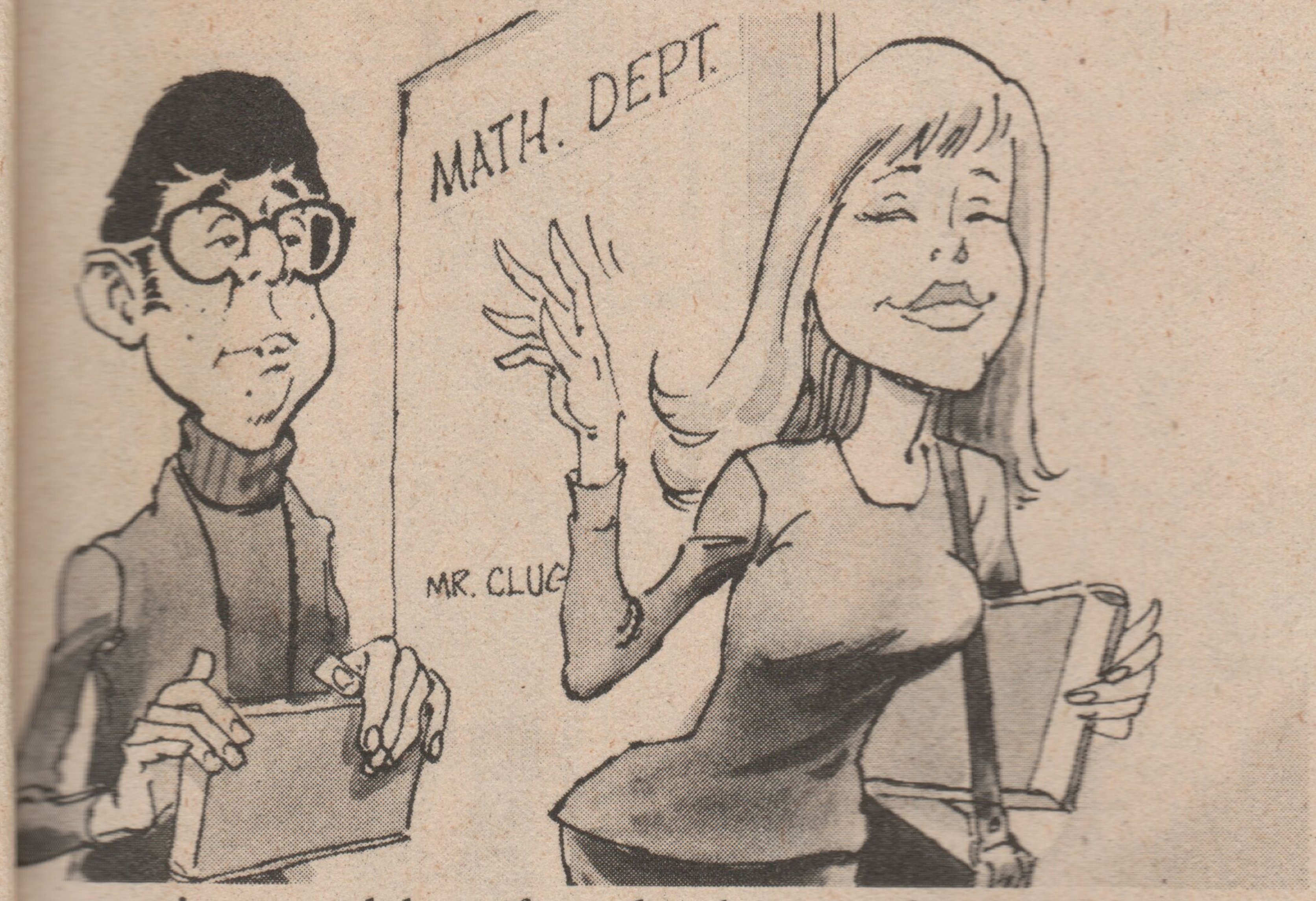
. . . your new tenant swears that she doesn't have any pets . . . but her suitcase is wagging its tail!

US POST OFFICE

ETHING FISHY When...

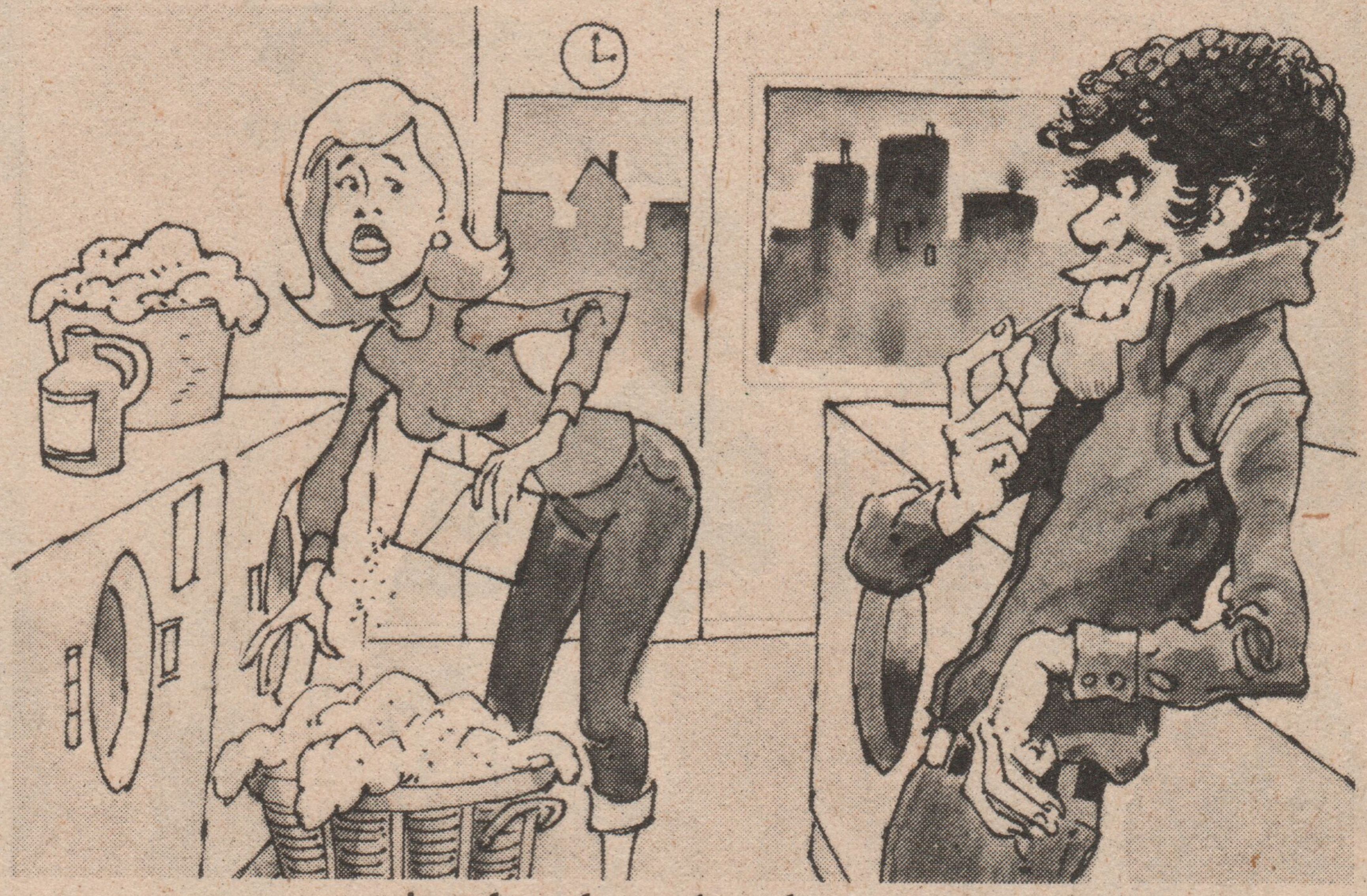
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: TOM KOCH

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



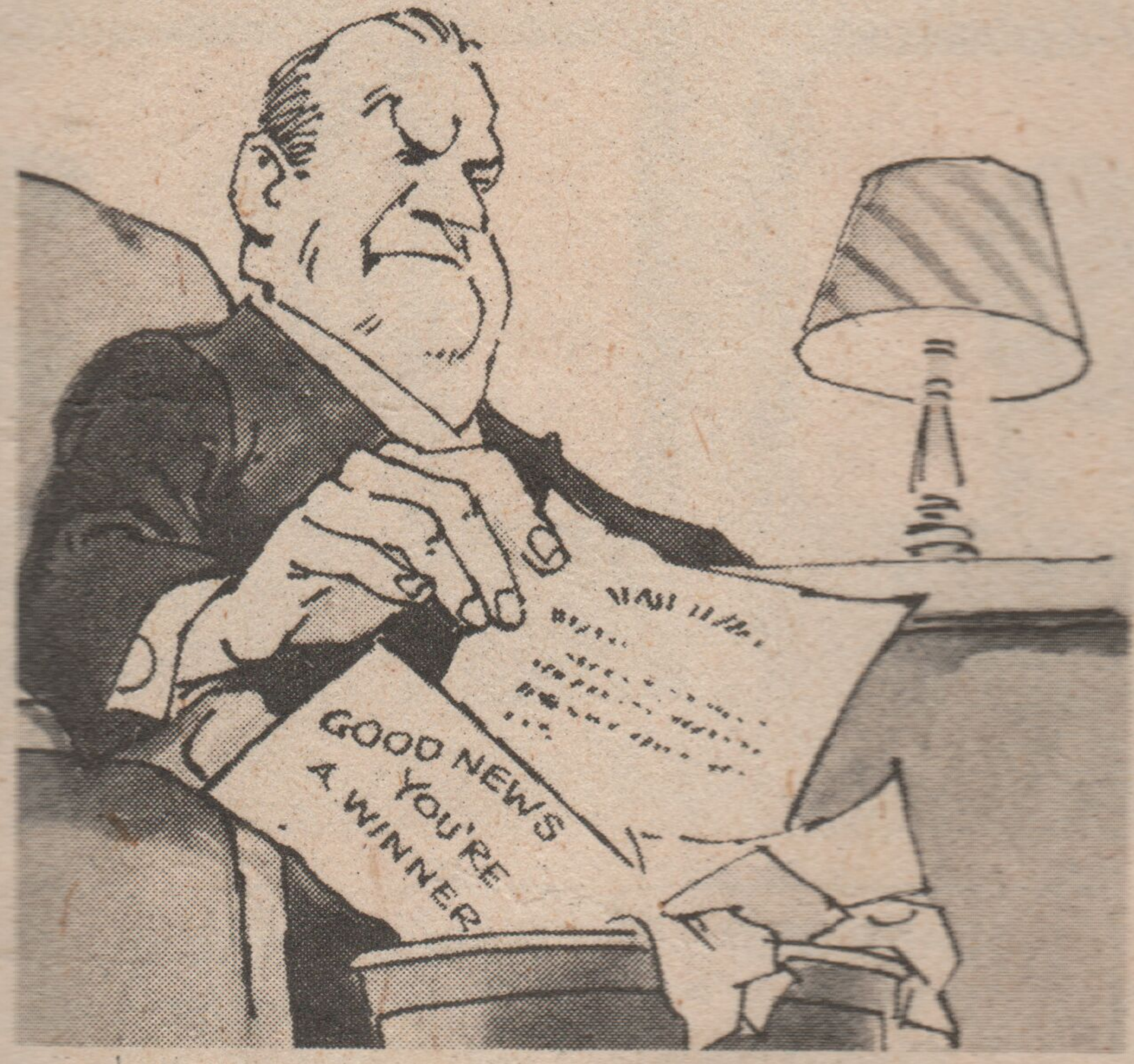
. . . you're turned down for a date because the girl says she has to stay home and wash her hair . . . on New Year's Eve!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



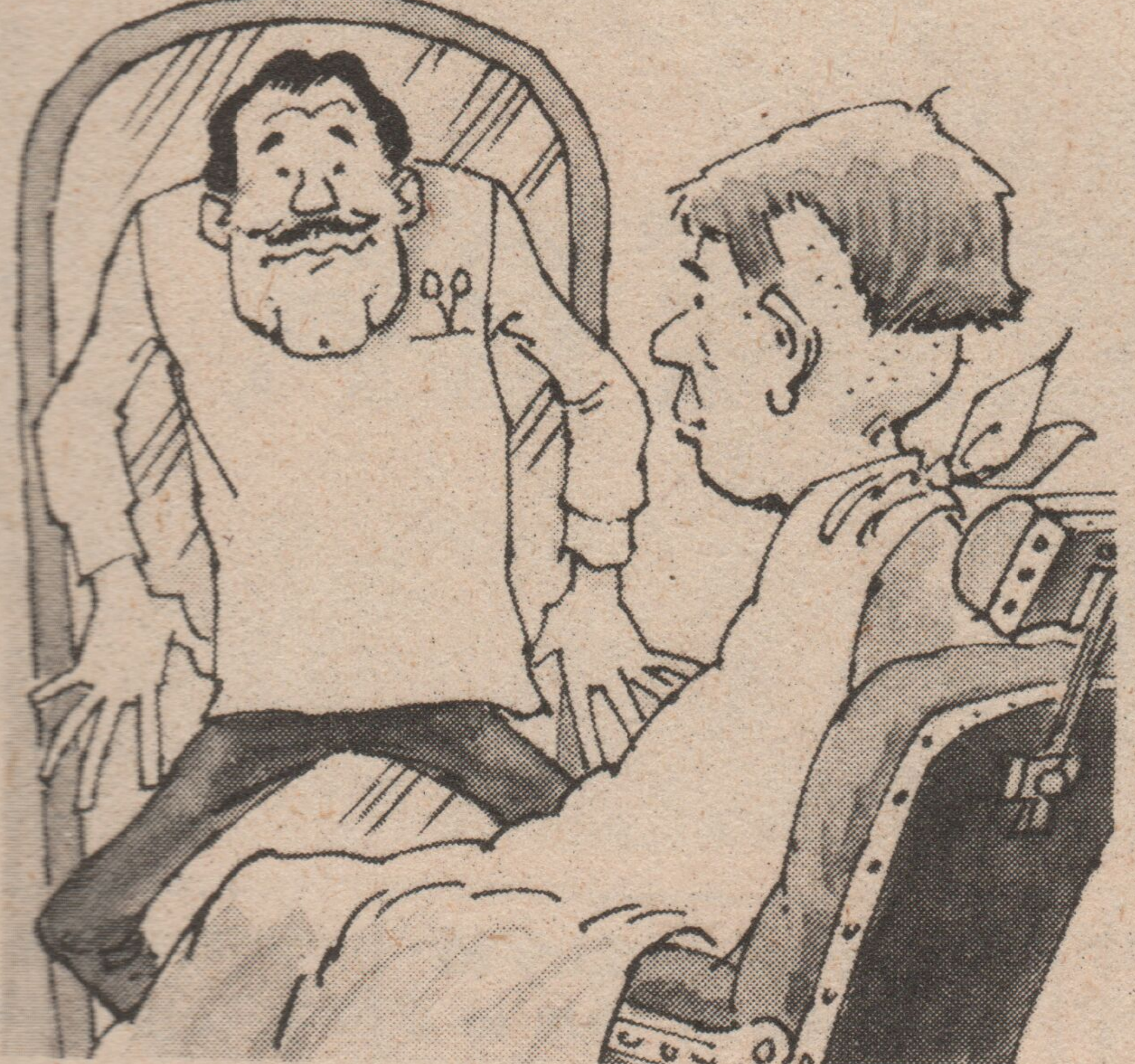
. . . you notice that the only other customer in the all-night laundromat didn't bring any laundry!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .


GOOD NEWS YOU'RE A WINNER

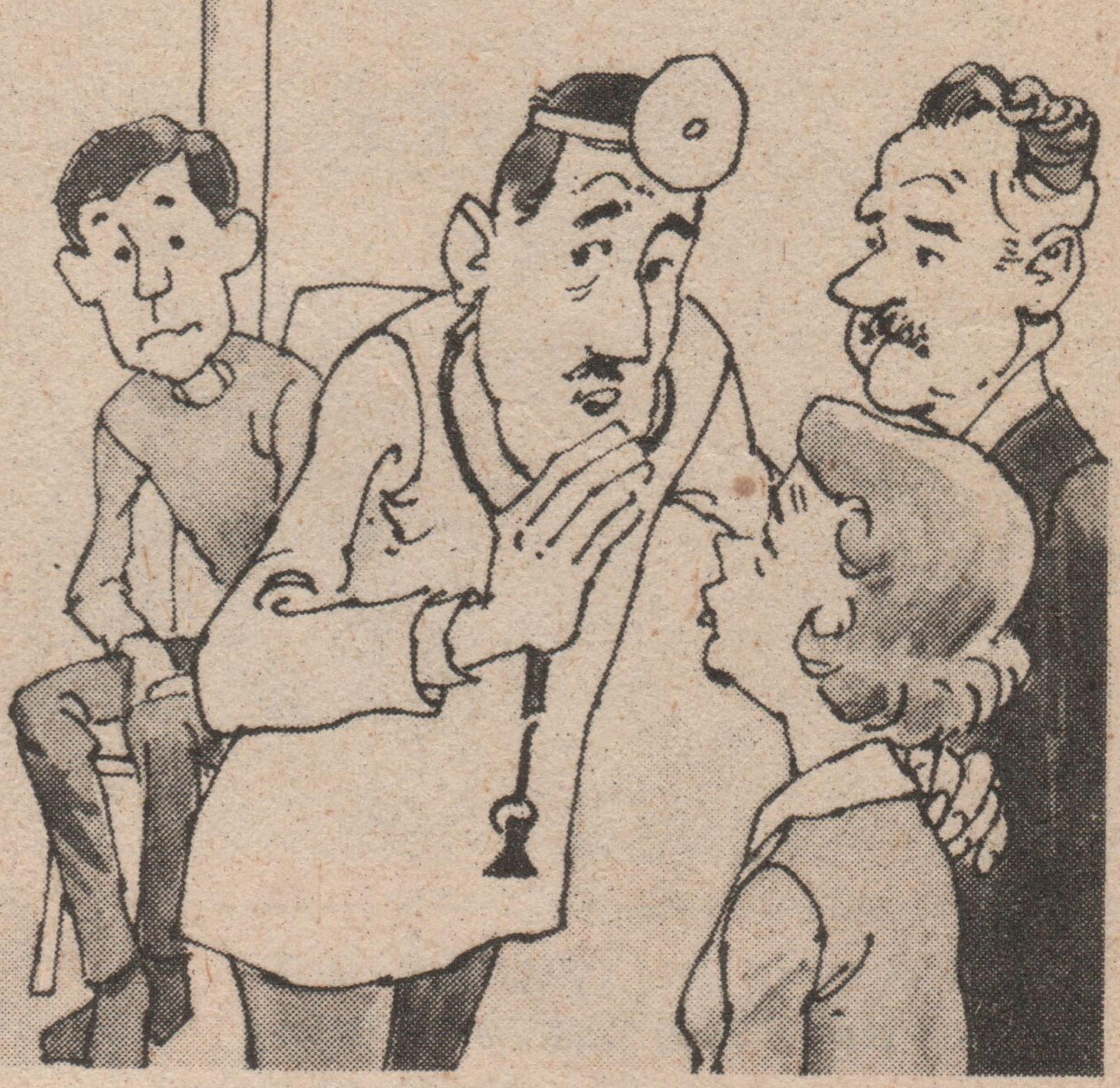
. . . you're notified that you've just won a free week-end vacation trip . . . to a Florida real estate development!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



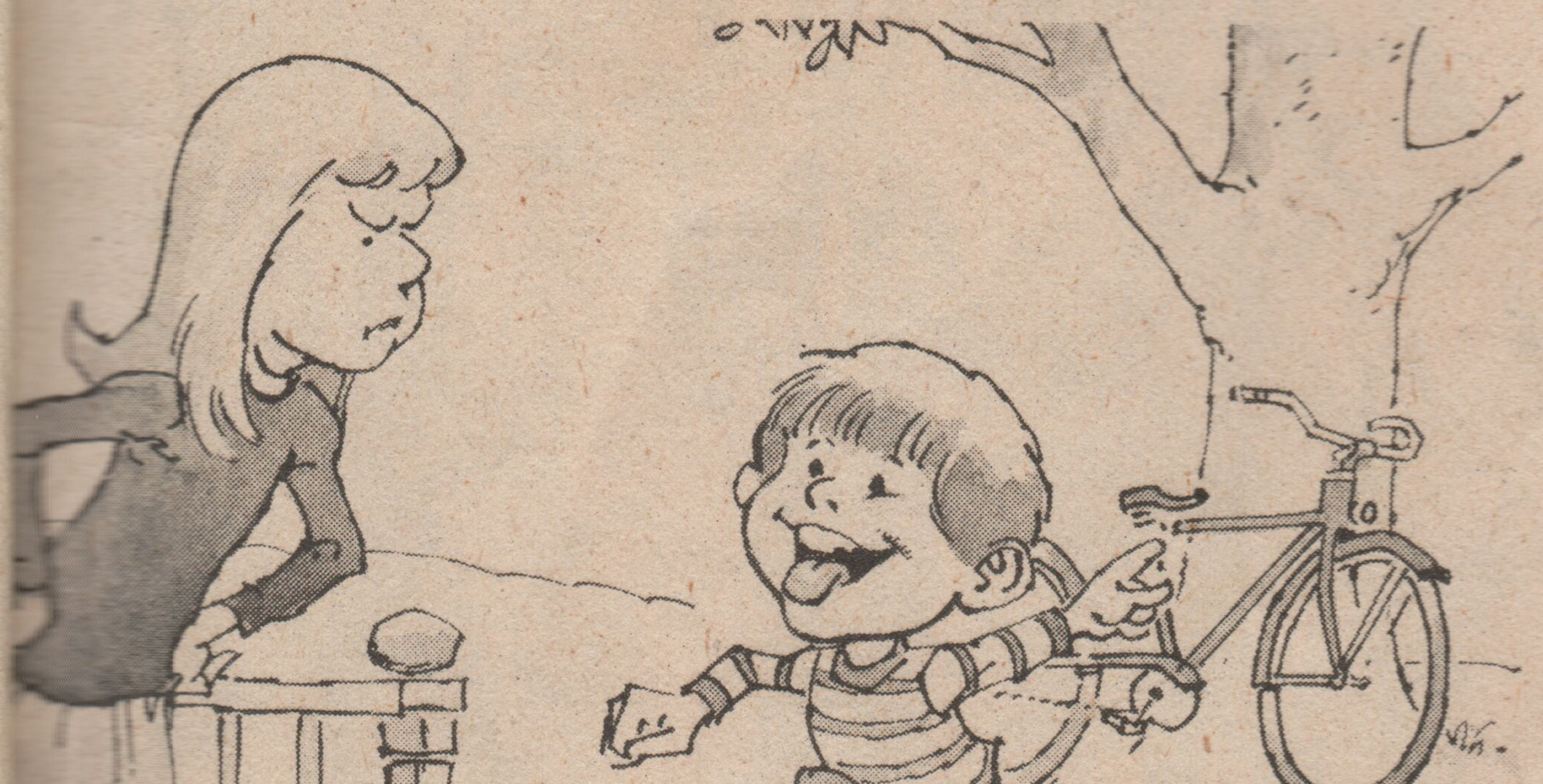
. . . the barber won't let you look in the mirror after he's finished giving you a haircut!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



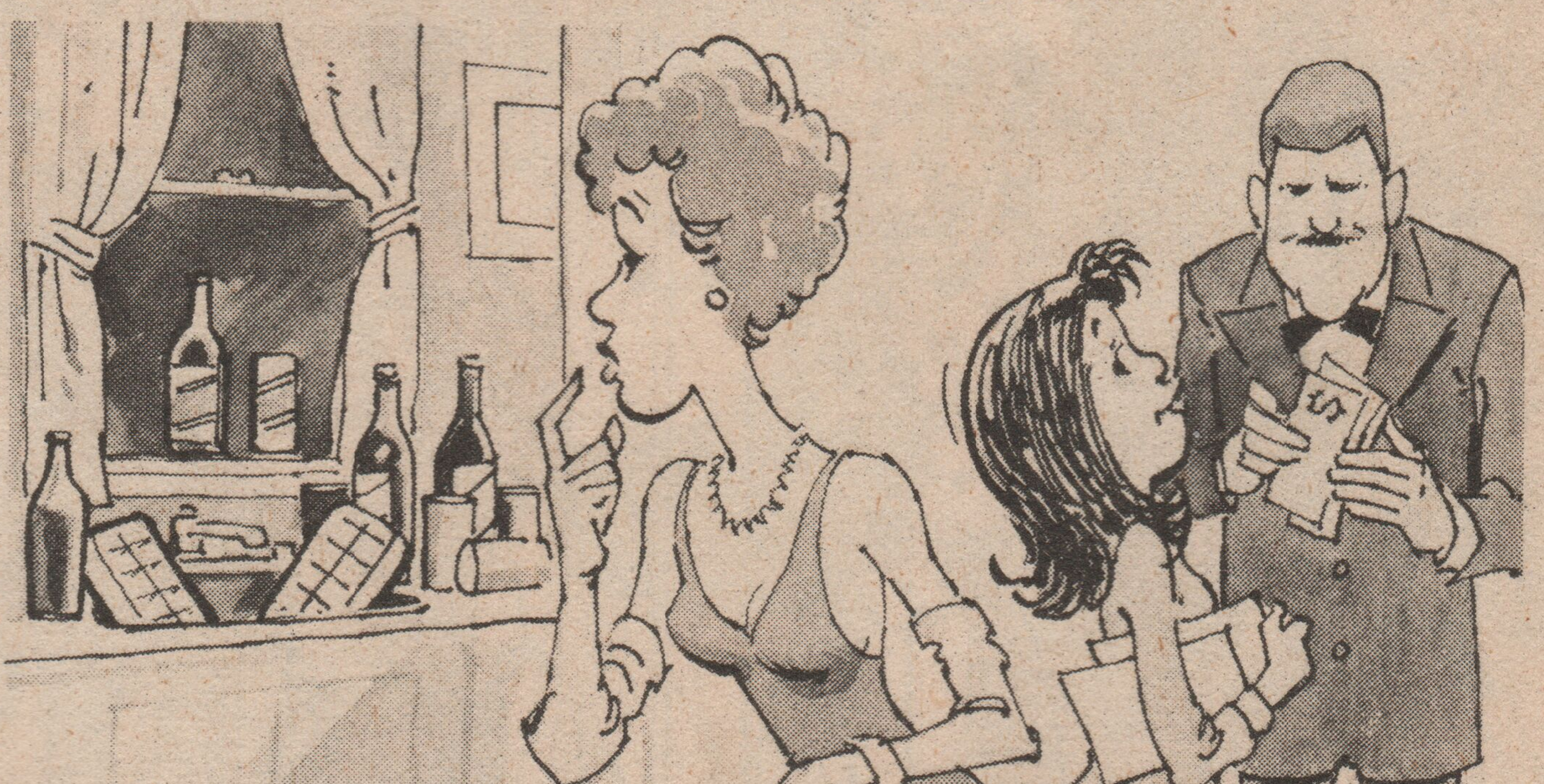
. . . the doctor warmly reassures you, but then calls your family aside to discuss your condition!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



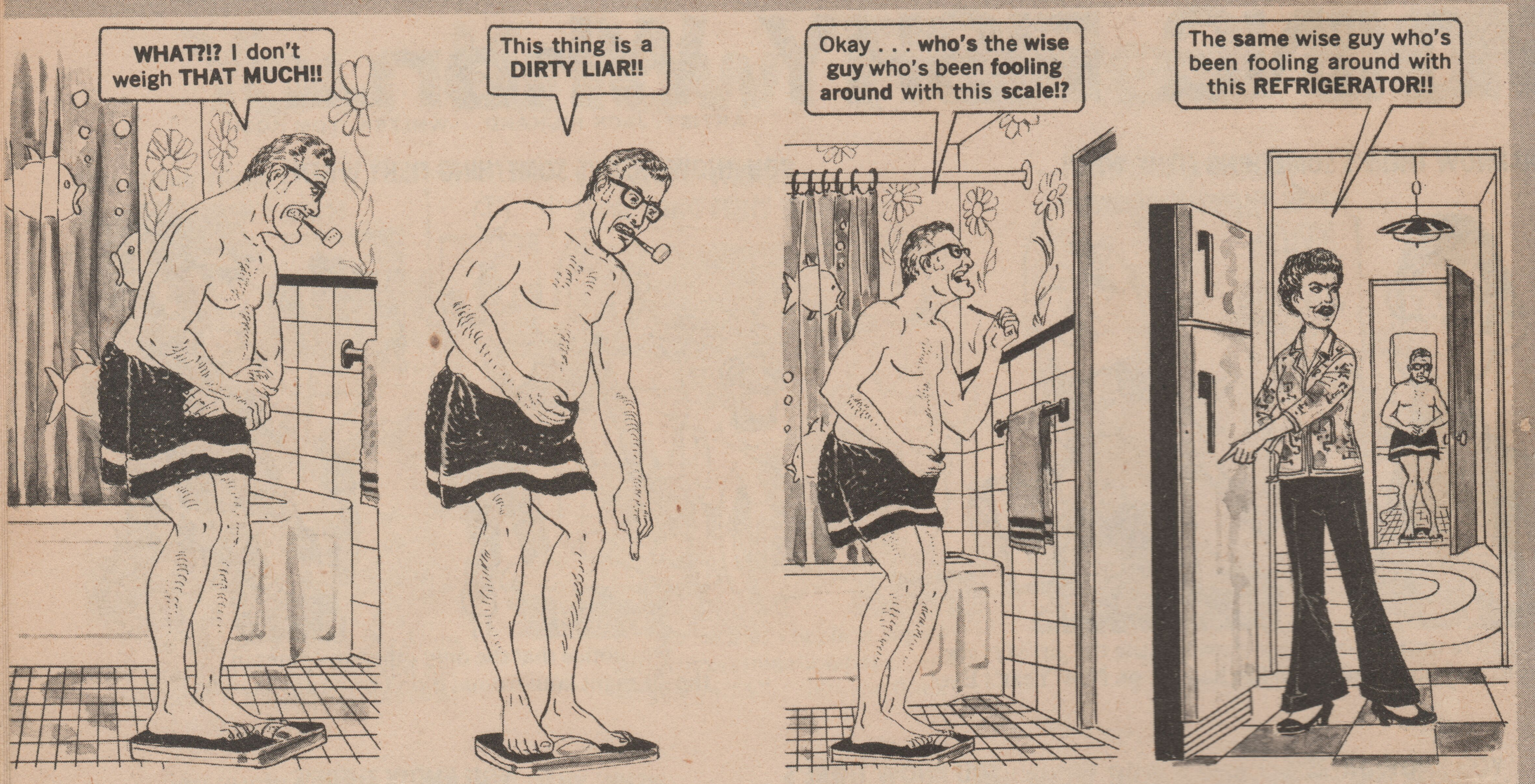
. . . your $75 camera disappears the very same day your little brother makes a "neat trade" for a $20 bicycle!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .



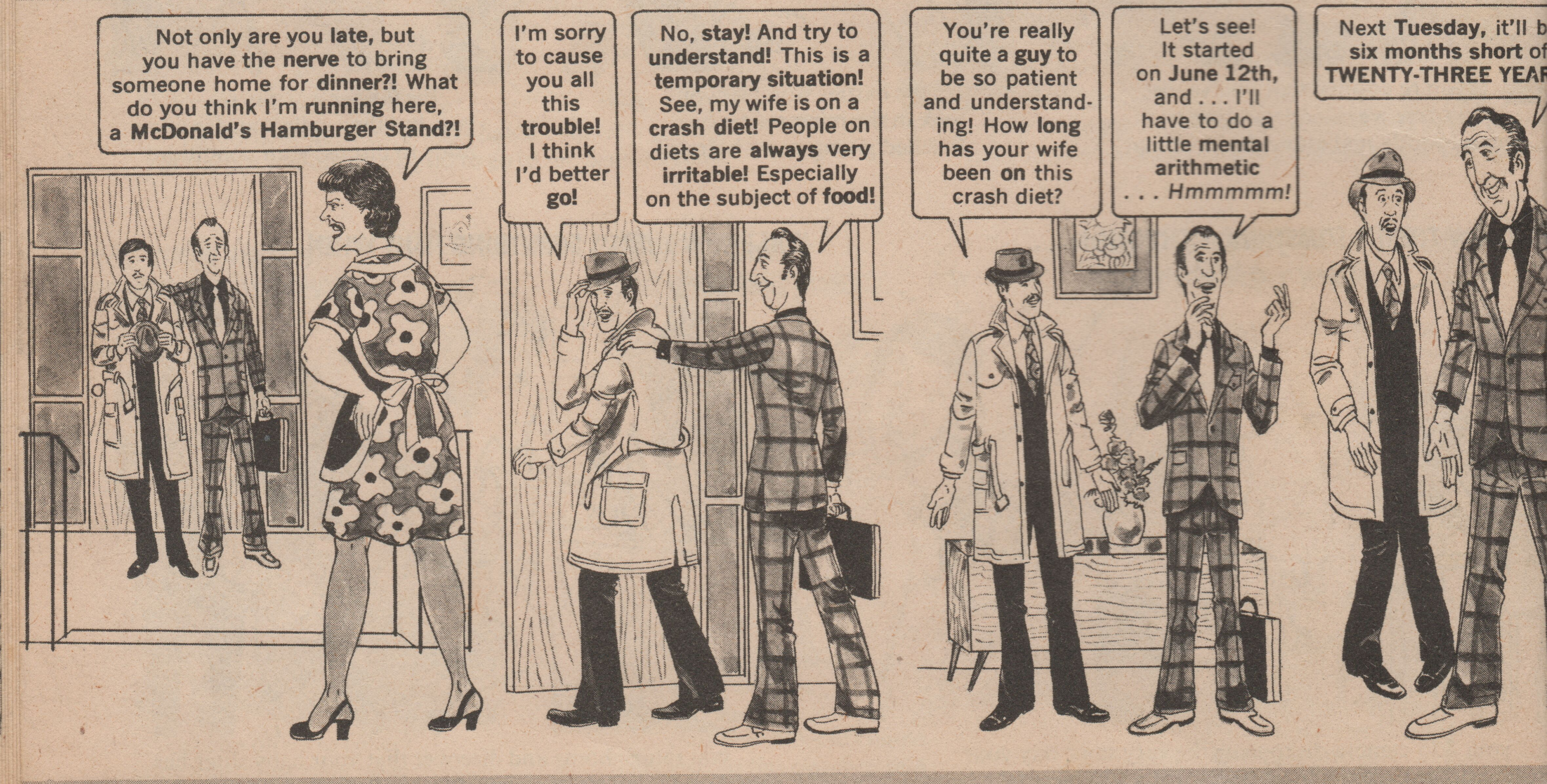
. . . you return home and discover that your baby sitter has used up six quarts of club soda and all of your ice cubes!

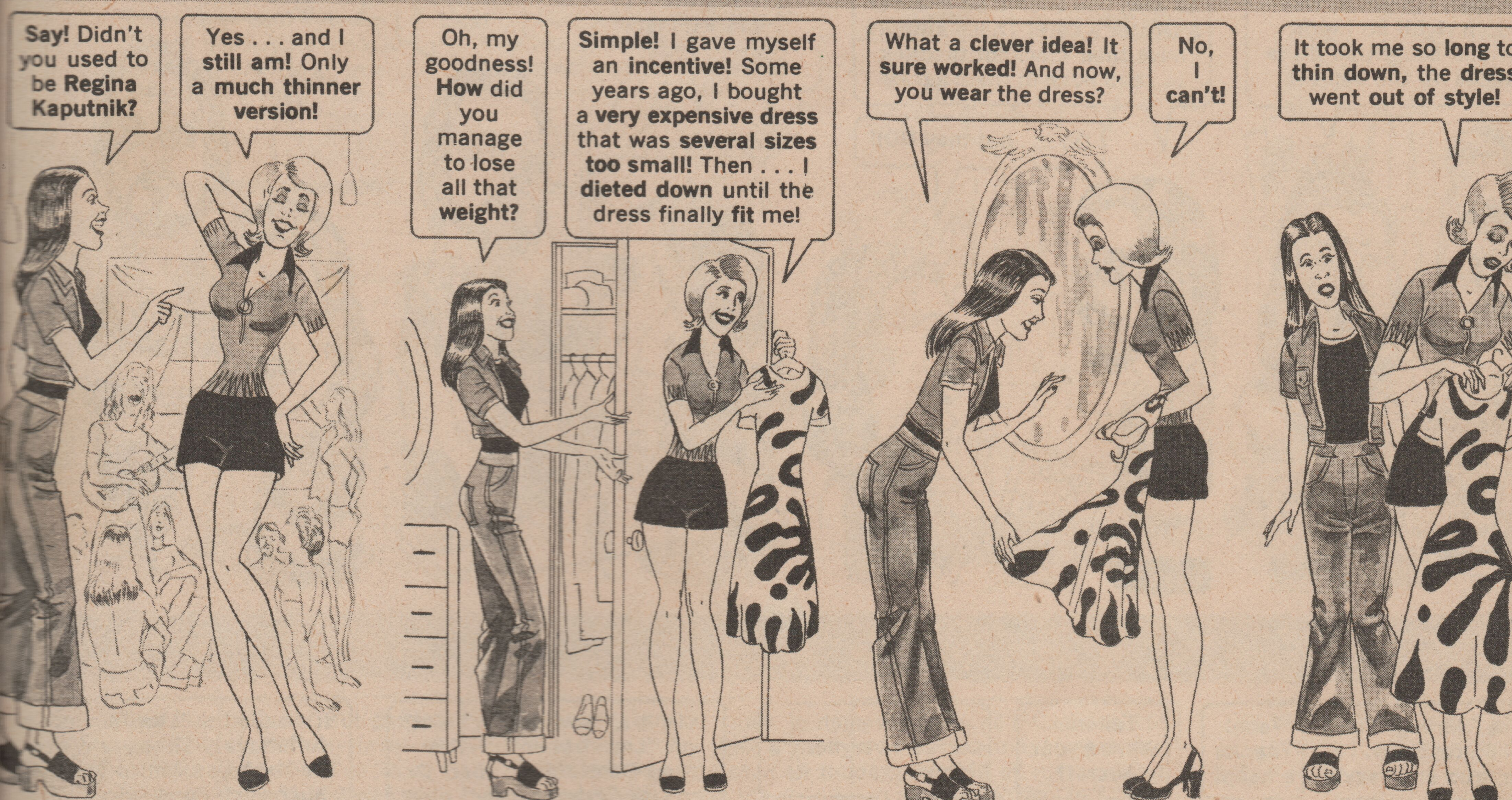
DANGER QUICK SAND


WHAT?!? I don't weigh THAT MUCH!!
This thing is a DIRTY LIAR!!
Okay . . . who's the wise guy who's been fooling around with this scale!?
The same wise guy who's been fooling around with this REFRIGERATOR!!

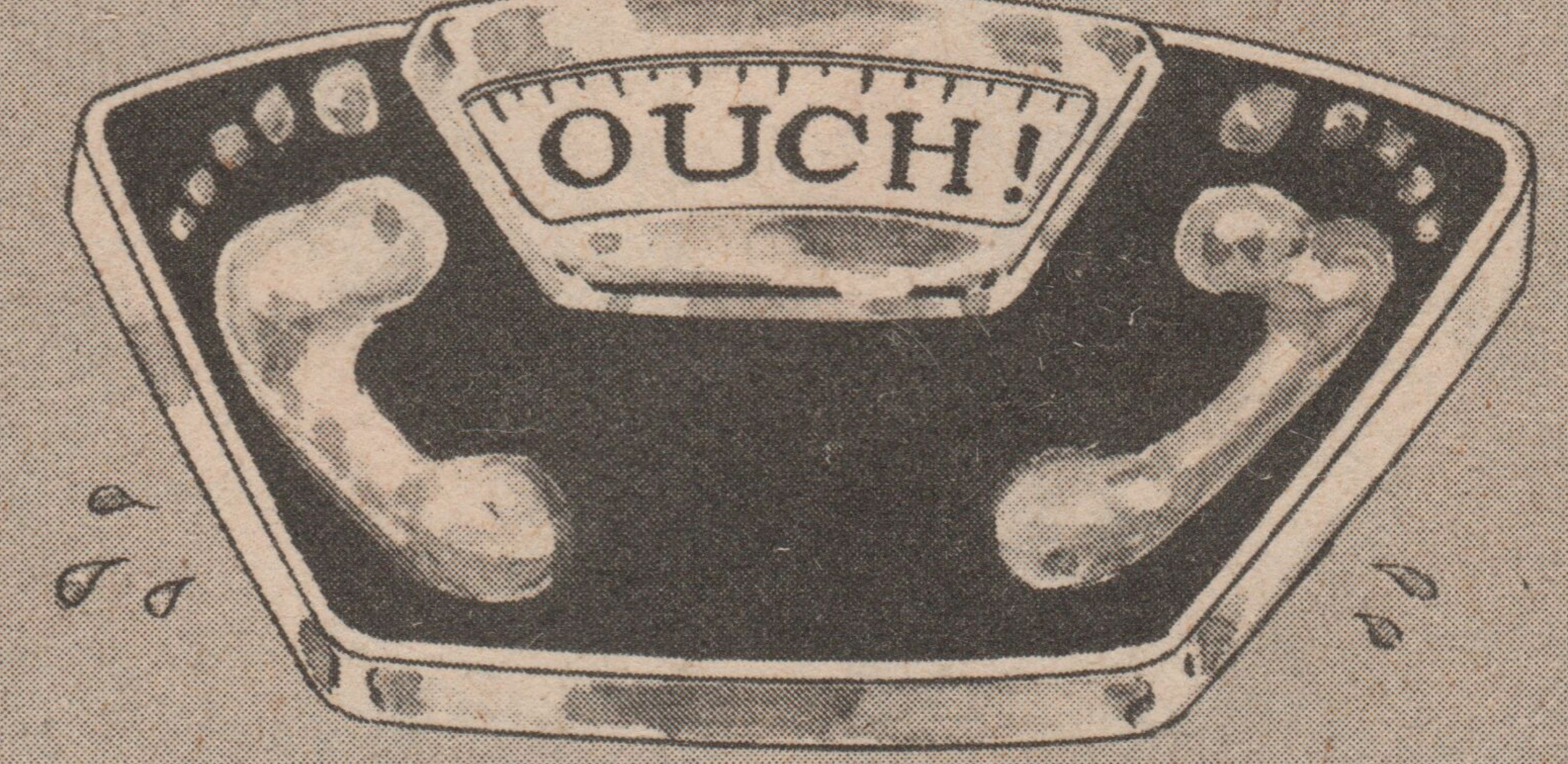
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... DIE

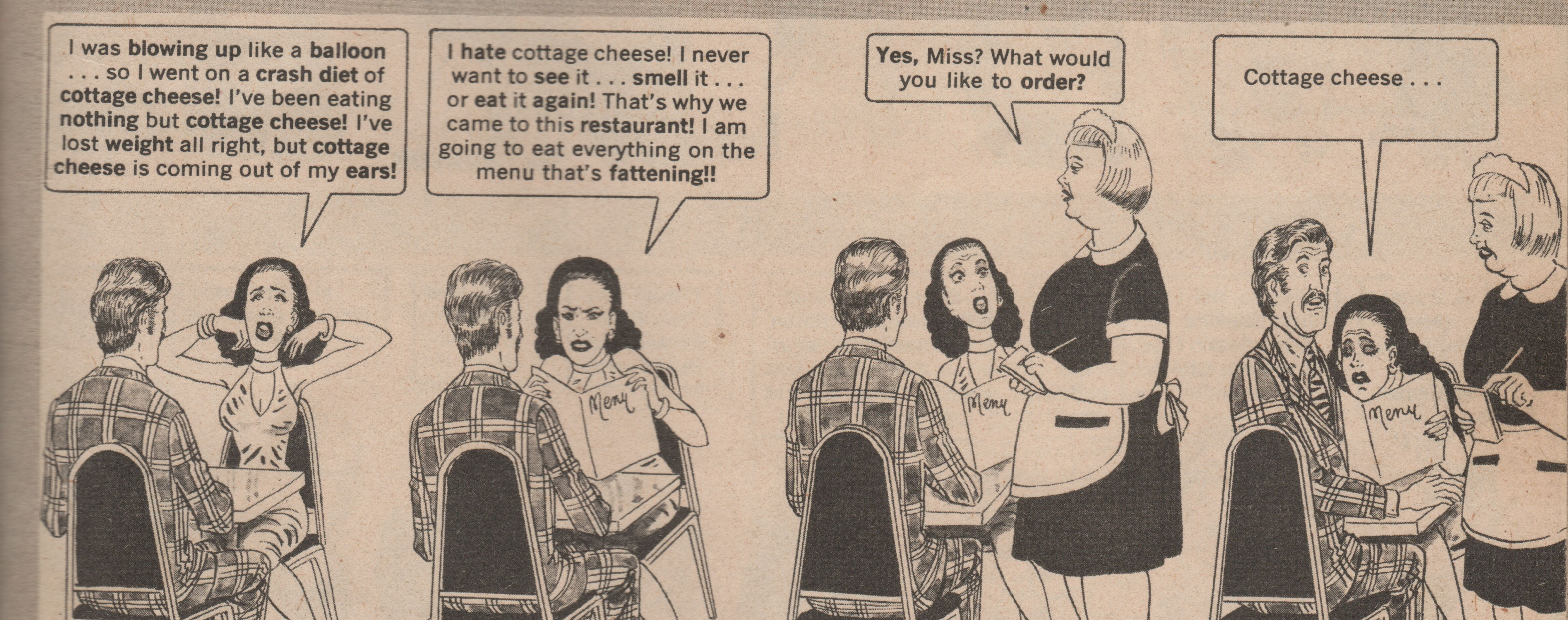

Not only are you late, but you have the nerve to bring someone home for dinner?! What do you think I'm running here, a McDonald's Hamburger Stand?!
I'm sorry to cause you all this trouble! I think I'd better go!
No, stay! And try to understand! This is a temporary situation! See, my wife is on a crash diet! People on diets are always very irritable! Especially on the subject of food!
You're really quite a guy to be so patient and understanding! How long has your wife been on this crash diet?
Let's see! It started on June 12th, and . . . I'll have to do a little mental arithmetic . . . Hmmmmm!
Next Tuesday, it'll b six months short of TWENTY-THREE YEAR

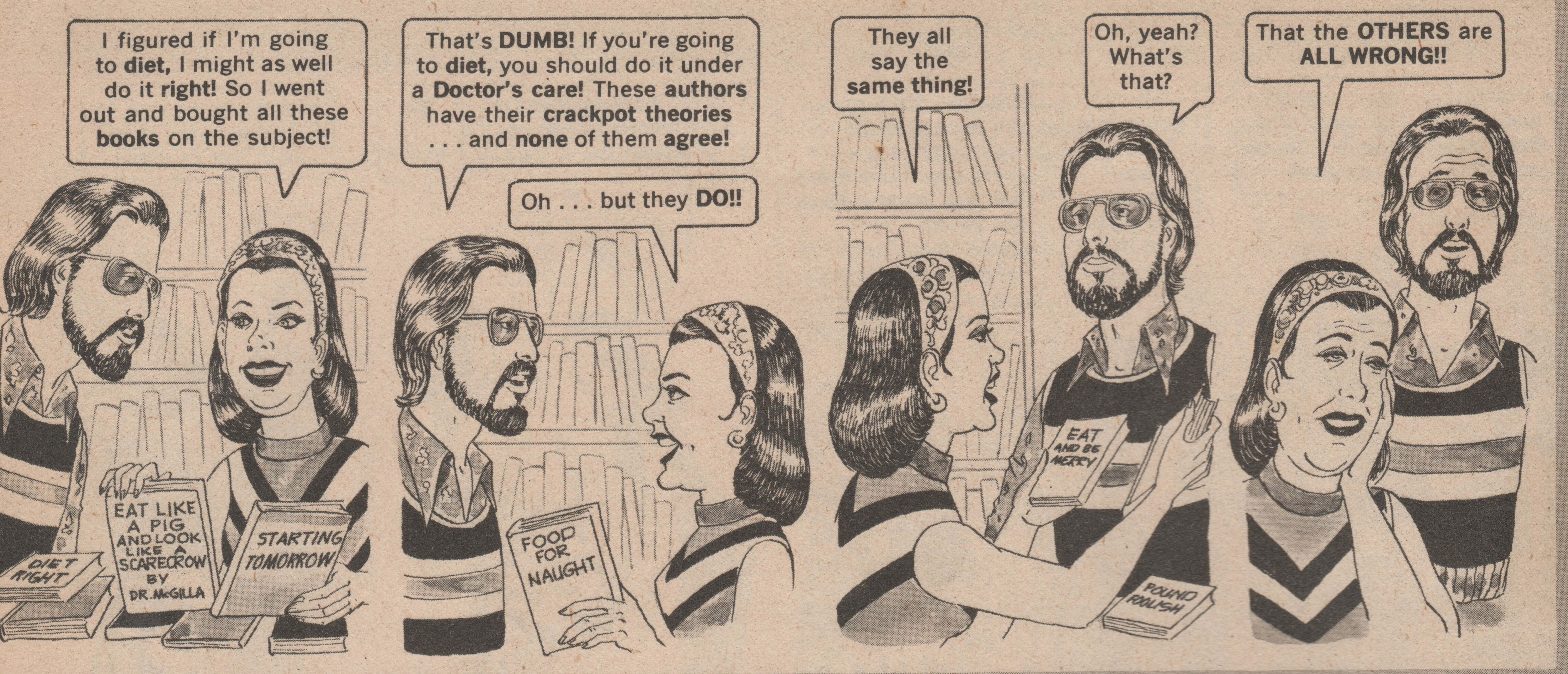

Say! Didn't you used to be Regina Kaputnik?
Yes . . . and I still am! Only a much thinner version!
Oh, my goodness! How did you manage to lose all that weight?
Simple! I gave myself an incentive! Some years ago, I bought a very expensive dress that was several sizes too small! Then . . . I dieted down until the dress finally fit me!
What a clever idea! It sure worked! And now, you wear the dress?
No, I can't!
It took me so long to thin down, the dress went out of style!

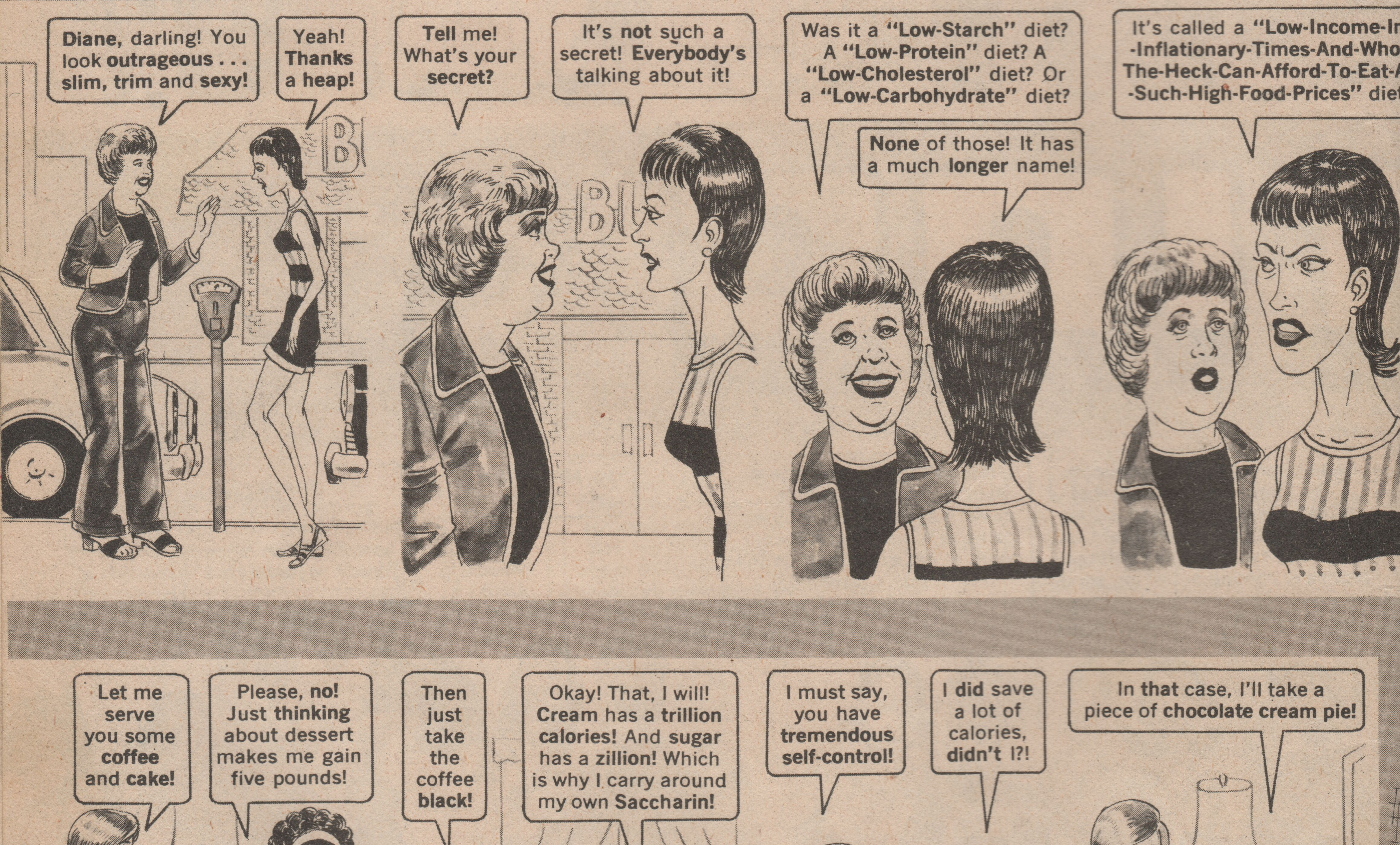
TING

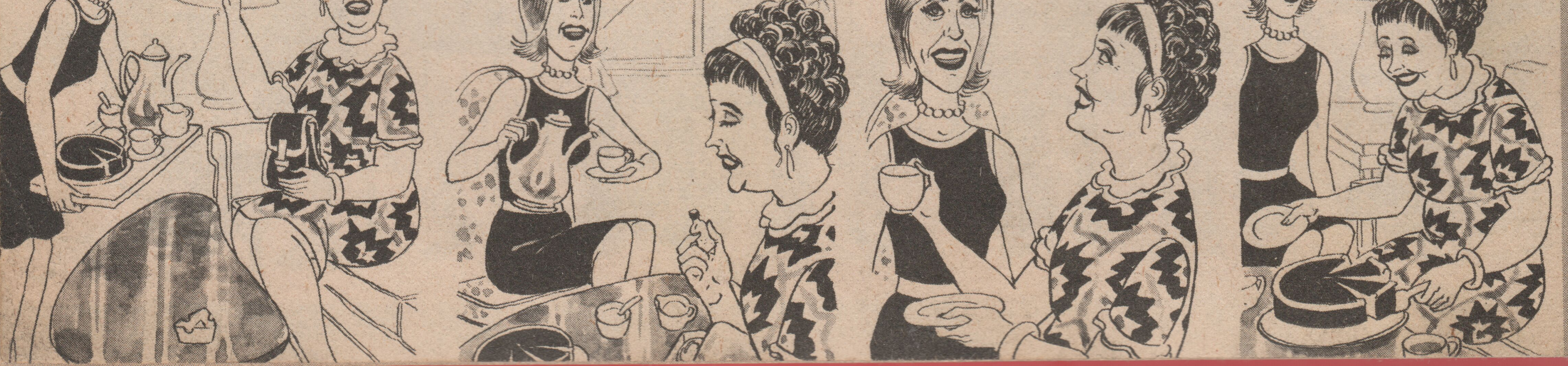


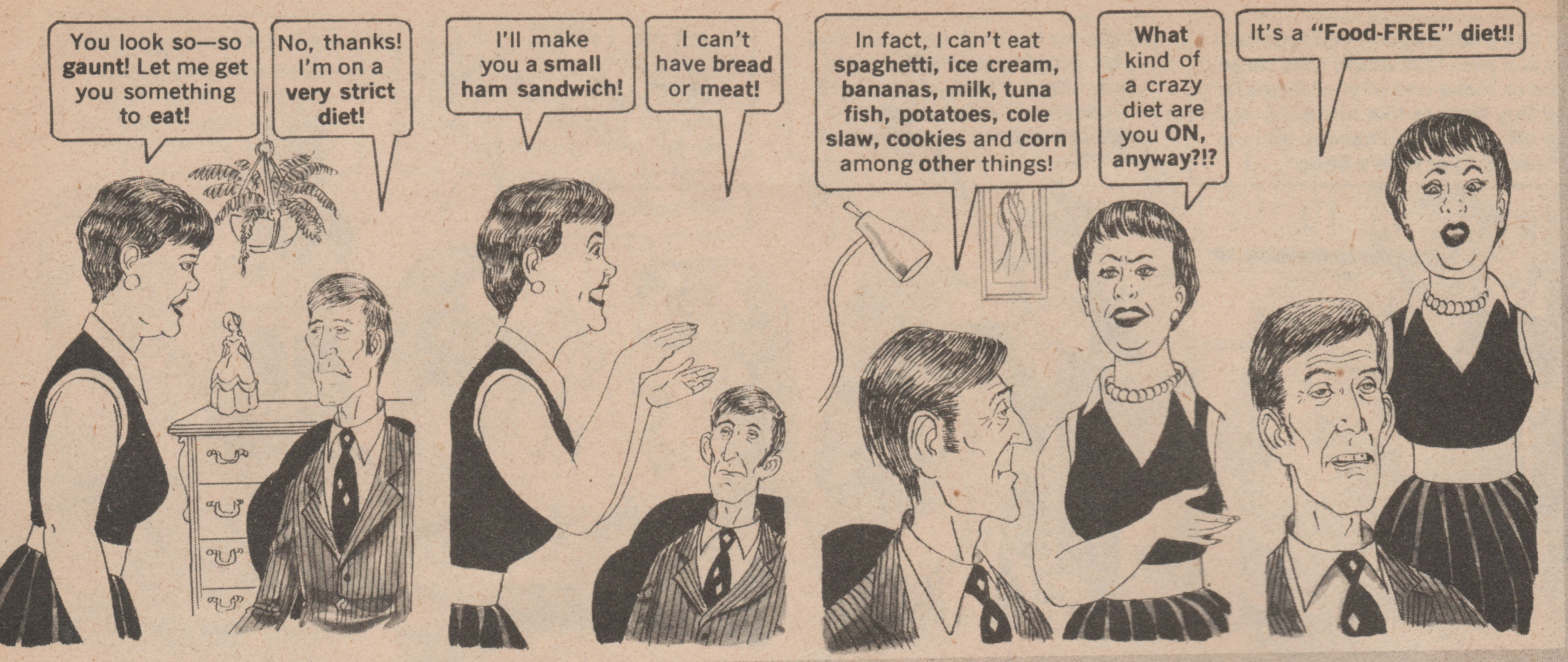
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

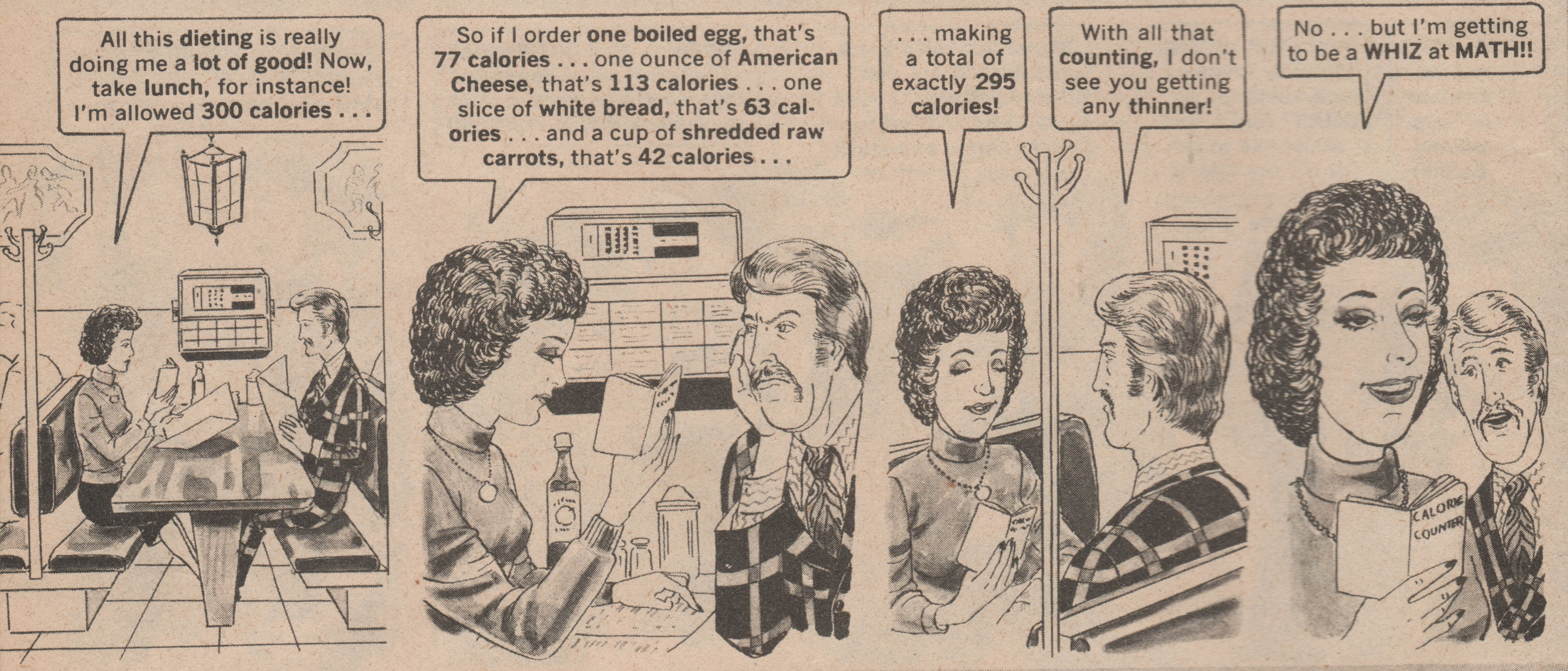

I was blowing up like a balloon . . . so I went on a crash diet of cottage cheese! I've been eating nothing but cottage cheese! I've lost weight all right, but cottage cheese is coming out of my ears!
I hate cottage cheese! I never want to see it . . . smell it . . . or eat it again! That's why we came to this restaurant! I am going to eat everything on the menu that's fattening!!
Menu
Yes, Miss? What would you like to order?
Menu
Cottage cheese . . .
Menu

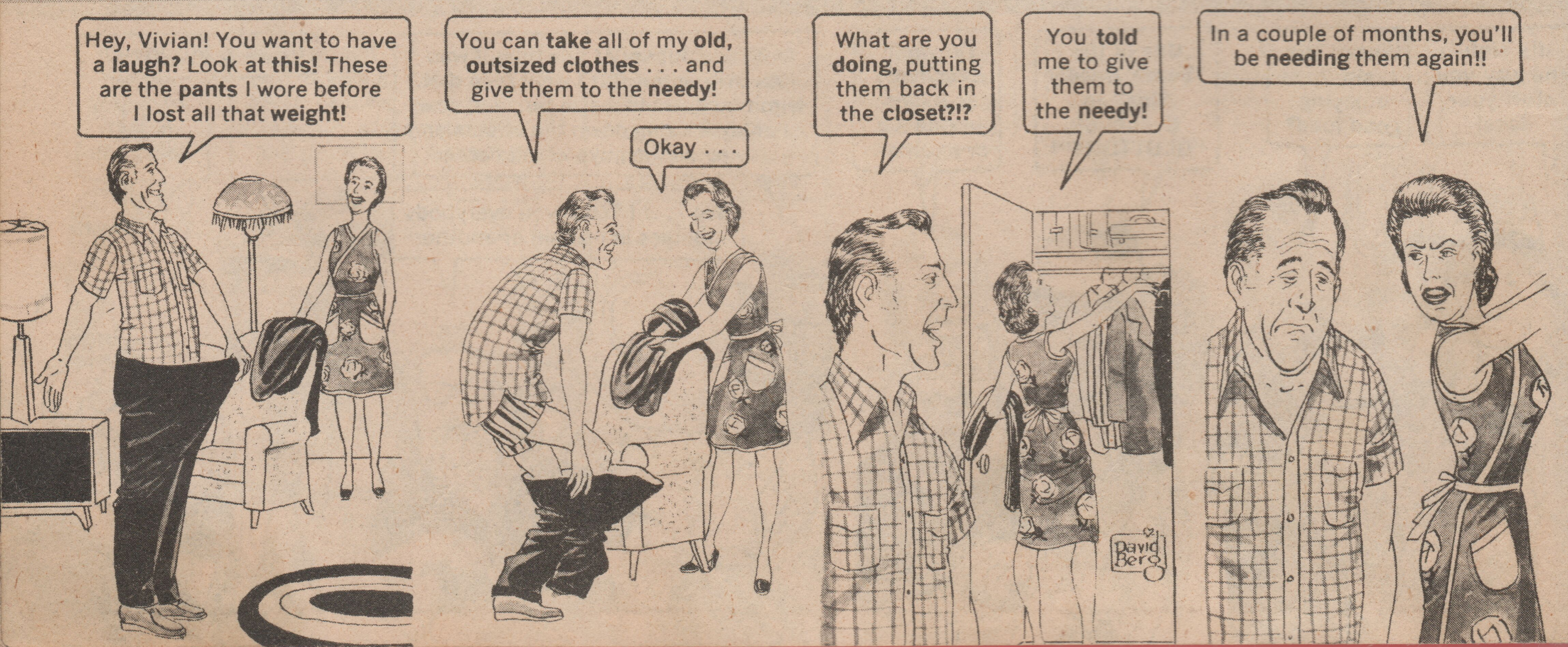

I figured if I'm going to **diet,** I might as well do it **right!** So I went out and bought all these **books** on the subject!
DIET RIGHT
EAT LIKE A PIG AND LOOK LIKE A SCARECROW BY DR. McGILLA
STARTING TOMORROW
That's **DUMB!** If you're going to **diet,** you should do it under a **Doctor's care!** These **authors** have their **crackpot theories** . . . and **none** of them **agree!**
Oh . . . but they **DO!!**
FOOD FOR NAUGHT
They all say the **same thing!**
Oh, yeah? What's that?
EAT AND BE MERRY
POUND FOOLISH
That the **OTHERS** are **ALL WRONG!!**

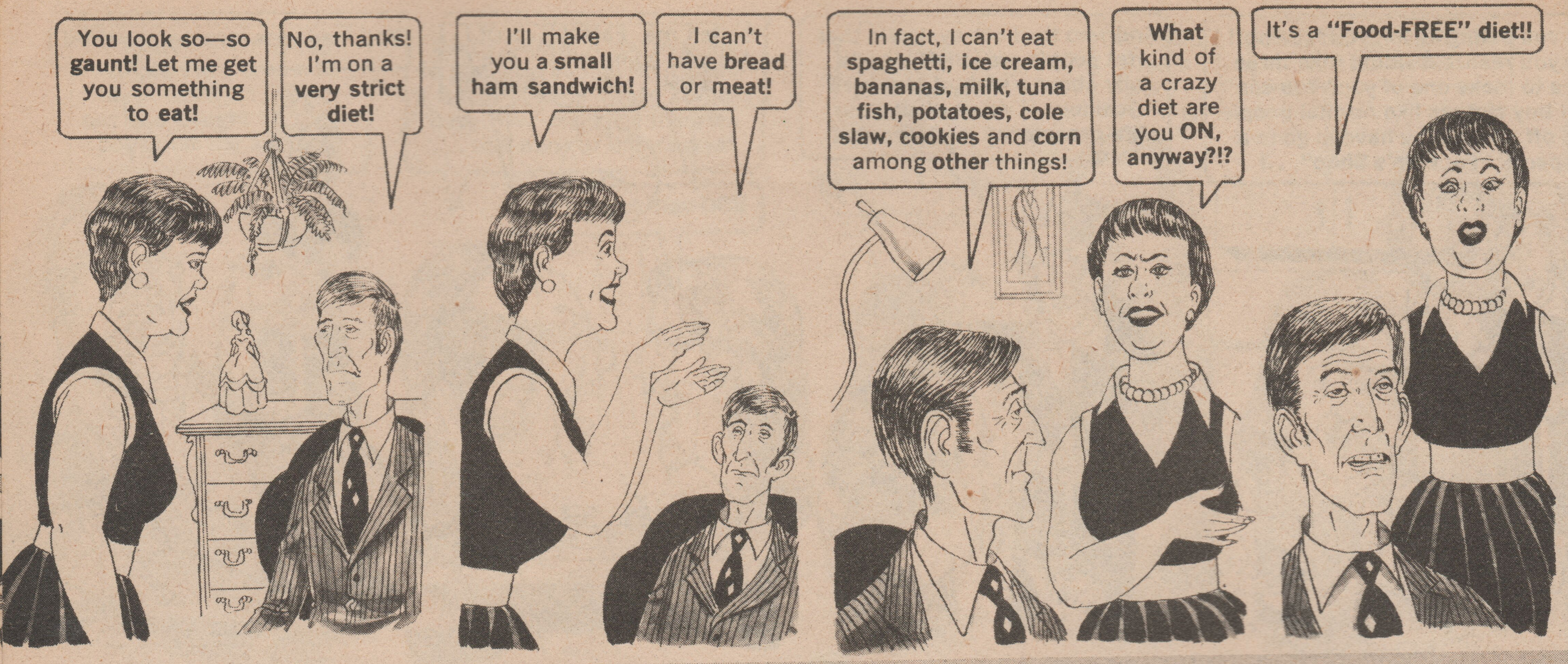

Diane, darling! You look **outrageous . . . slim, trim** and **sexy!**
Yeah! **Thanks** a **heap!**
Tell me! What's your **secret?**
It's **not** such a secret! **Everybody's** talking about it!
Was it a **"Low-Starch"** diet? A **"Low-Protein"** diet? A **"Low-Cholesterol"** diet? Or a **"Low-Carbohydrate"** diet?
None of those! It has a much **longer** name!
It's called a **"Low-Income-In**
-Inflationary-Times-And-Who
The-Heck-Can-Afford-To-Eat-A
-Such-High-Food-Prices" diet

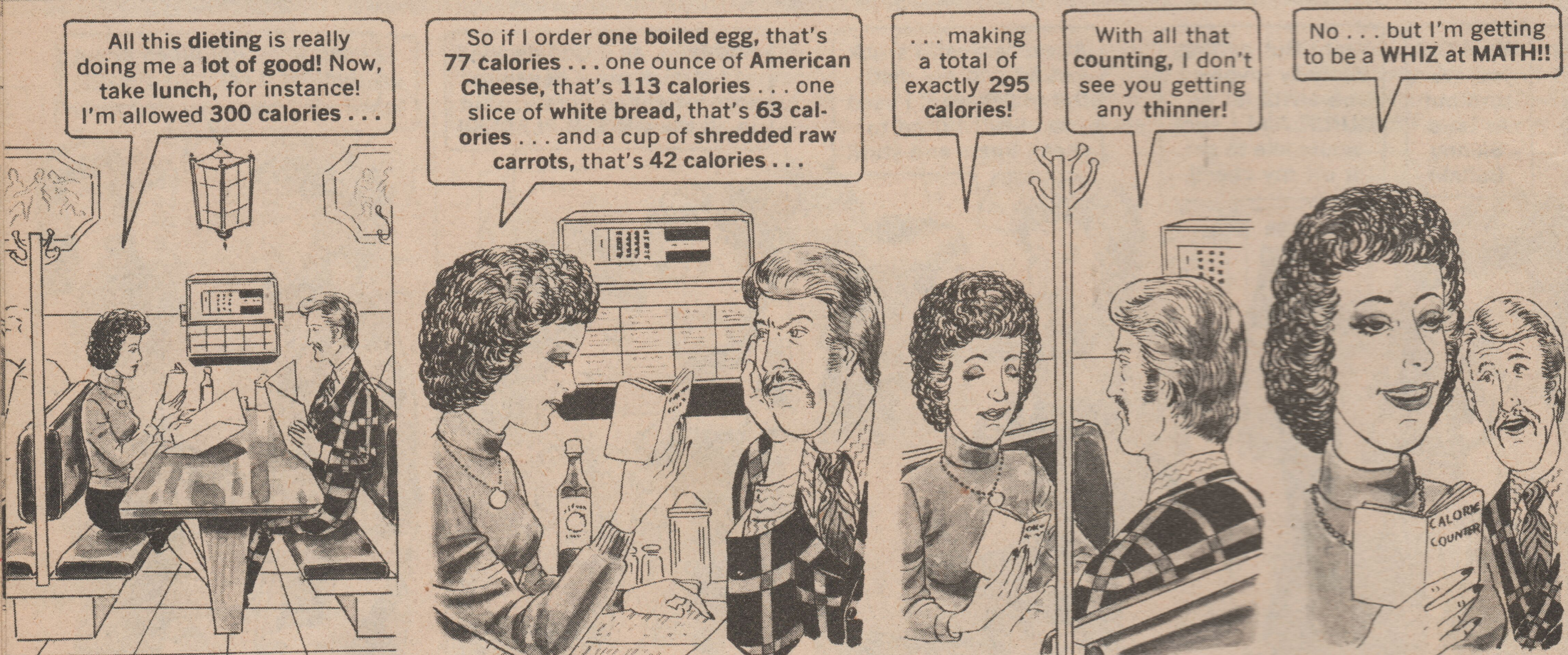

Let me serve you some **coffee** and **cake!**
Please, **no!** Just **thinking** about dessert makes me gain five pounds!
Then just take the coffee **black!**
Okay! That, I will! **Cream** has a **trillion calories!** And **sugar** has a **zillion!** Which is why I carry around my own **Saccharin!**
I must say, you have **tremendous self-control!**
I **did** save a lot of calories, **didn't** I?!
In that case, I'll take a piece of **chocolate cream pie!**

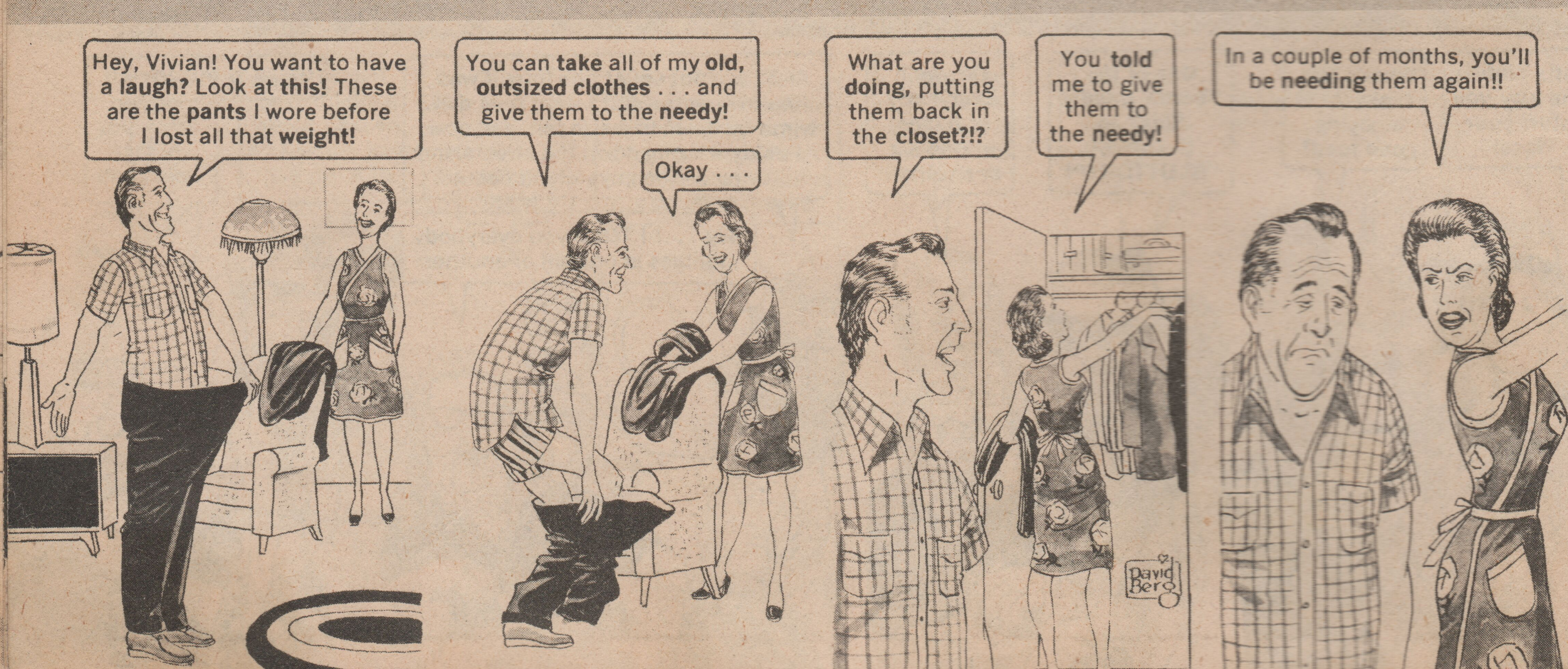

You look so—so gaunt! Let me get you something to eat!
No, thanks! I'm on a very strict diet!
I'll make you a small ham sandwich!
I can't have bread or meat!
In fact, I can't eat spaghetti, ice cream, bananas, milk, tuna fish, potatoes, cole slaw, cookies and corn among other things!
What kind of a crazy diet are you ON, anyway?!?
It's a "Food-FREE" diet!!


All this dieting is really doing me a lot of good! Now, take lunch, for instance! I'm allowed 300 calories . . .
So if I order one boiled egg, that's 77 calories . . . one ounce of American Cheese, that's 113 calories . . . one slice of white bread, that's 63 calories . . . and a cup of shredded raw carrots, that's 42 calories . . .
. . . making a total of exactly 295 calories!
With all that counting, I don't see you getting any thinner!
No . . . but I'm getting to be a WHIZ at MATH!!
CALORIE COUNTER


Hey, Vivian! You want to have a laugh? Look at this! These are the pants I wore before I lost all that weight!
You can take all of my old, outsized clothes . . . and give them to the needy!
Okay . . .
What are you doing, putting them back in the closet?!?
You told me to give them to the needy!
In a couple of months, you'll be needing them again!!
David Berg

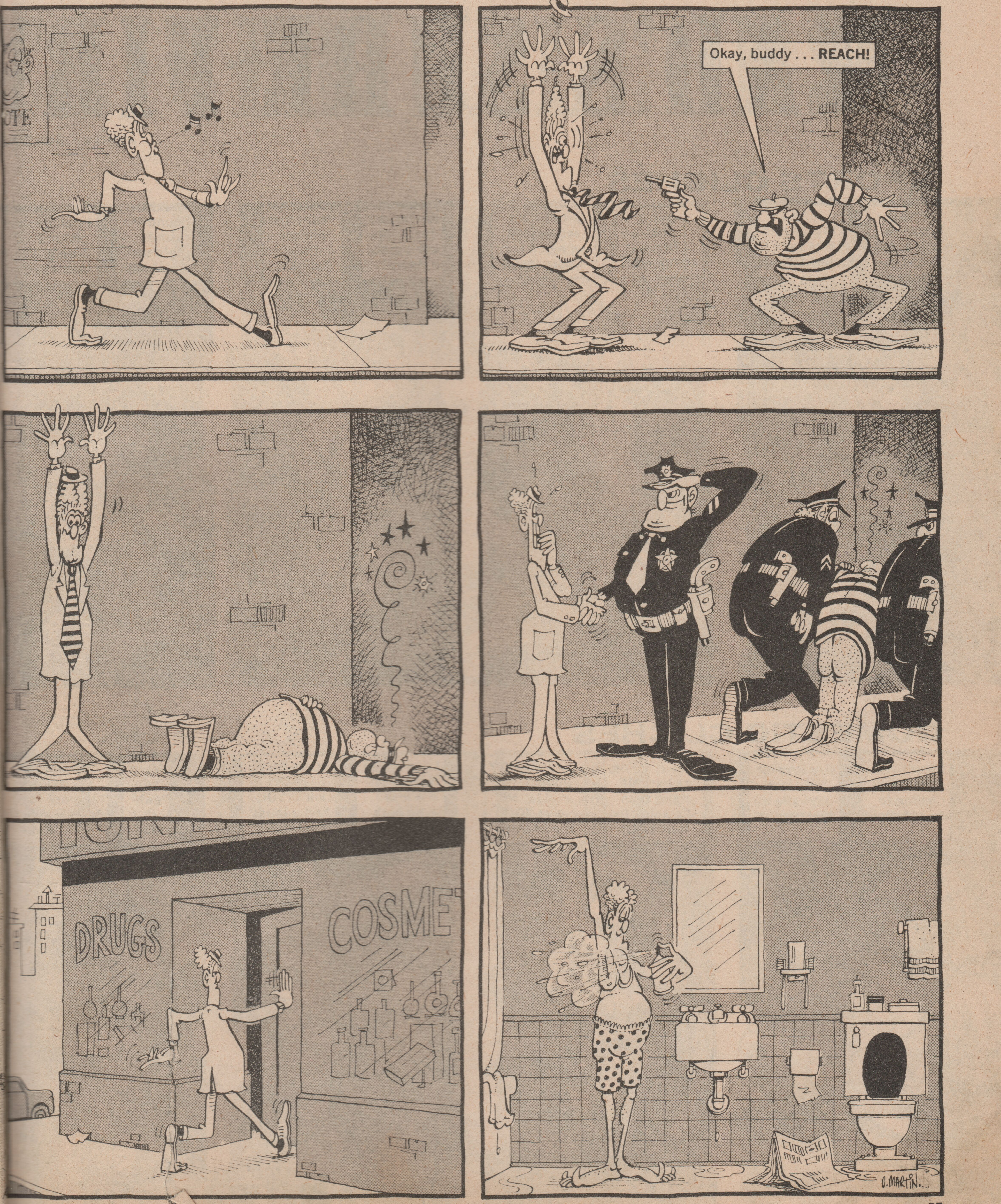

You look so—so gaunt! Let me get you something to eat!
No, thanks! I'm on a very strict diet!
I'll make you a small ham sandwich!
I can't have bread or meat!
In fact, I can't eat spaghetti, ice cream, bananas, milk, tuna fish, potatoes, cole slaw, cookies and corn among other things!
What kind of a crazy diet are you ON, anyway?!?
It's a "Food-FREE" diet!!


All this dieting is really doing me a lot of good! Now, take lunch, for instance! I'm allowed 300 calories . . .
So if I order one boiled egg, that's 77 calories . . . one ounce of American Cheese, that's 113 calories . . . one slice of white bread, that's 63 calories . . . and a cup of shredded raw carrots, that's 42 calories . . .
. . . making a total of exactly 295 calories!
With all that counting, I don't see you getting any thinner!
No . . . but I'm getting to be a WHIZ at MATH!!
CALORIE COUNTER


Hey, Vivian! You want to have a laugh? Look at this! These are the pants I wore before I lost all that weight!
You can take all of my old, outsized clothes . . . and give them to the needy!
Okay . . .
What are you doing, putting them back in the closet?!?
You told me to give them to the needy!
In a couple of months, you'll be needing them again!!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE DAY IN THE CITY


OTE
Okay, buddy . . . REACH!
DRUGS
COSMET
D. MARTIN

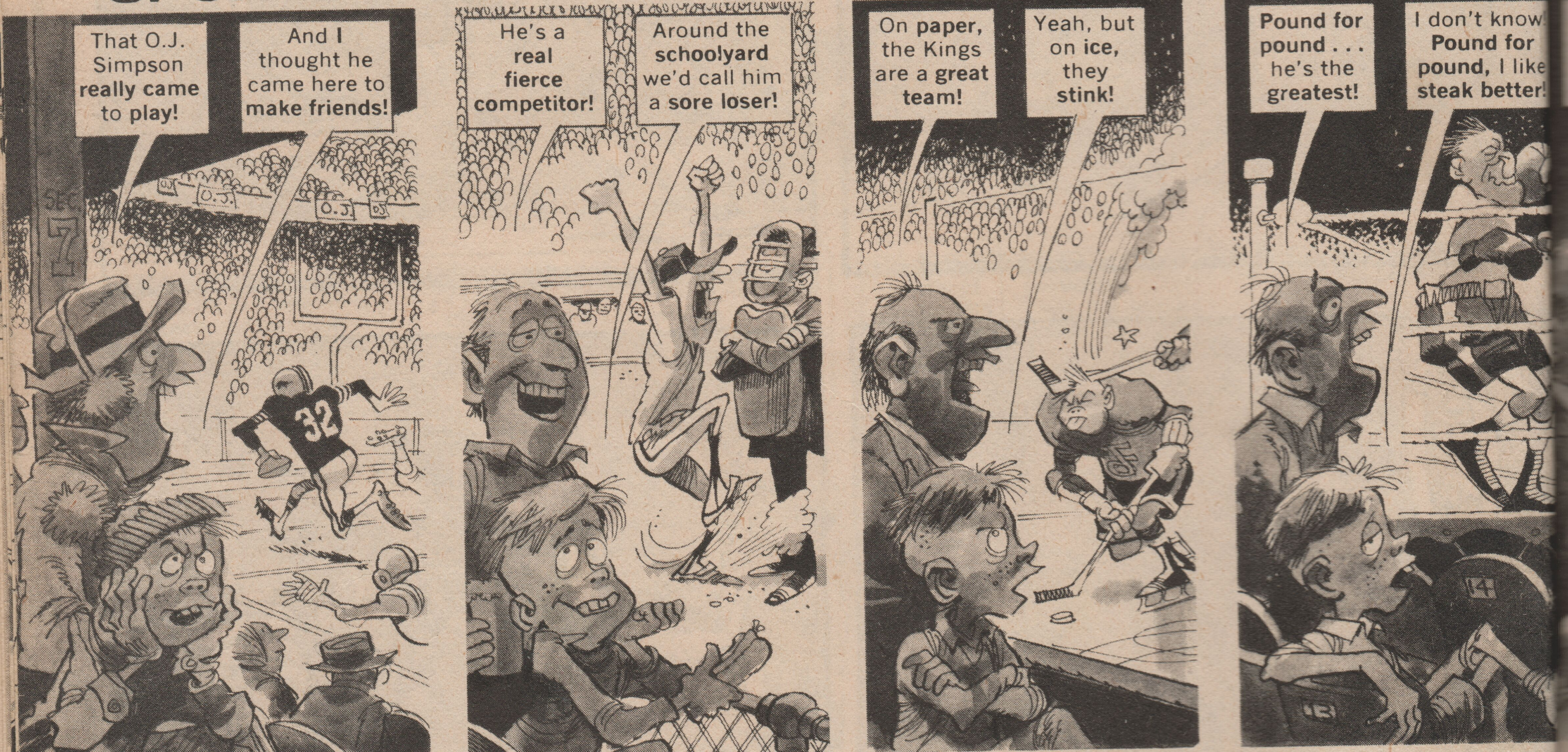
PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Next time anybody bombards you with an irritating old clich
don't just stand there! Say something! Something . . . NASTY

MAD'S SURE-FIR

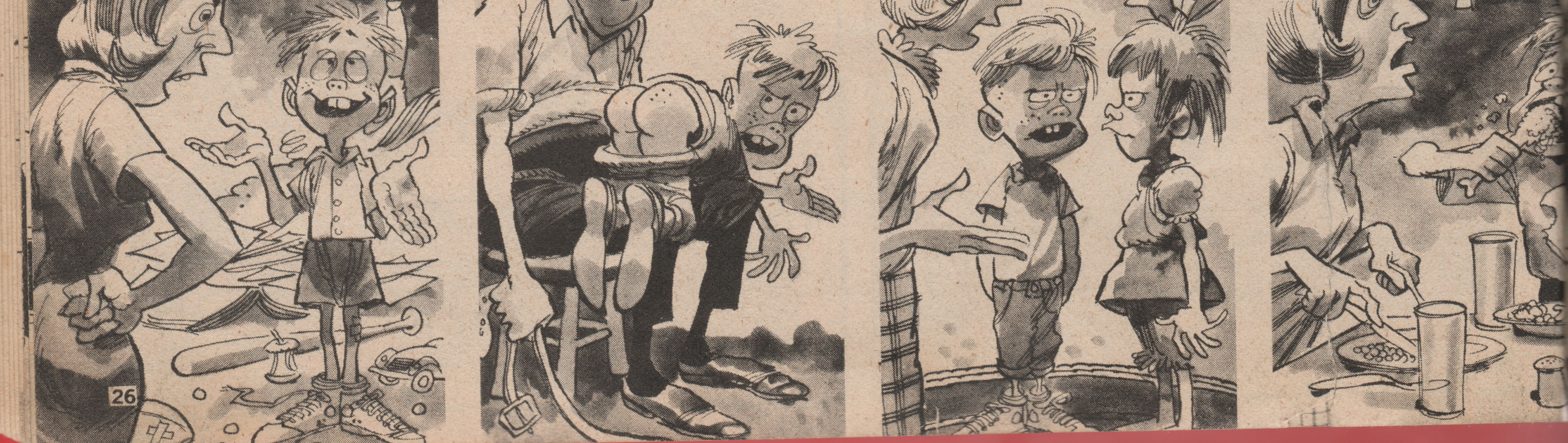
ARTIST: JACK DAV

SPORTS CLICHÉS


That O.J. Simpson really came to play!
And I thought he came here to make friends!
SEC 7
O.J.
32
He's a real fierce competitor!
Around the schoolyard we'd call him a sore loser!
On paper, the Kings are a great team!
Yeah, but on ice, they stink!
Pound for pound . . . he's the greatest!
I don't know! Pound for pound, I like steak better!
14

PRIVATE BEACH

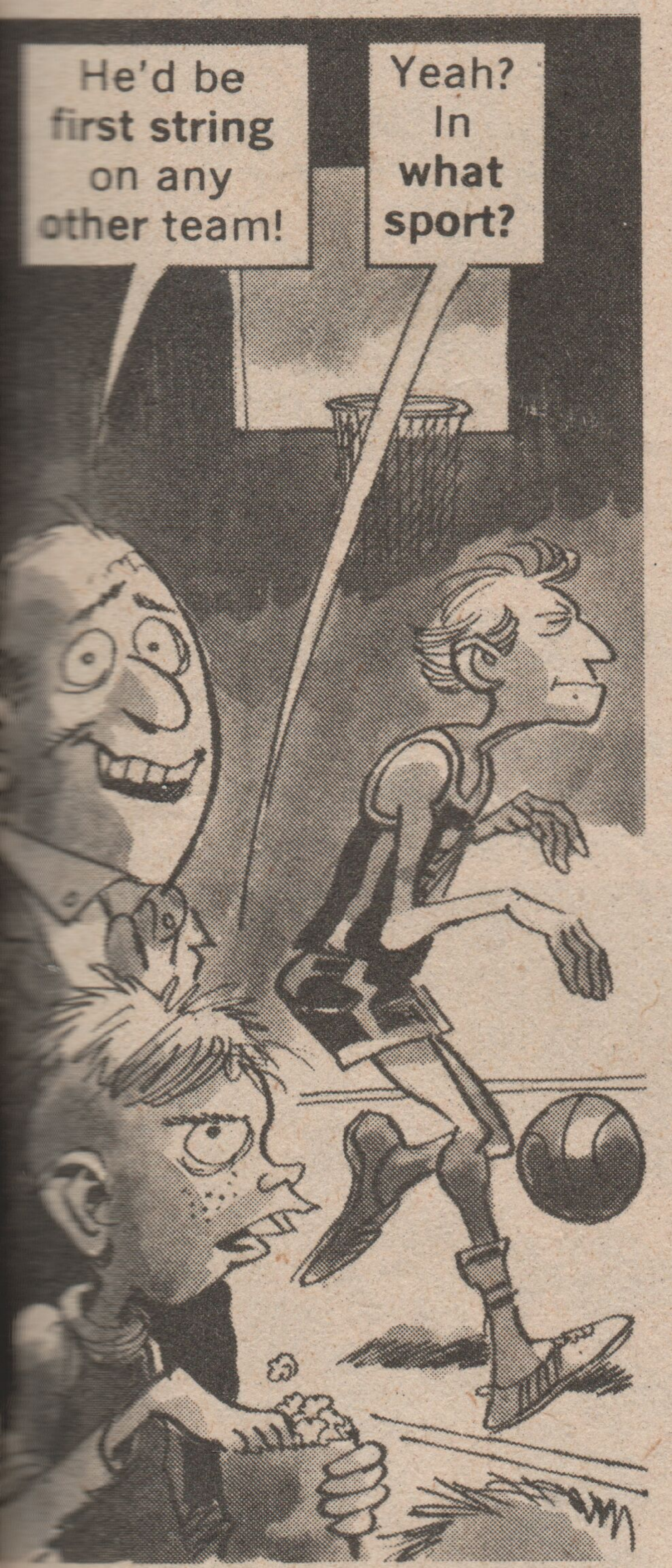
DOMESTIC CLICHÉS

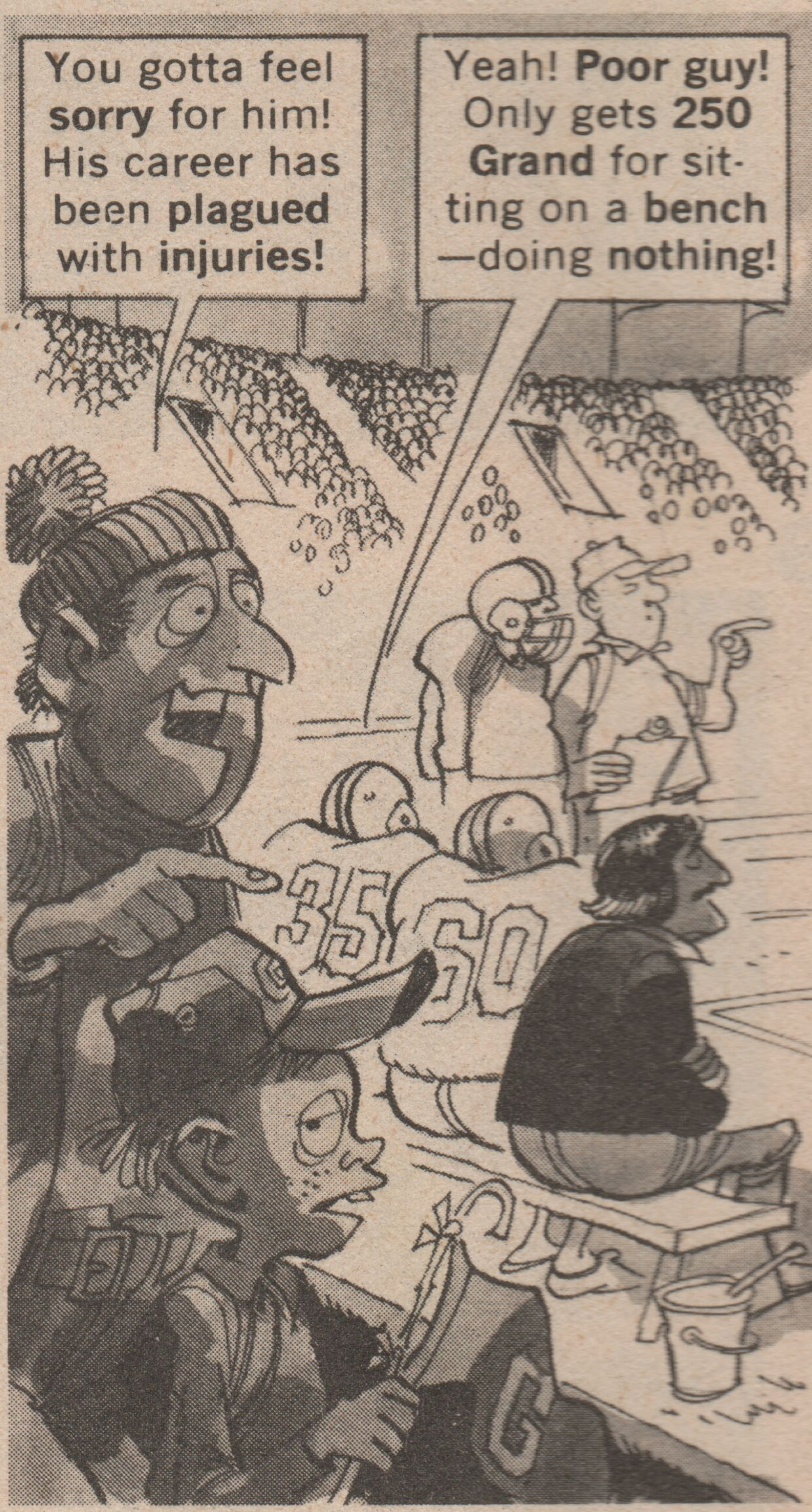

I don't know what I'm going to do with you!
Try leaving me alone and see if that works!
This is going to hurt ME more than it's going to hurt YOU!
Then REALLY punish me, and let ME give YOU the beating!
I don't play favorites! I love you both the same!
Gee, Sis! I didn't know YOU had a lousy deal, TOO!
Must you gulp your food?
I want to get it down before the taste catches up with me!

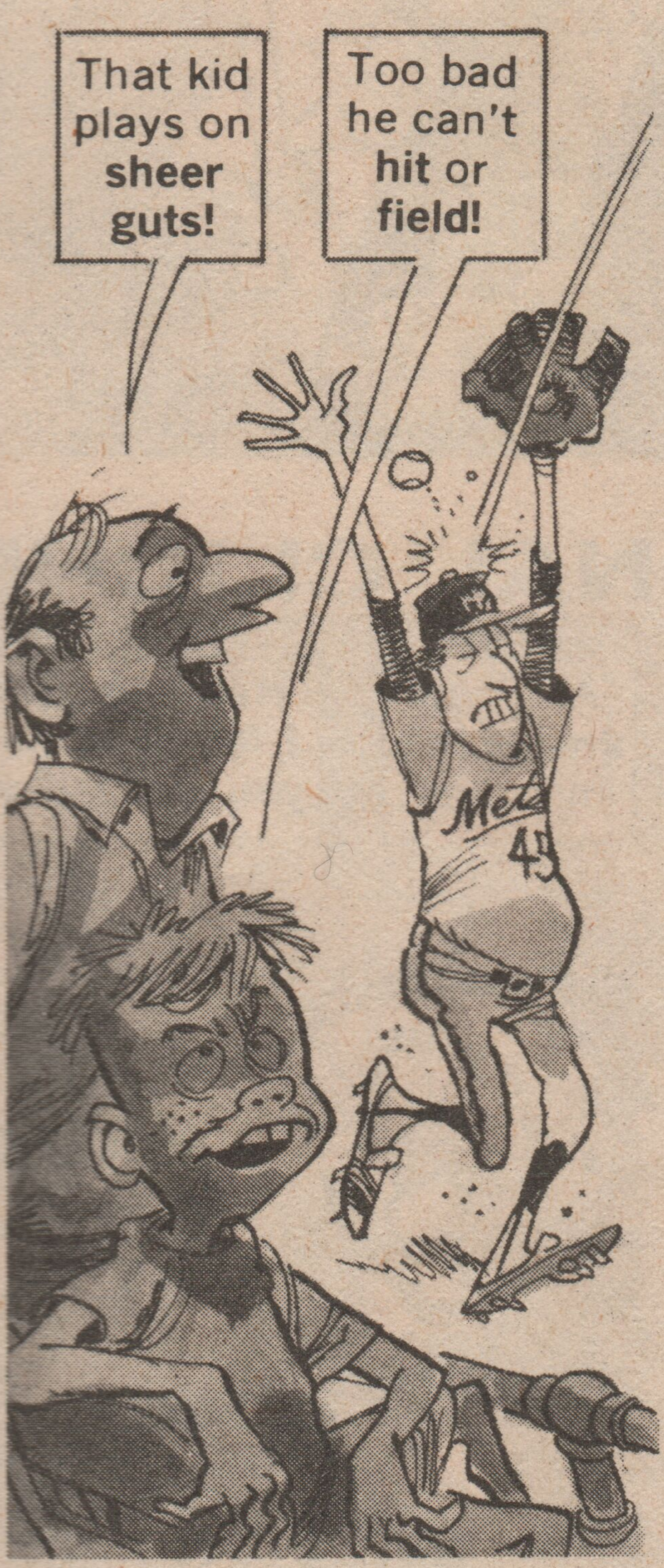
es, squelch any mindless babbler who tries to drop a cliché n you by zapping him with an appropriate answer chosen from

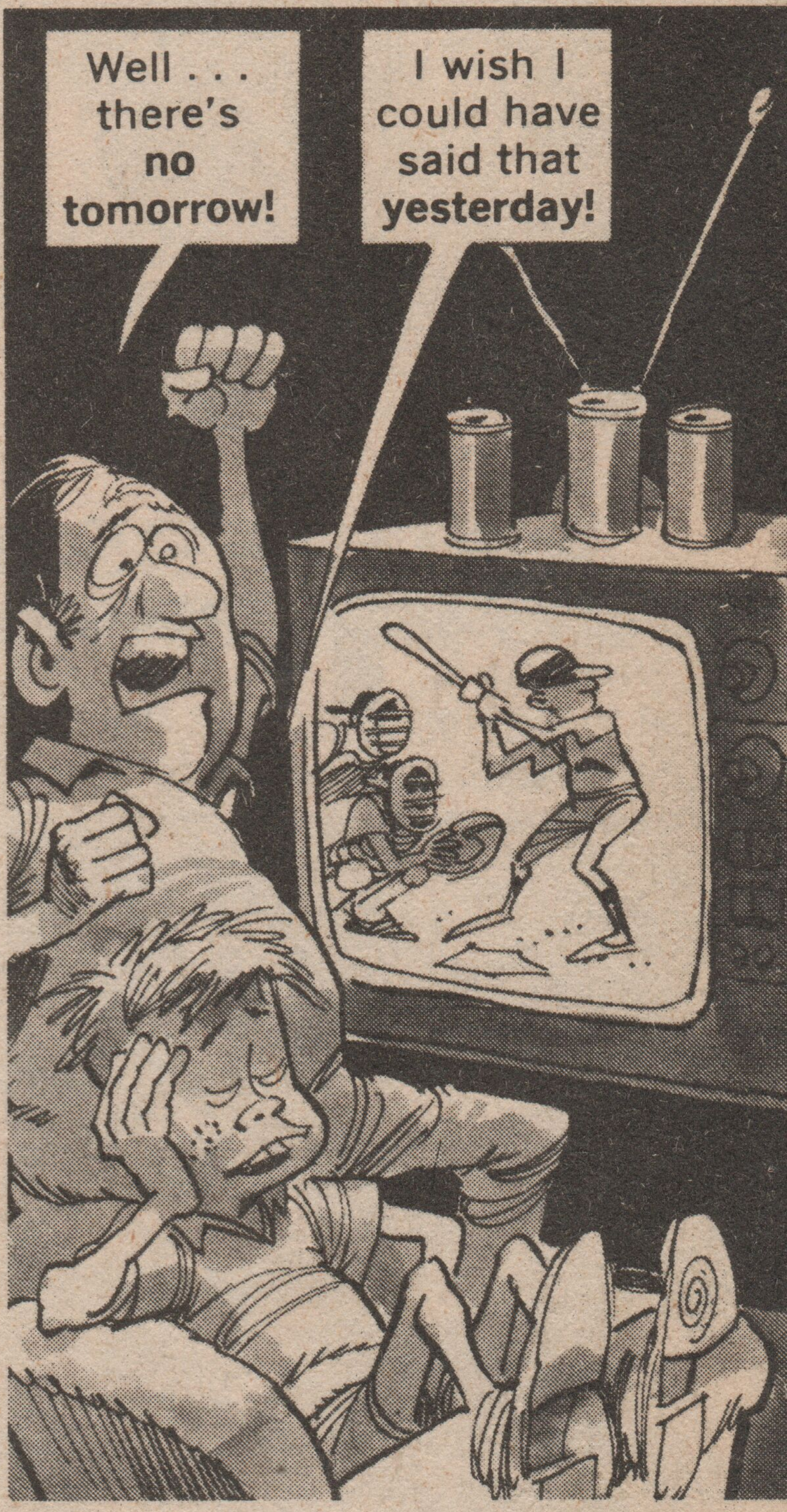
CLICHÉ KILLERS

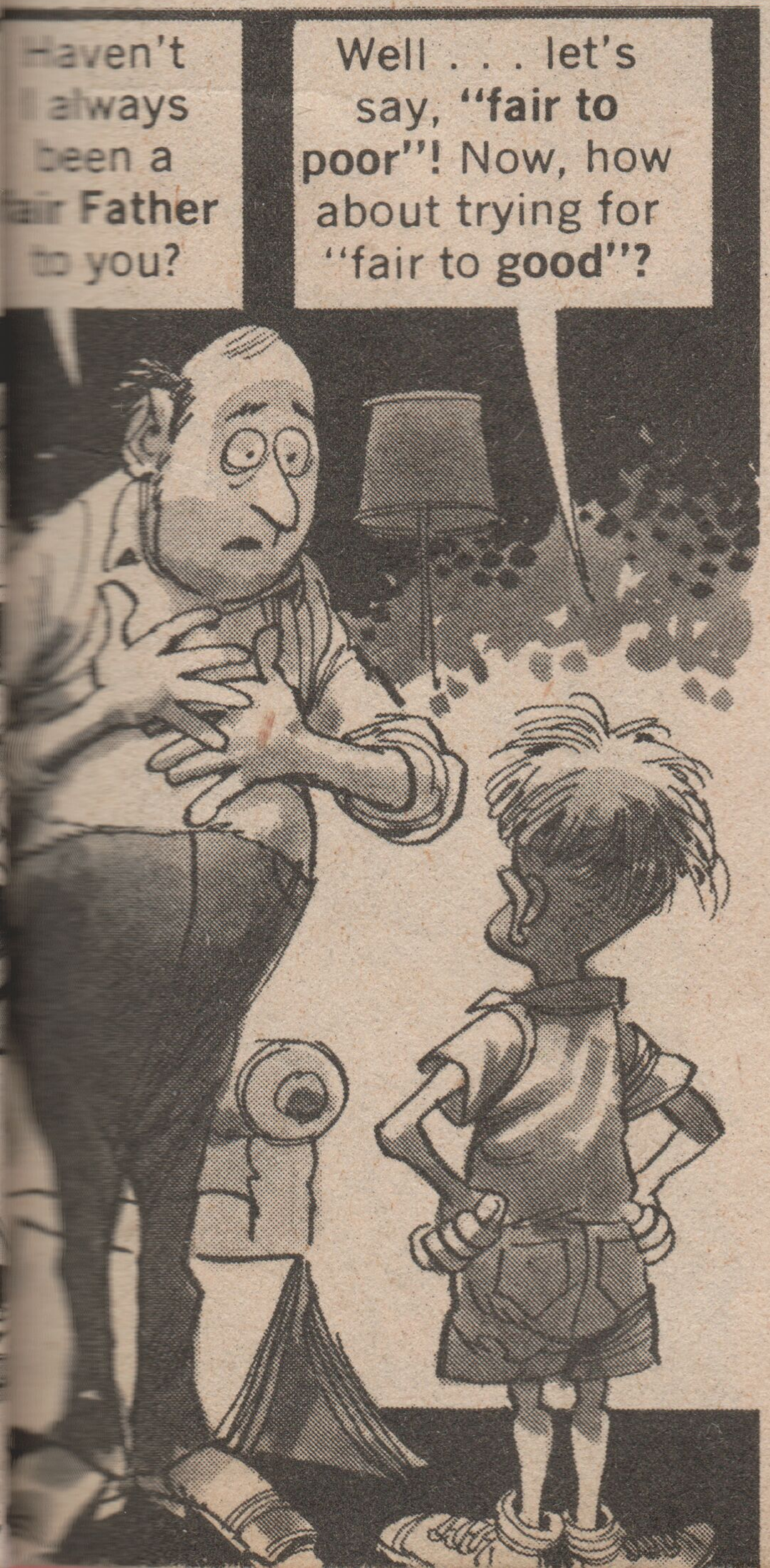
RITER: STAN HART

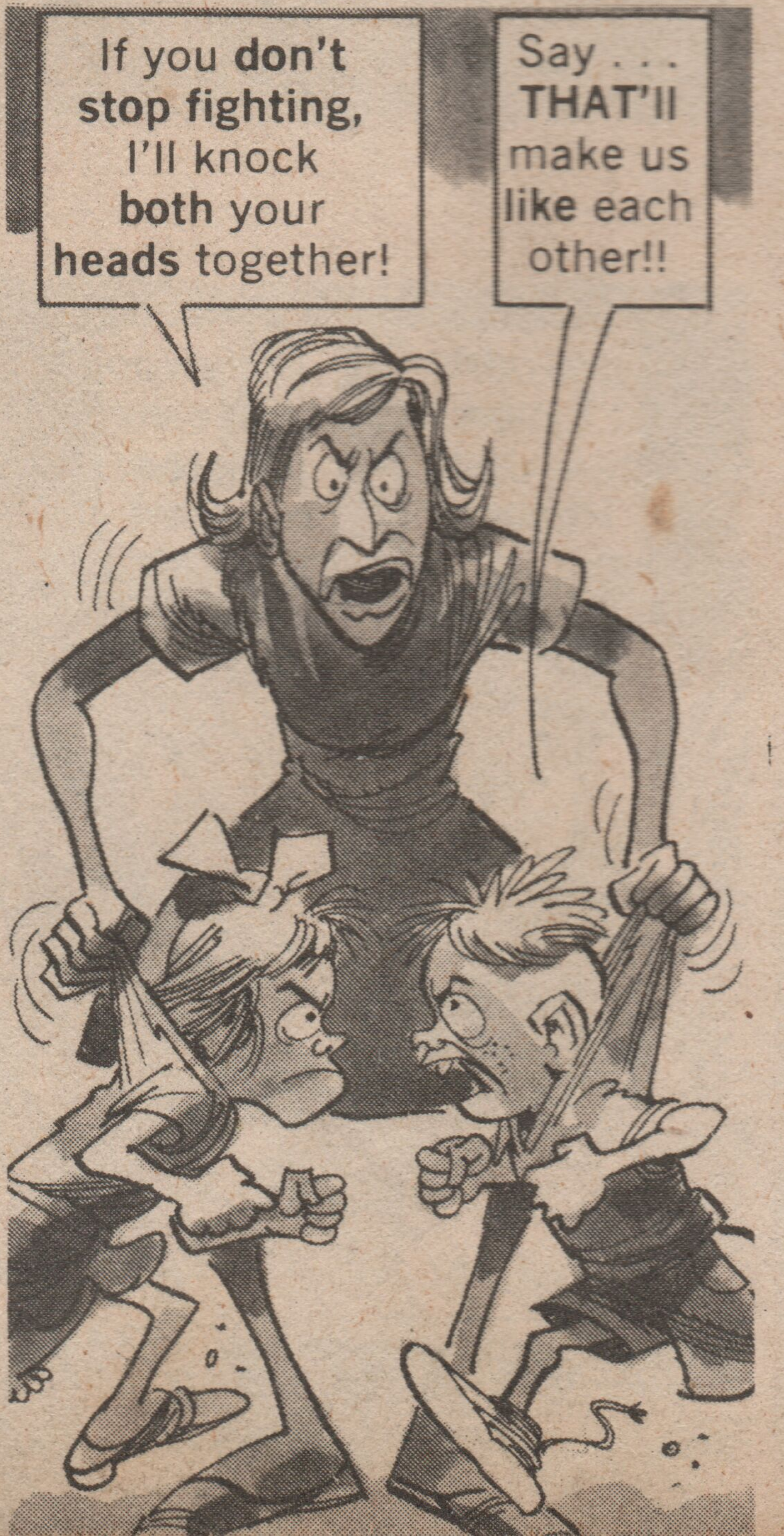

He'd be **first string** on any other team!
Yeah? In **what sport?**

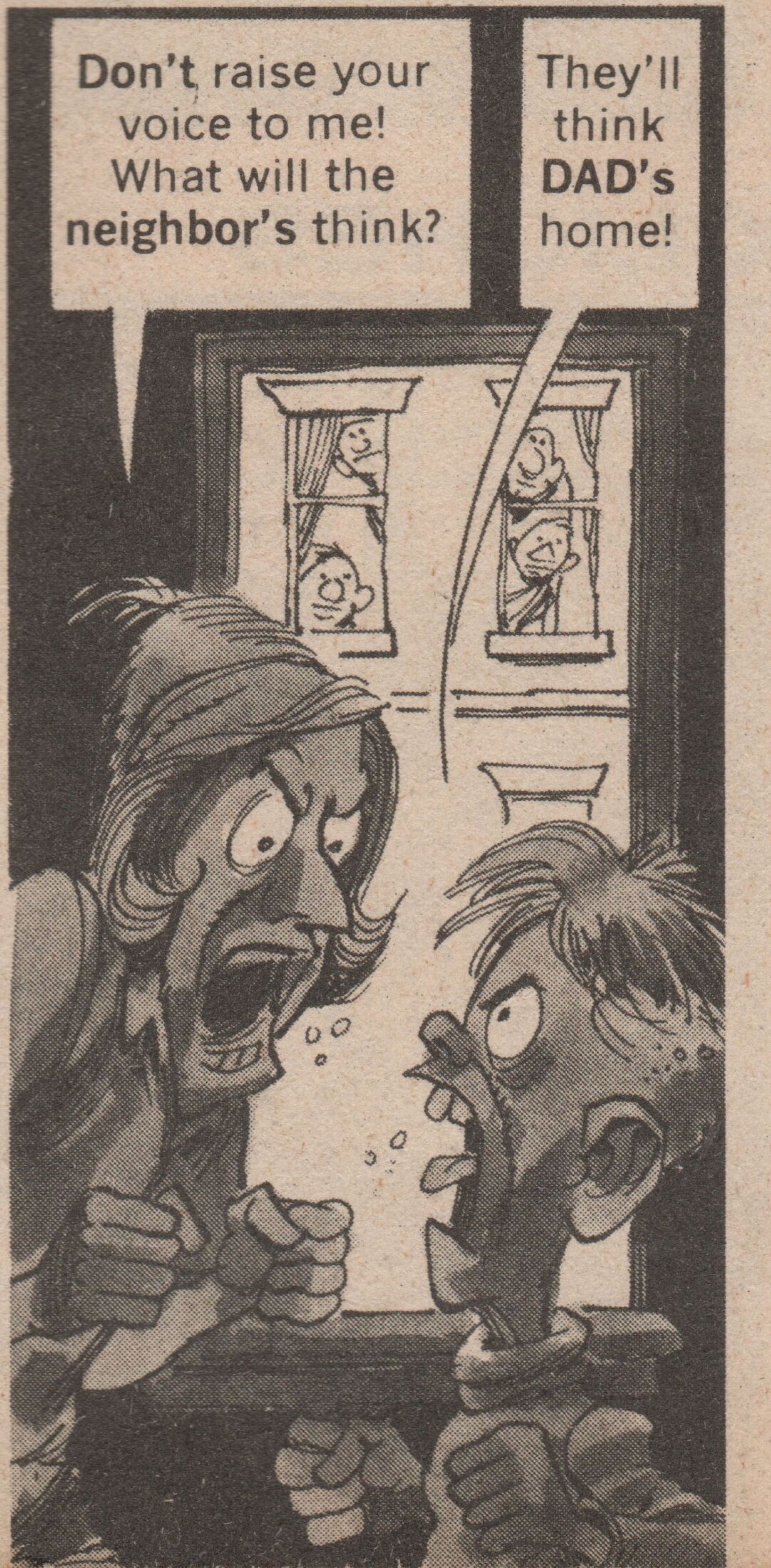

You gotta feel **sorry** for him! His career has been **plagued** with **injuries!**
Yeah! **Poor guy!** Only gets **250 Grand** for sitting on a **bench** —doing **nothing!**
35
60
G

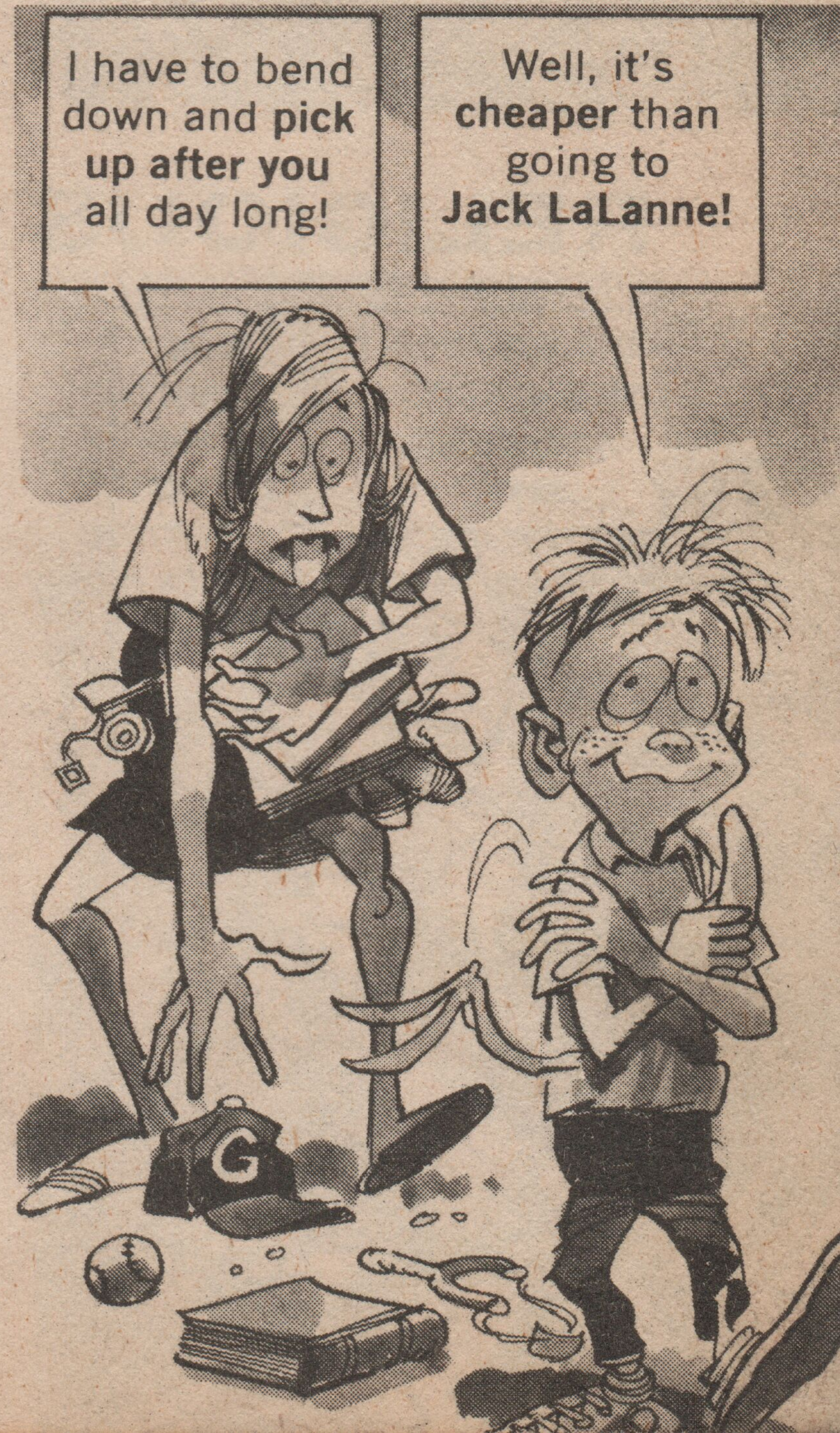

That kid plays on **sheer guts!**
Too bad he can't **hit** or **field!**
Mets
45


Well . . . there's **no tomorrow!**
I wish I could have said that **yesterday!**

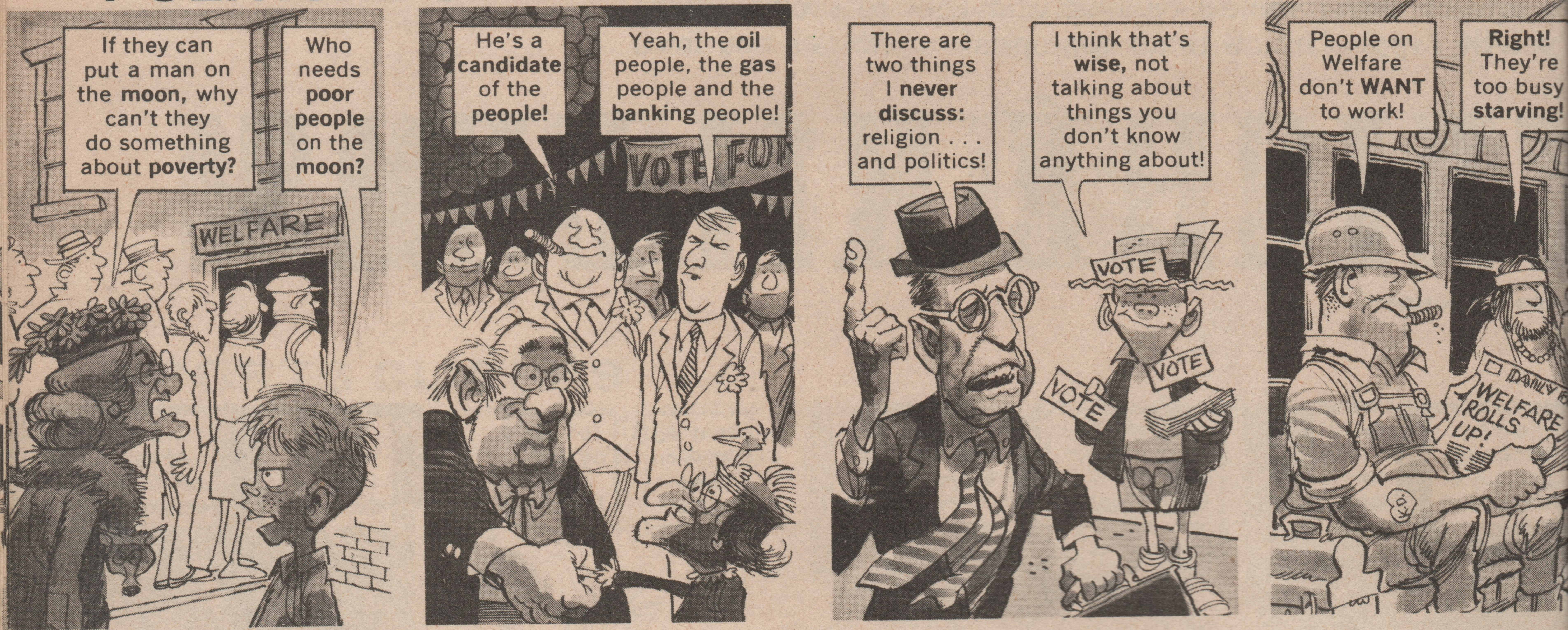

Haven't always been a air Father to you?
Well . . . let's say, **"fair to poor"**! Now, how about trying for "fair to **good**"?


If you **don't stop fighting,** I'll knock **both** your **heads** together!
Say . . . **THAT'll** make us **like** each other!!

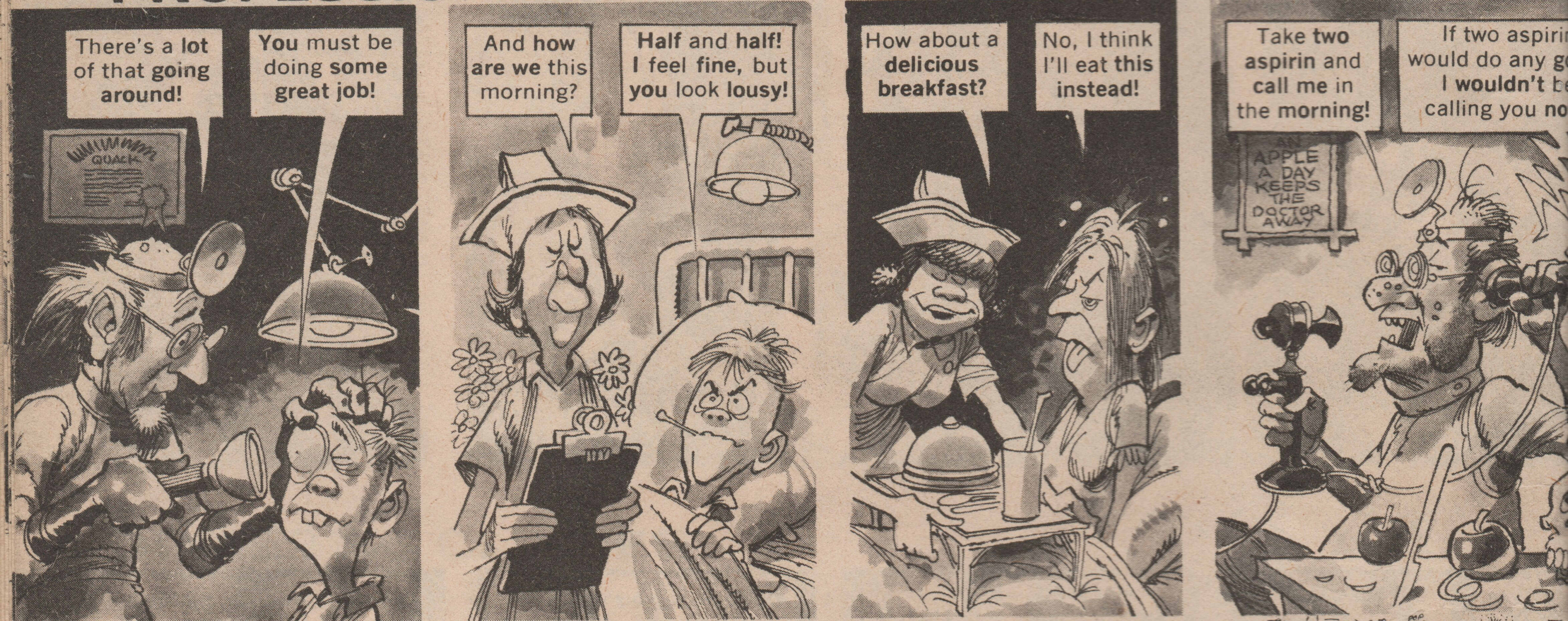

Don't raise your voice to me! What will the **neighbor's** think?
They'll think **DAD's** home!


I have to bend down and **pick up after you** all day long!
Well, it's **cheaper** than going to **Jack LaLanne!**
G

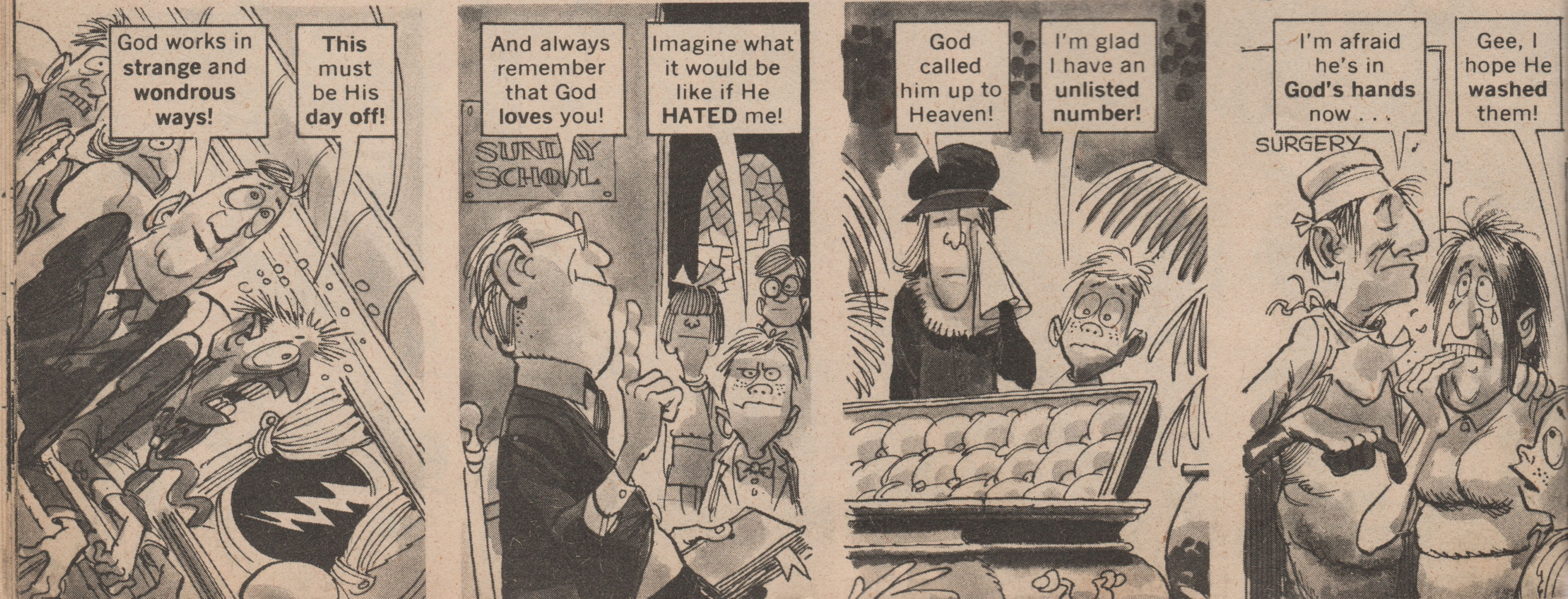
POLITICAL CLICHÉS

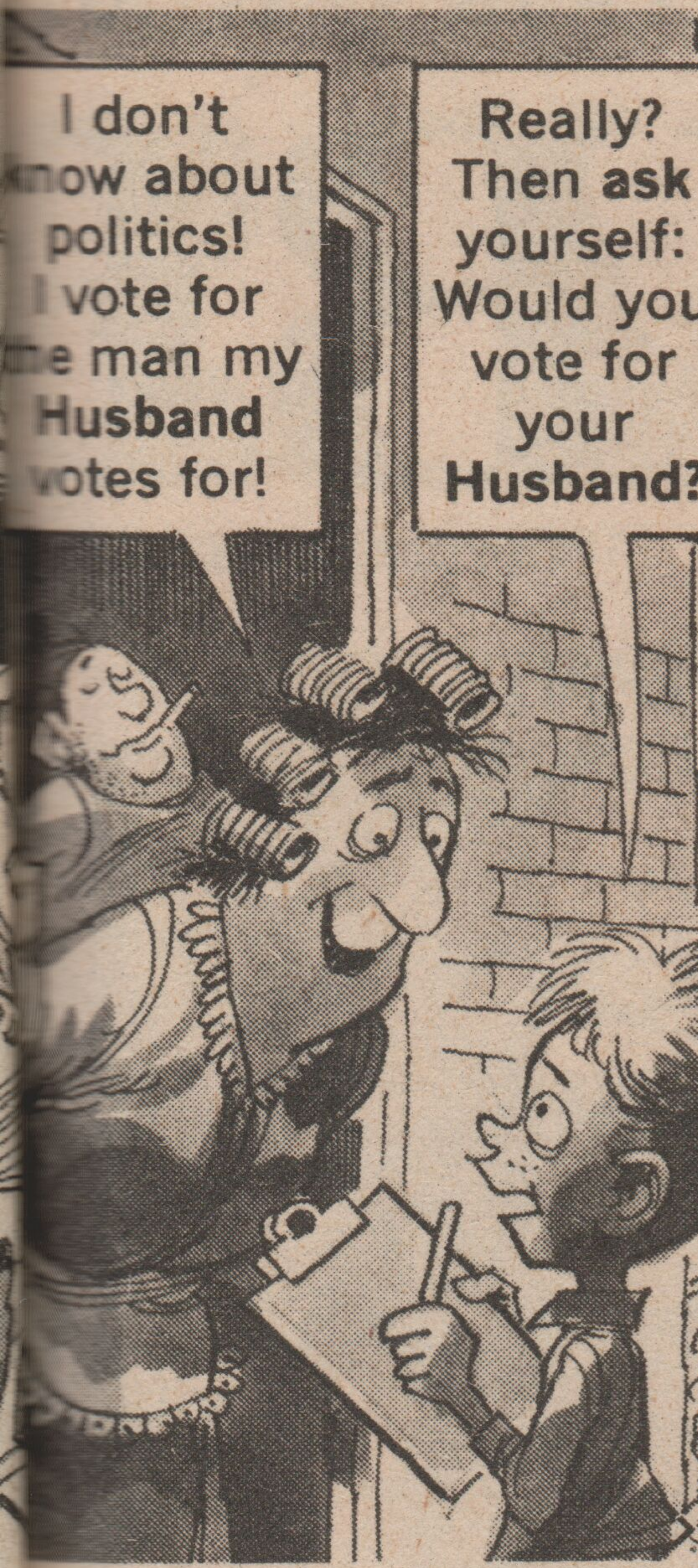

If they can put a man on the moon, why can't they do something about poverty?
Who needs poor people on the moon?
WELFARE
He's a candidate of the people!
Yeah, the oil people, the gas people and the banking people!
VOTE FOR
There are two things I never discuss: religion . . . and politics!
I think that's wise, not talking about things you don't know anything about!
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE
People on Welfare don't WANT to work!
Right! They're too busy starving!
DAILY
WELFARE ROLLS UP!

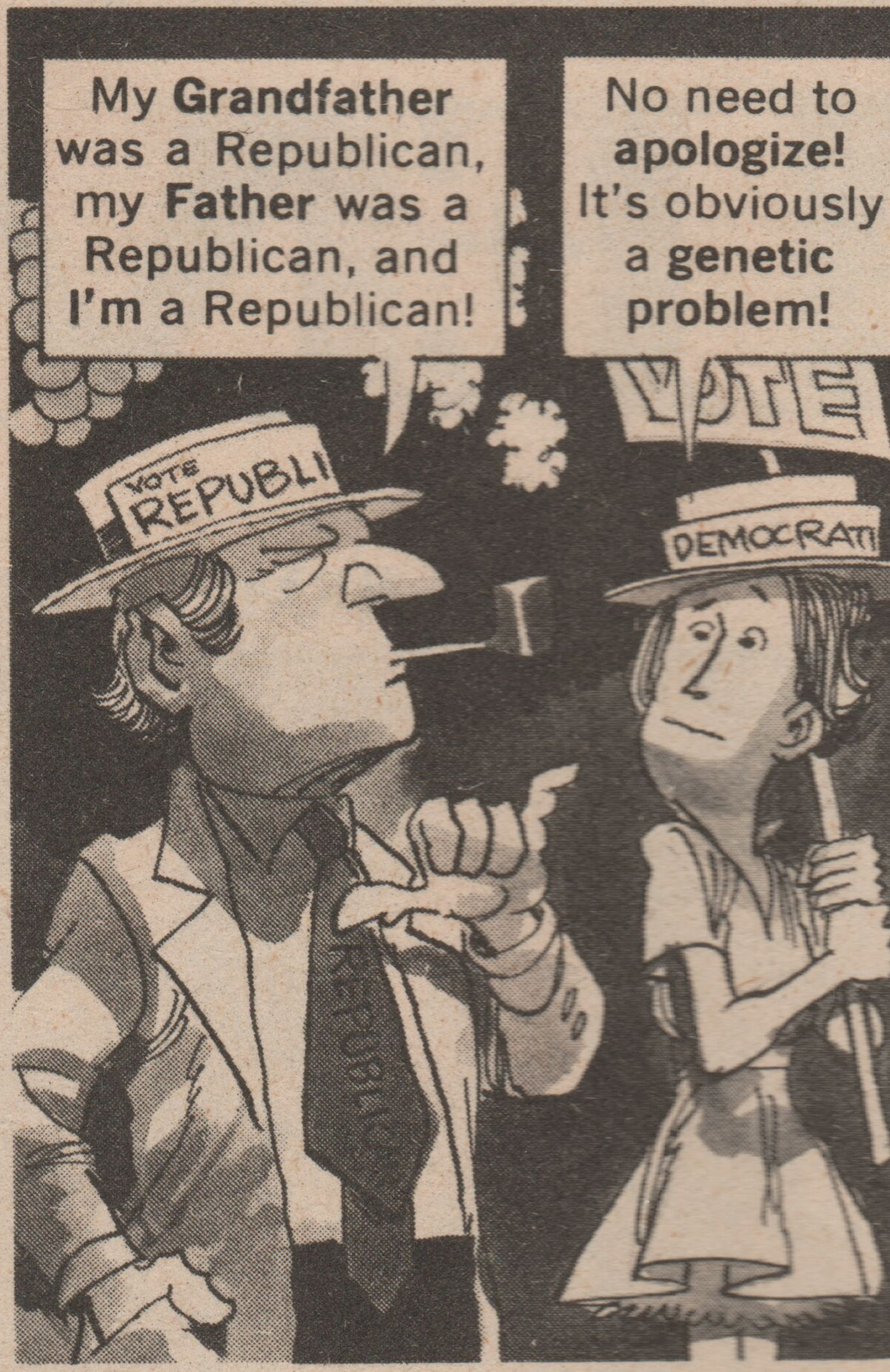
PROFESSIONAL CLICHÉS

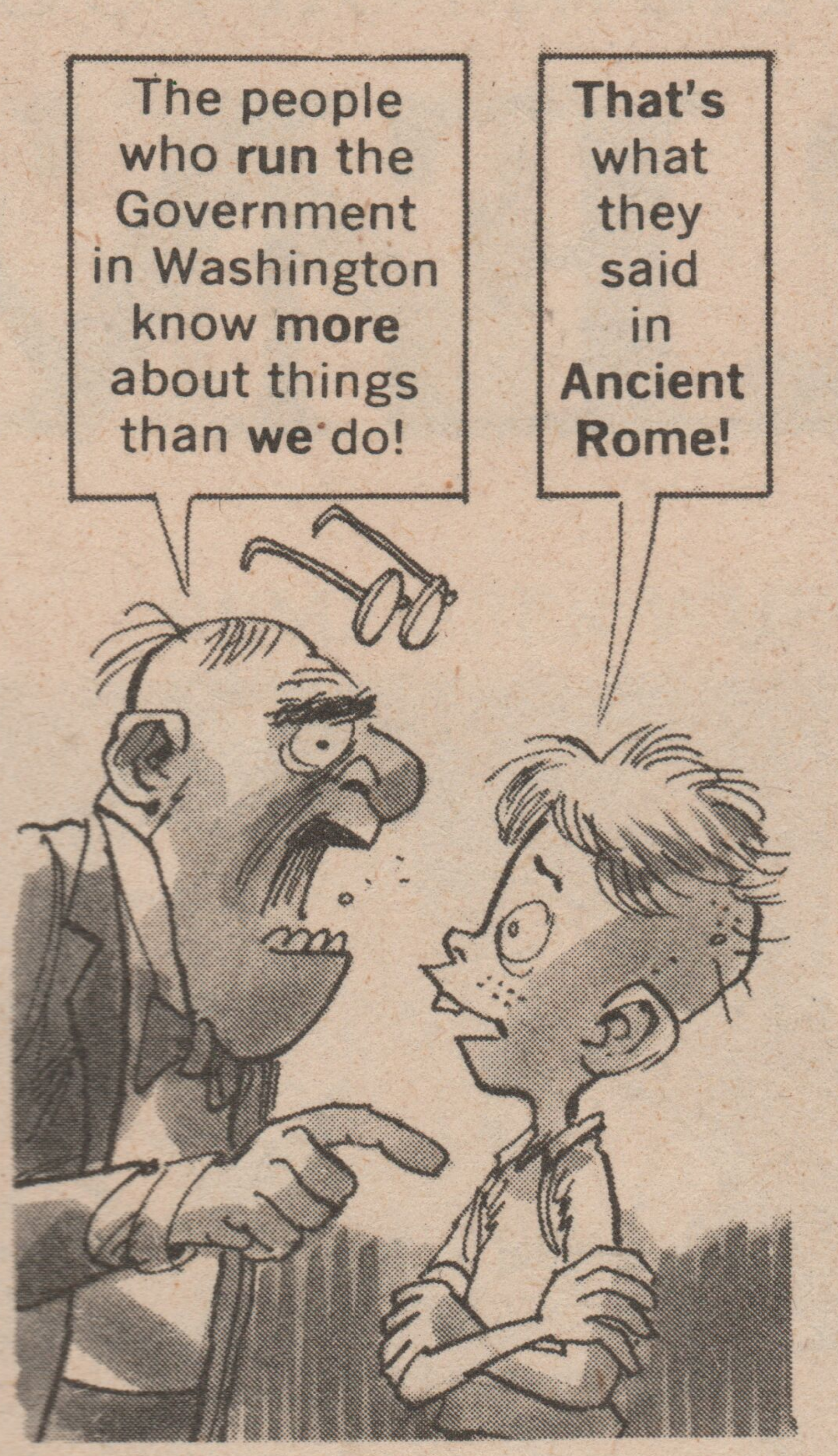

There's a lot of that going around!
You must be doing some great job!
QUACK
And how are we this morning?
Half and half! I feel fine, but you look lousy!
How about a delicious breakfast?
No, I think I'll eat this instead!
Take two aspirin and call me in the morning!
If two aspirin would do any g
I wouldn't b
calling you no
AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY

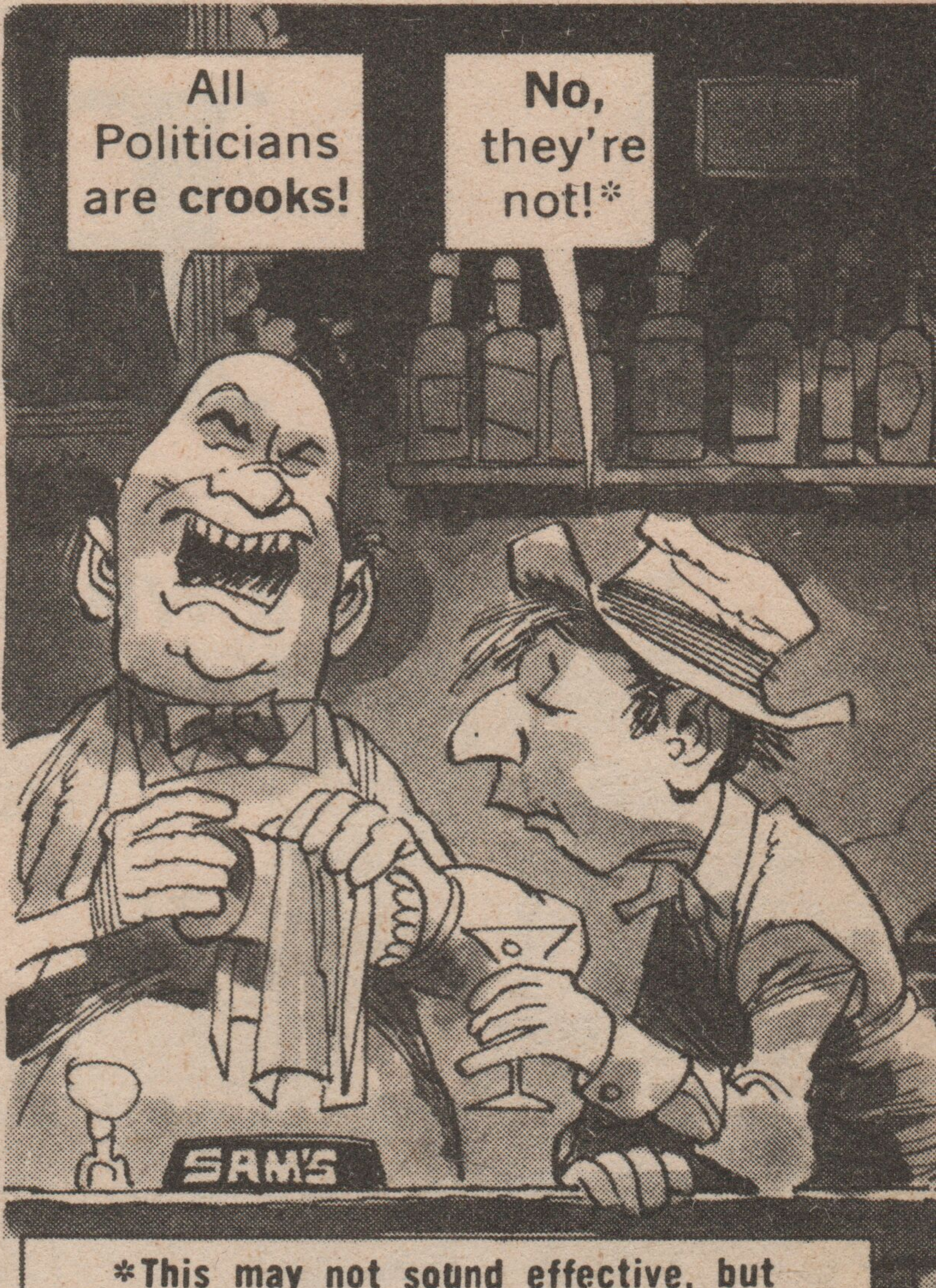
RELIGIOUS CLICHÉS


God works in strange and wondrous ways!
This must be His day off!
And always remember that God loves you!
Imagine what it would be like if He HATED me!
SUNDAY SCHOOL
God called him up to Heaven!
I'm glad I have an unlisted number!
I'm afraid he's in God's hands now . . .
Gee, I hope He washed them!
SURGERY

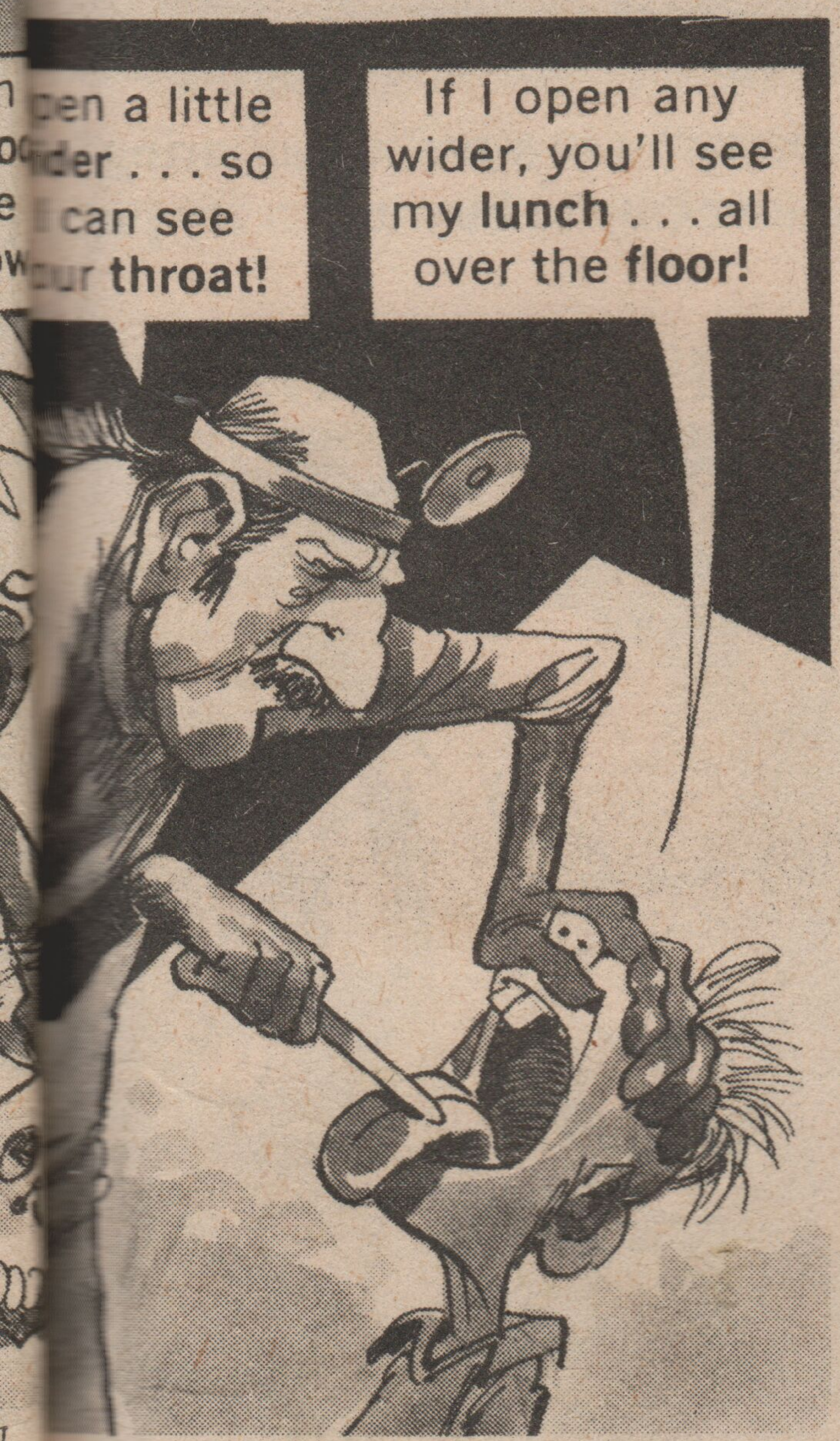

I don't
know about
politics!
vote for
e man my
Husband
votes for!
Really? Then ask yourself: Would you vote for your Husband?

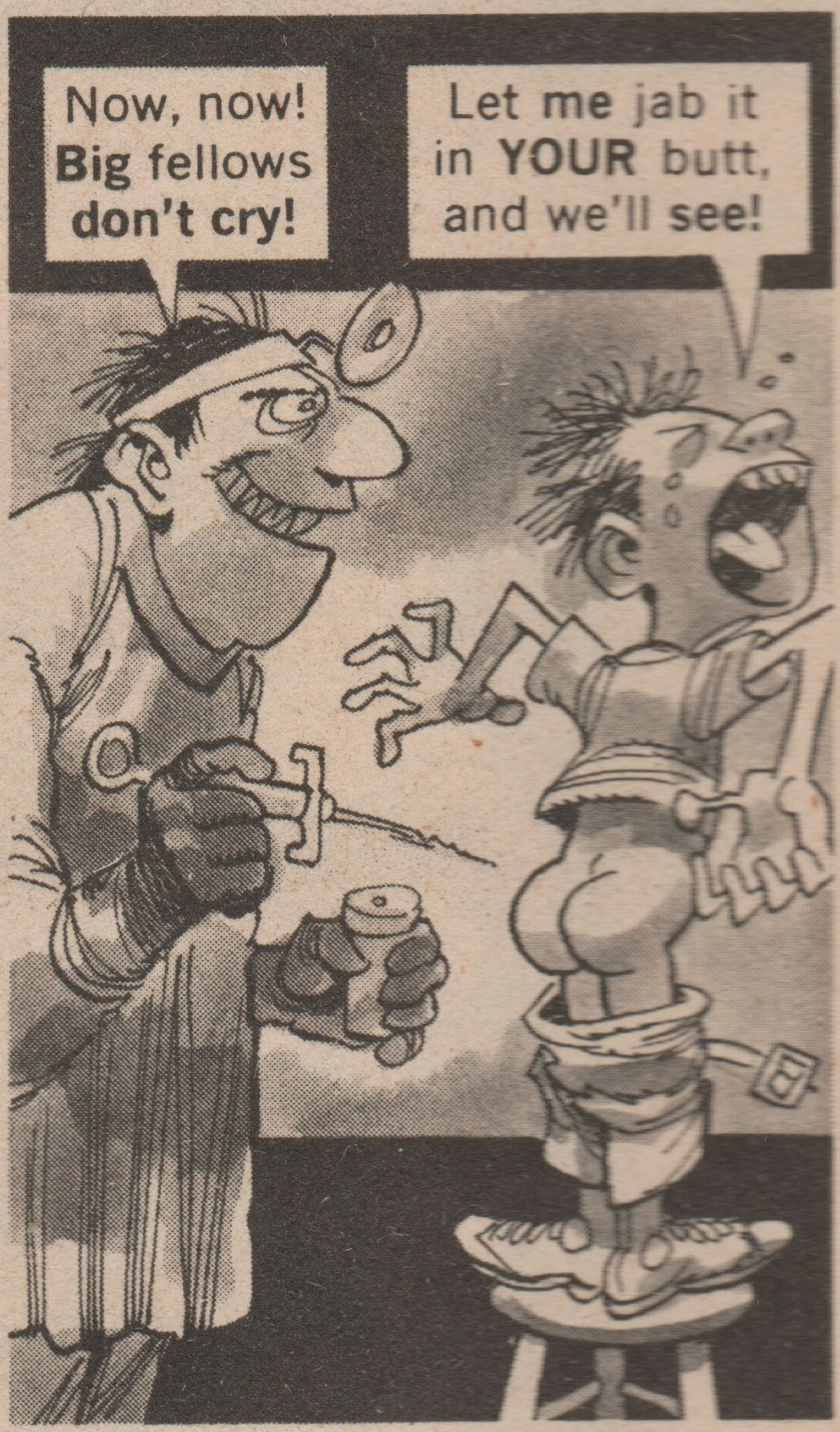

My Grandfather was a Republican, my Father was a Republican, and I'm a Republican!
No need to apologize! It's obviously a genetic problem!
VOTE
VOTE REPUBLI
DEMOCRAT
REPUBLIC

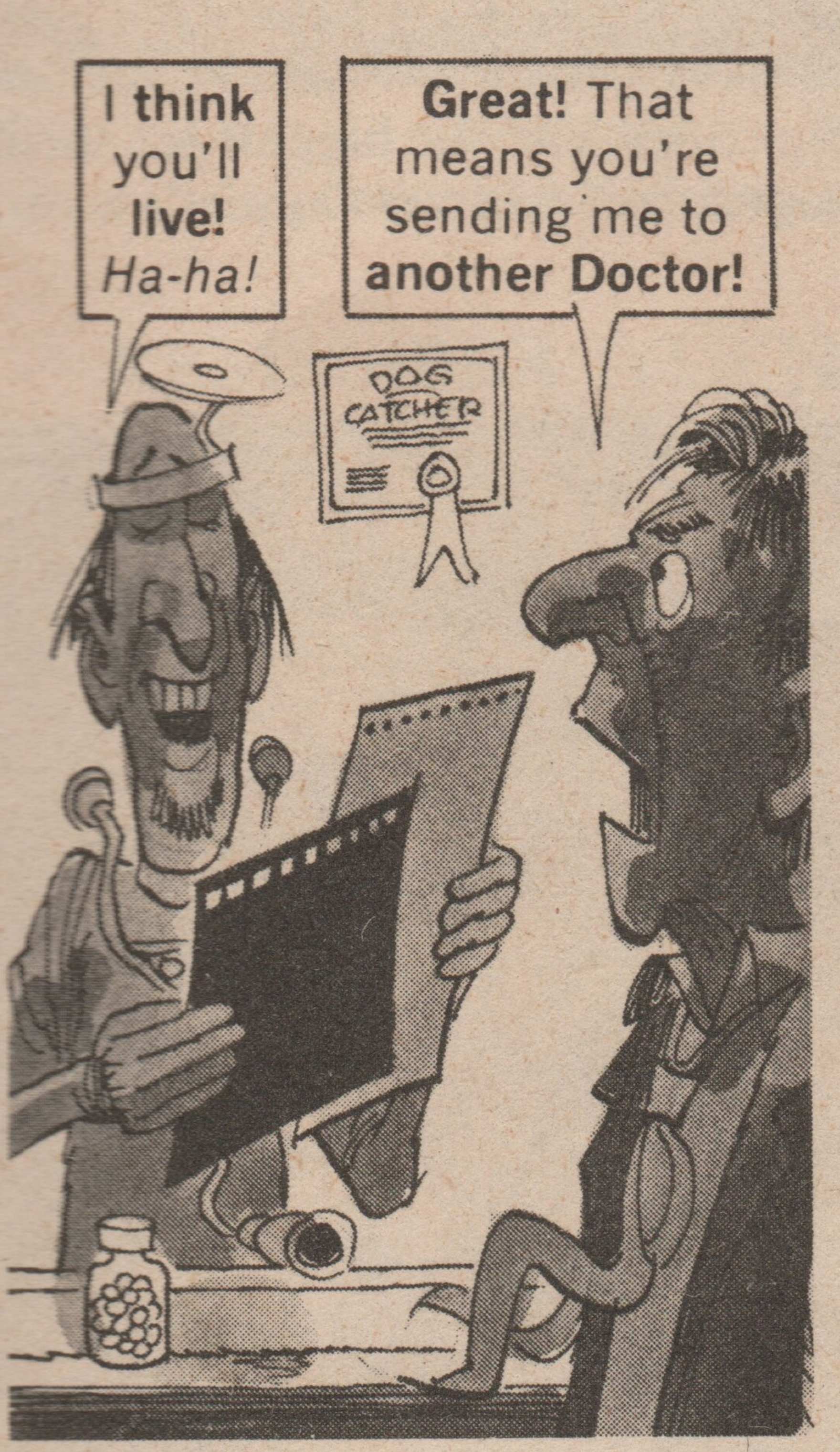

The people who run the Government in Washington know more about things than we do!
That's what they said in Ancient Rome!

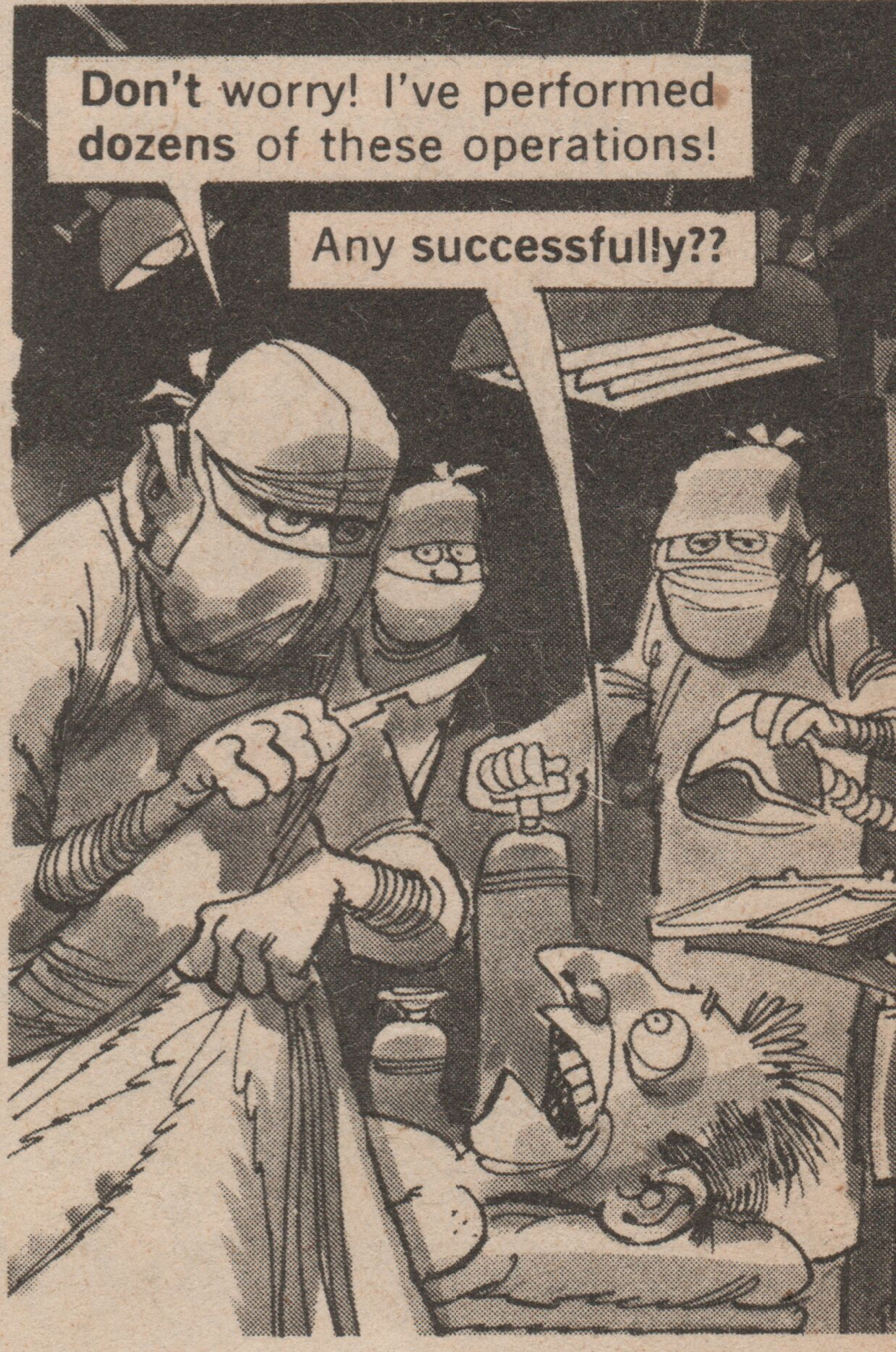

All Politicians are crooks!
No, they're not!*
SAM'S

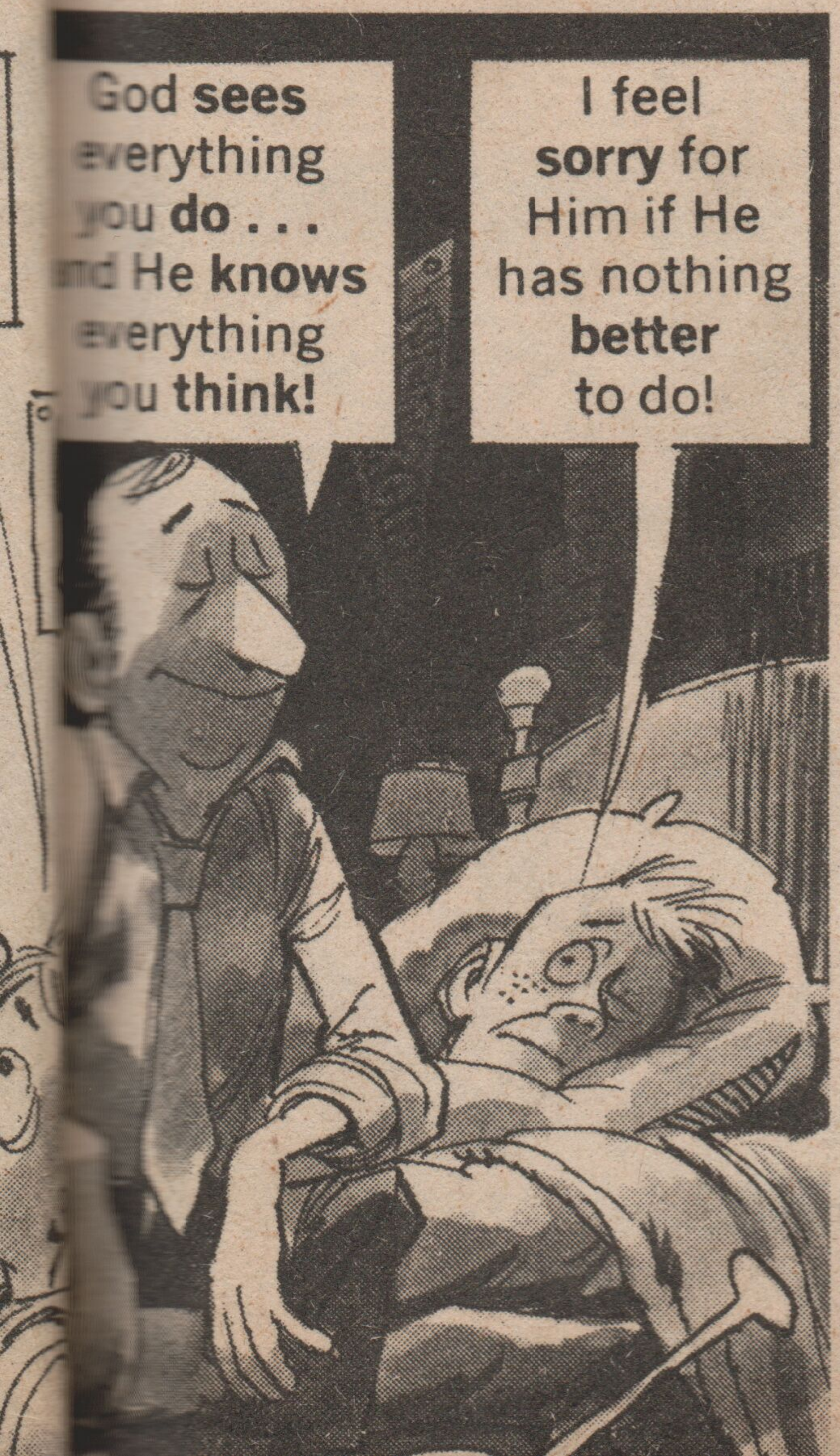
*This may not sound effective, but the sheer idiocy of the answer will stop your antagonist in his tracks.

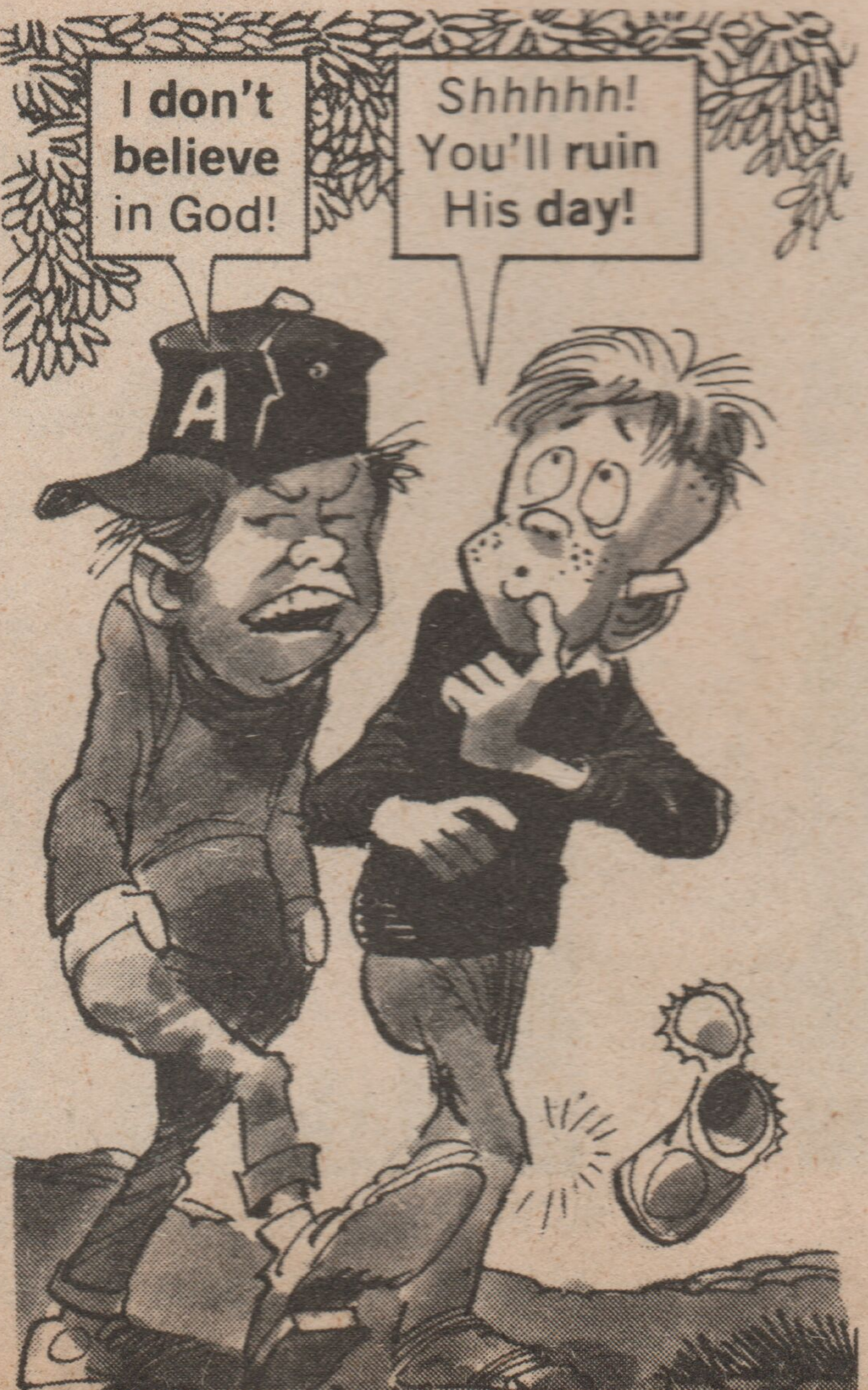

pen a little
ider . . . so
can see
ur throat!
If I open any wider, you'll see my lunch . . . all over the floor!

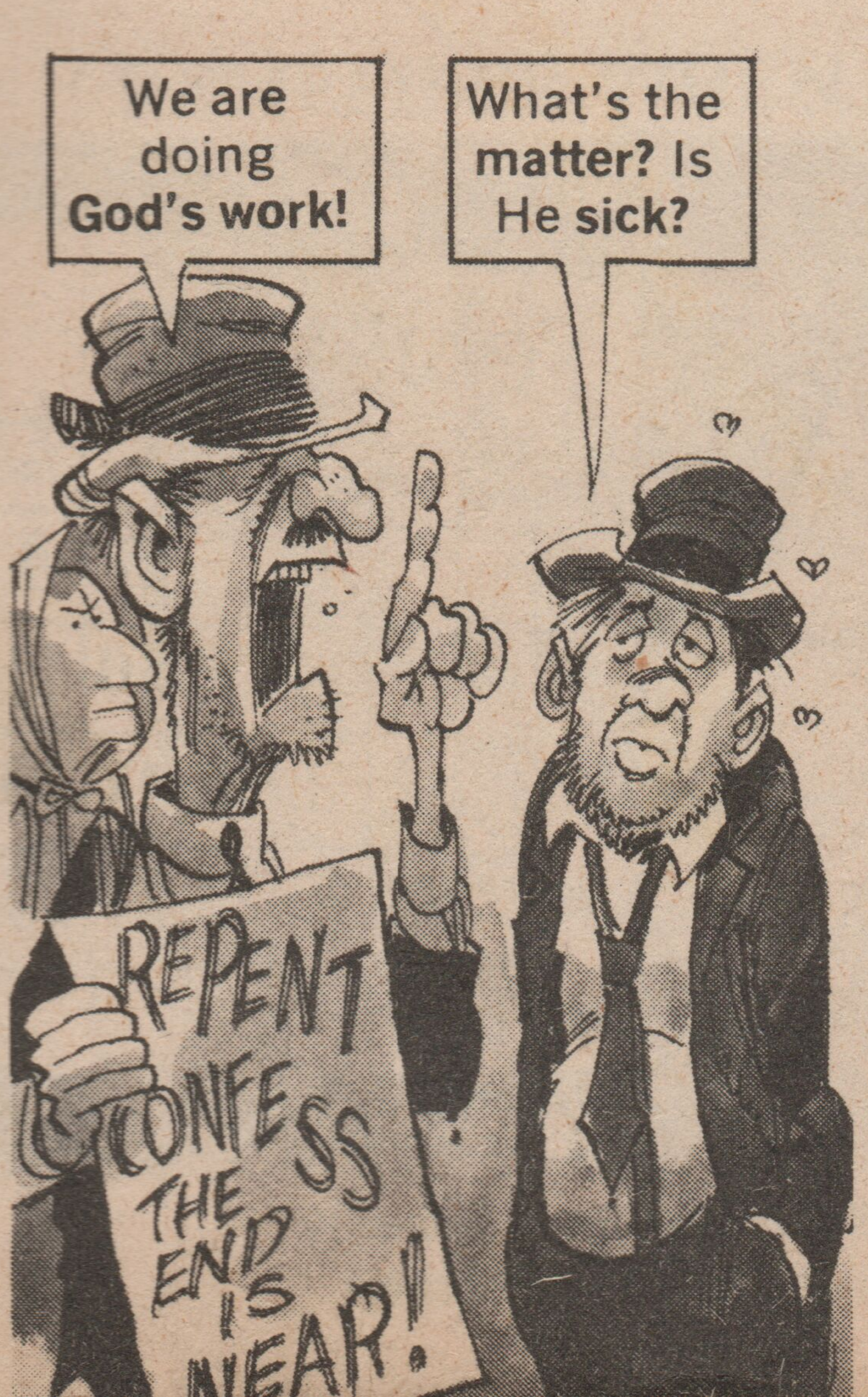

Now, now! Big fellows don't cry!
Let me jab it in YOUR butt, and we'll see!

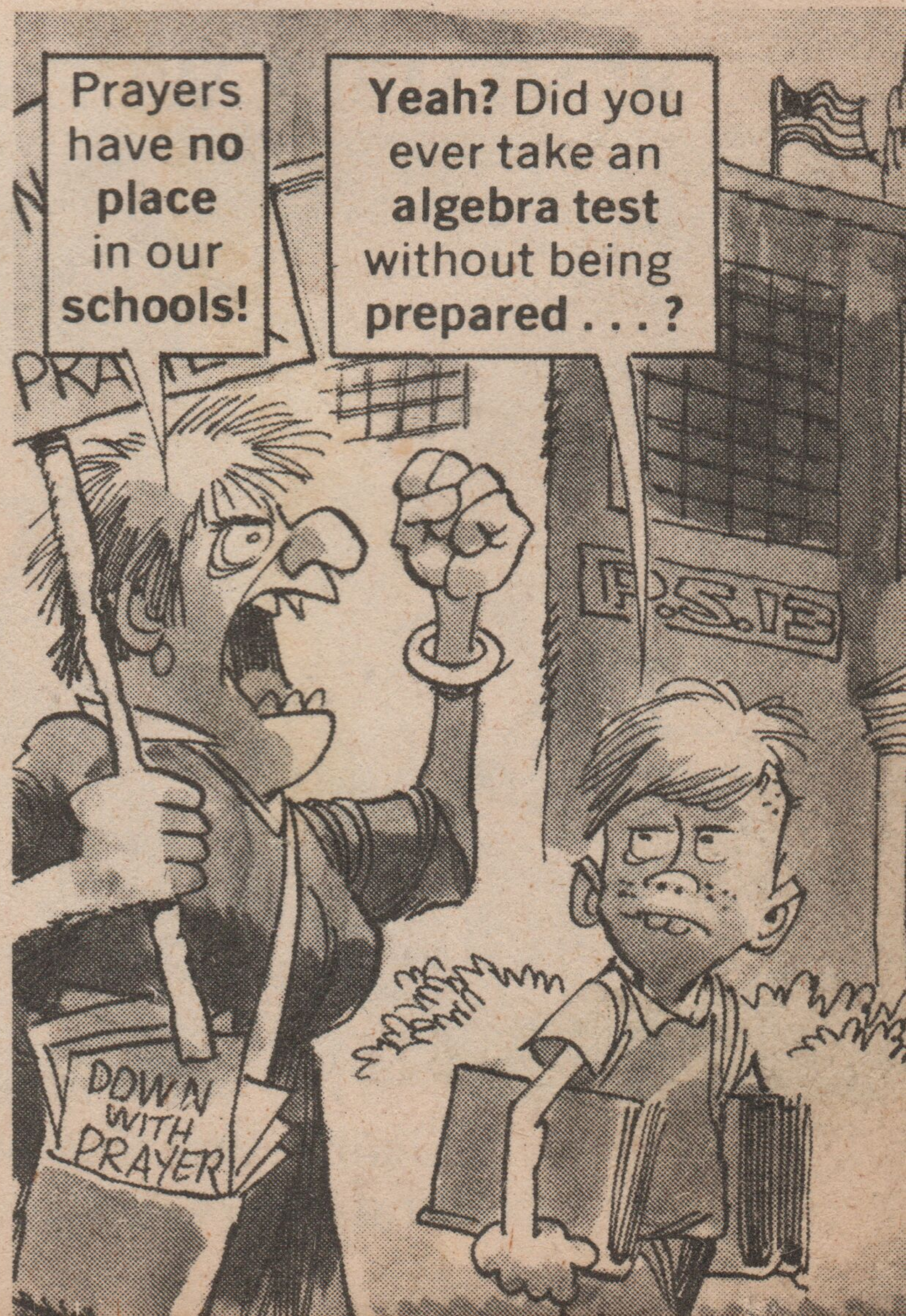

I think you'll live! Ha-ha!
Great! That means you're sending me to another Doctor!
DOG CATCHER


Don't worry! I've performed dozens of these operations!
Any successfully??


God sees
verything
ou do . . .
nd He knows
verything
ou think!
I feel sorry for Him if He has nothing better to do!


I don't believe in God!
Shhhhh! You'll ruin His day!
A


We are doing God's work!
What's the matter? Is He sick?
REPENT
CONFESS
THE END IS NEAR!


Prayers have no place in our schools!
Yeah? Did you ever take an algebra test without being prepared . . . ?
PRAYE
P.S.13
DOWN WITH PRAYER

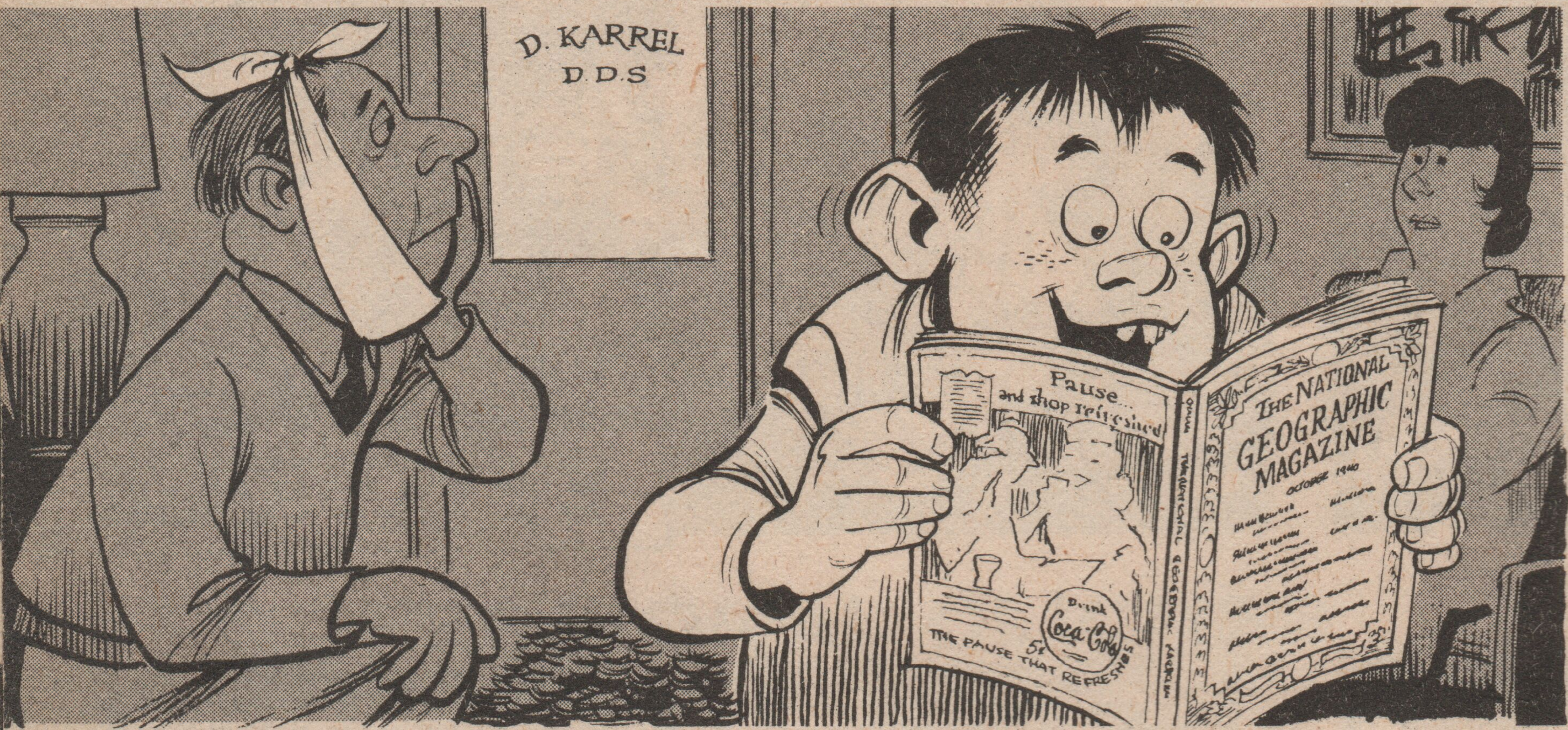
THEN AND OWW! DEPT.

AND NOW, FOR YOU NOSTALGIA FANS, A LOOK BACK

REMEMB

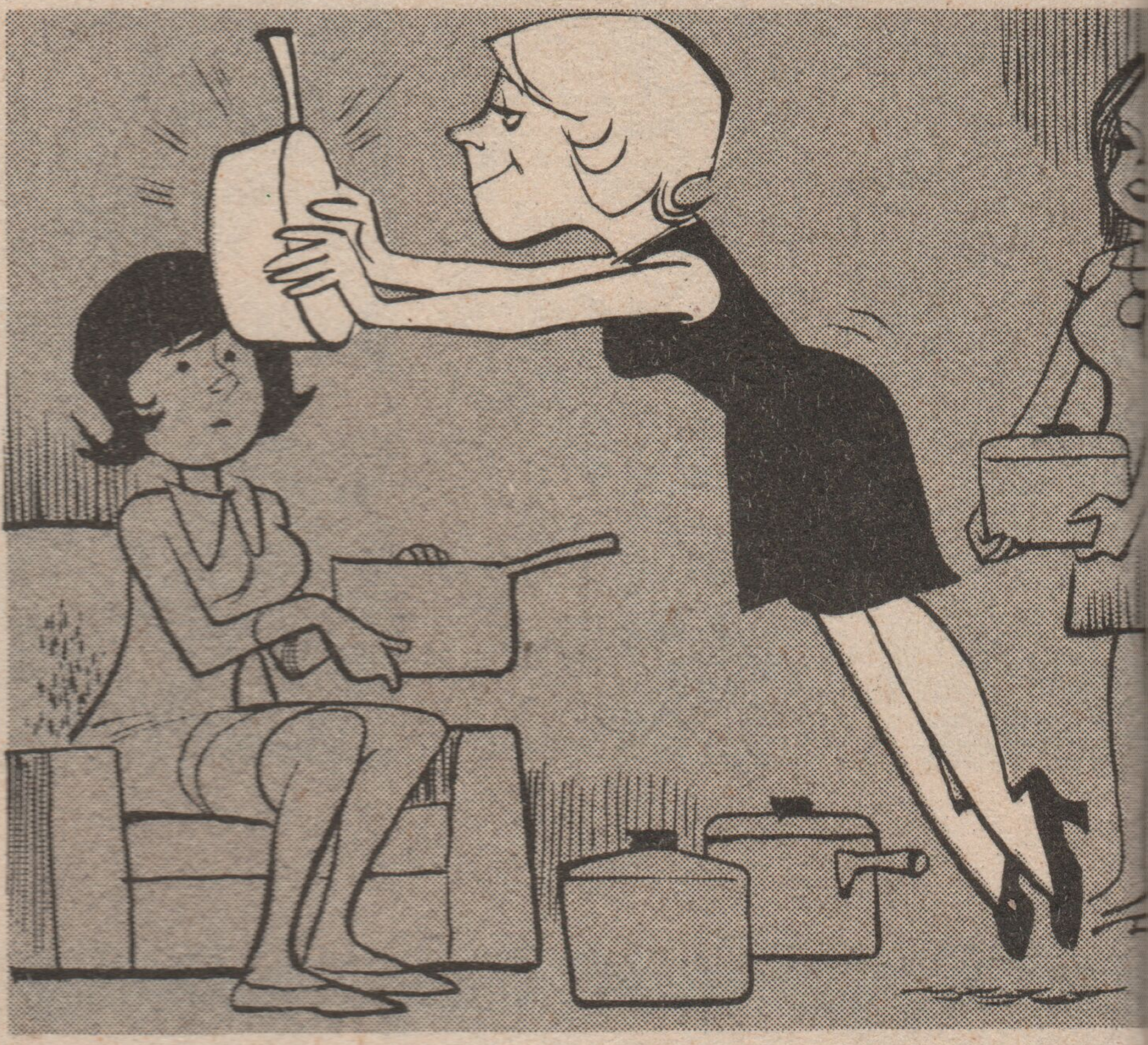
ARTIST: BOB CLA

REMEMBER WHEN . . .


D. KARREL
D.D.S
Pause and shop refreshed
THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1940
Drink Coca-Cola 5¢
THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

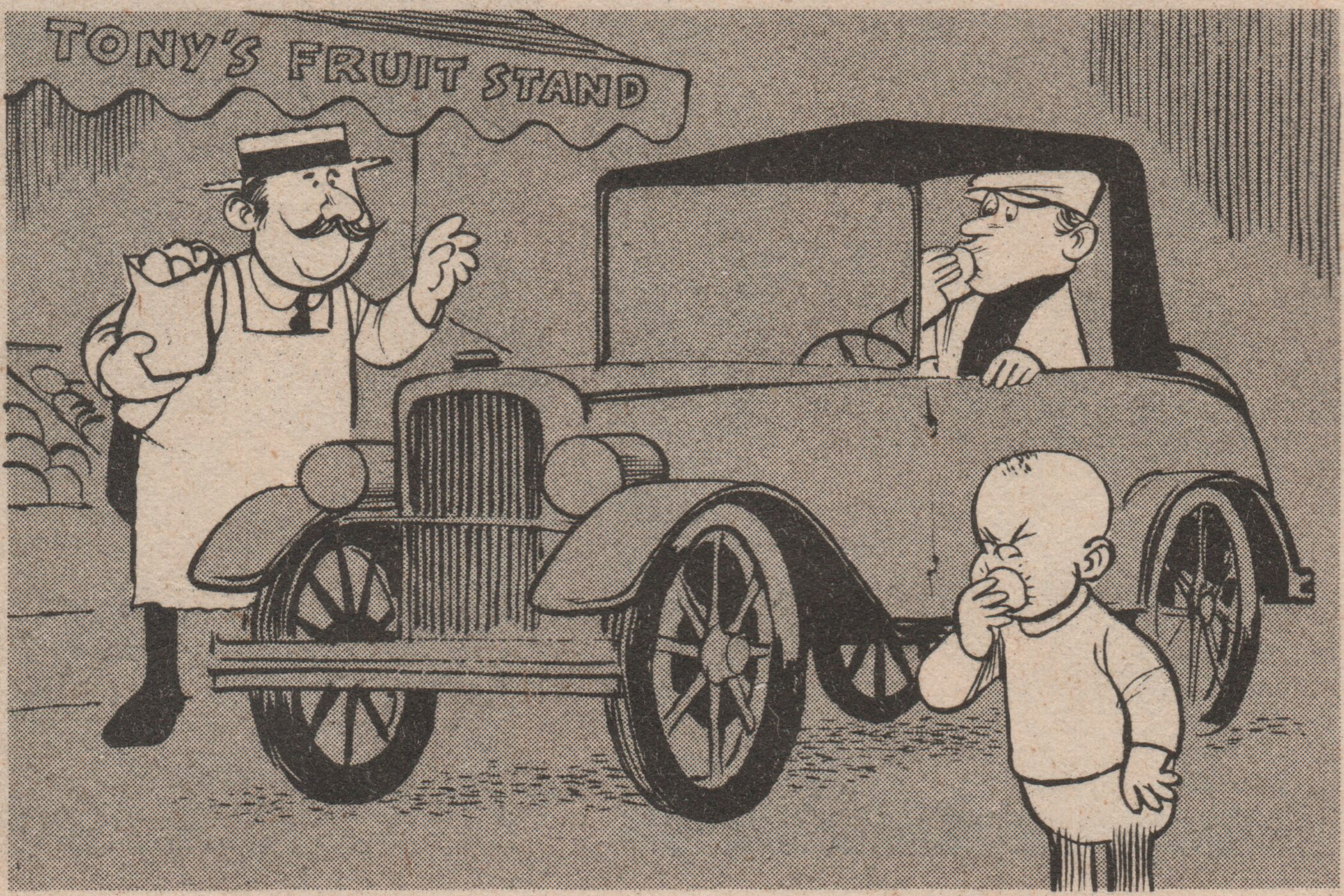
. . . there were no fold-outs in magazines, and the biggest sex thrill was sneaking a look at "National Geographic" in your Dentist's waiting room!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



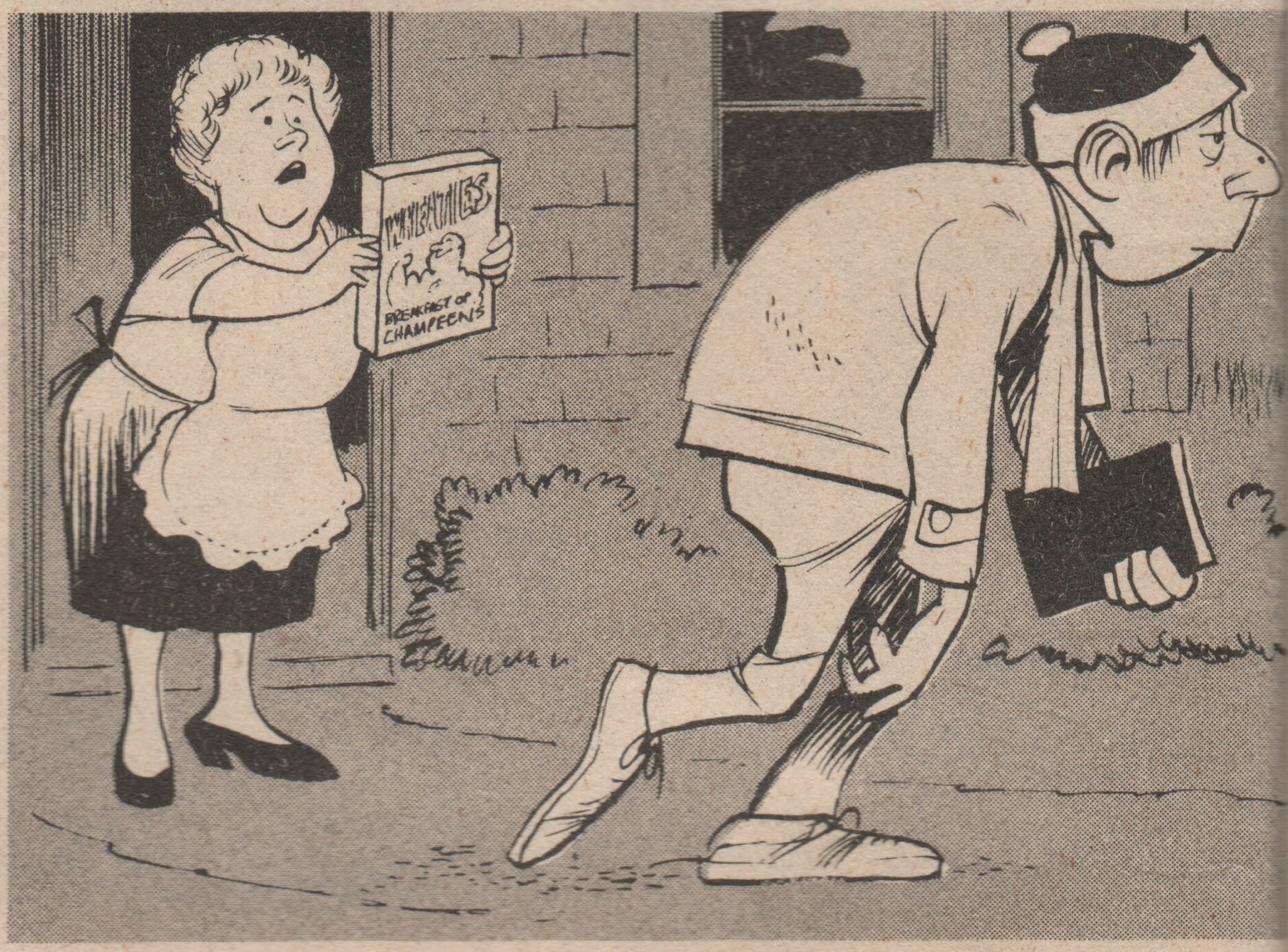
. . . a "Pot Party" was a social gathering
where women came to buy teflon fry par

REMEMBER WHEN . . .


TONY'S FRUIT STAND

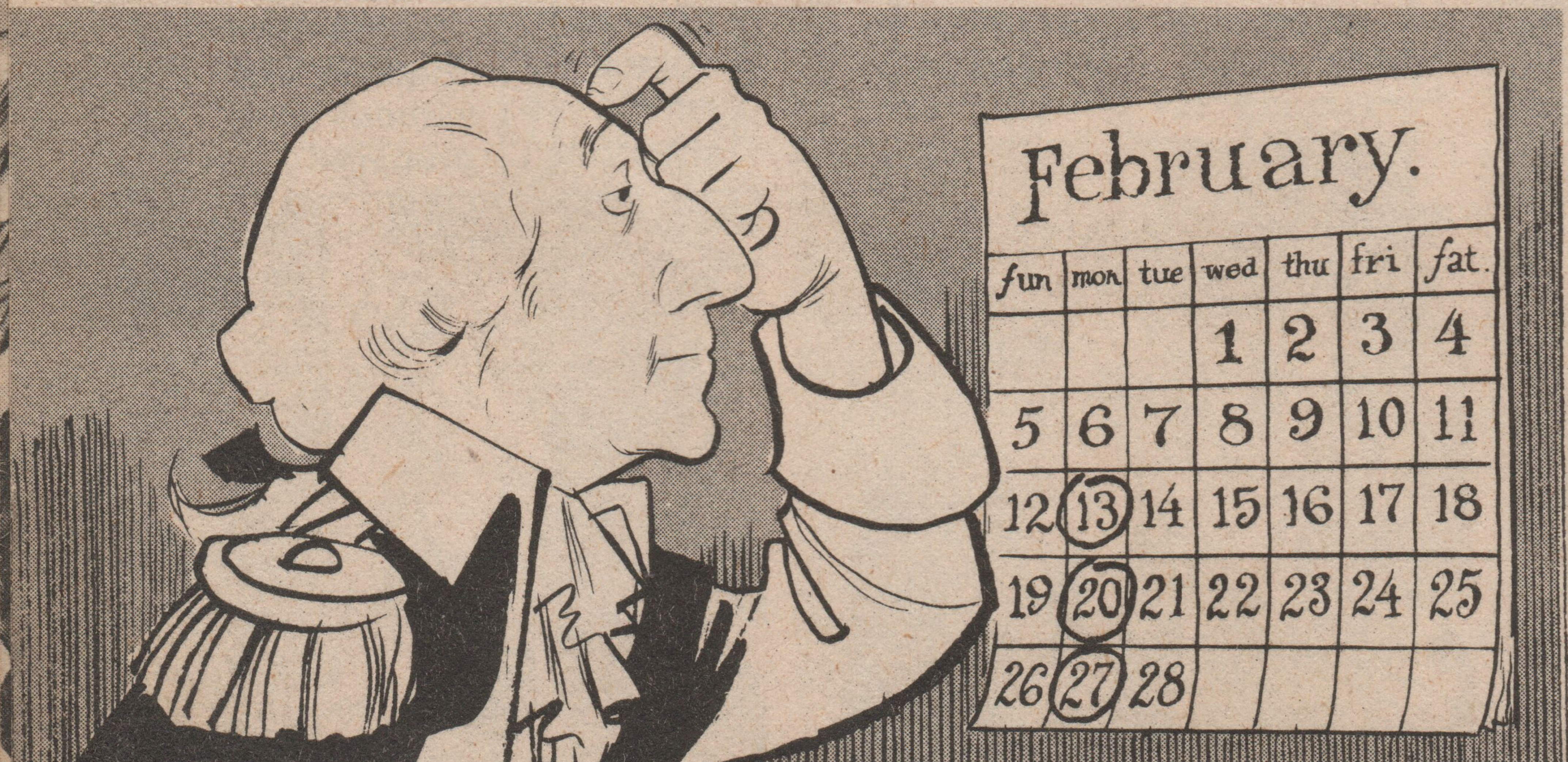
. . . we used to suck lemons, not drive them!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .


BREAKFAST OF CHAMPEENS

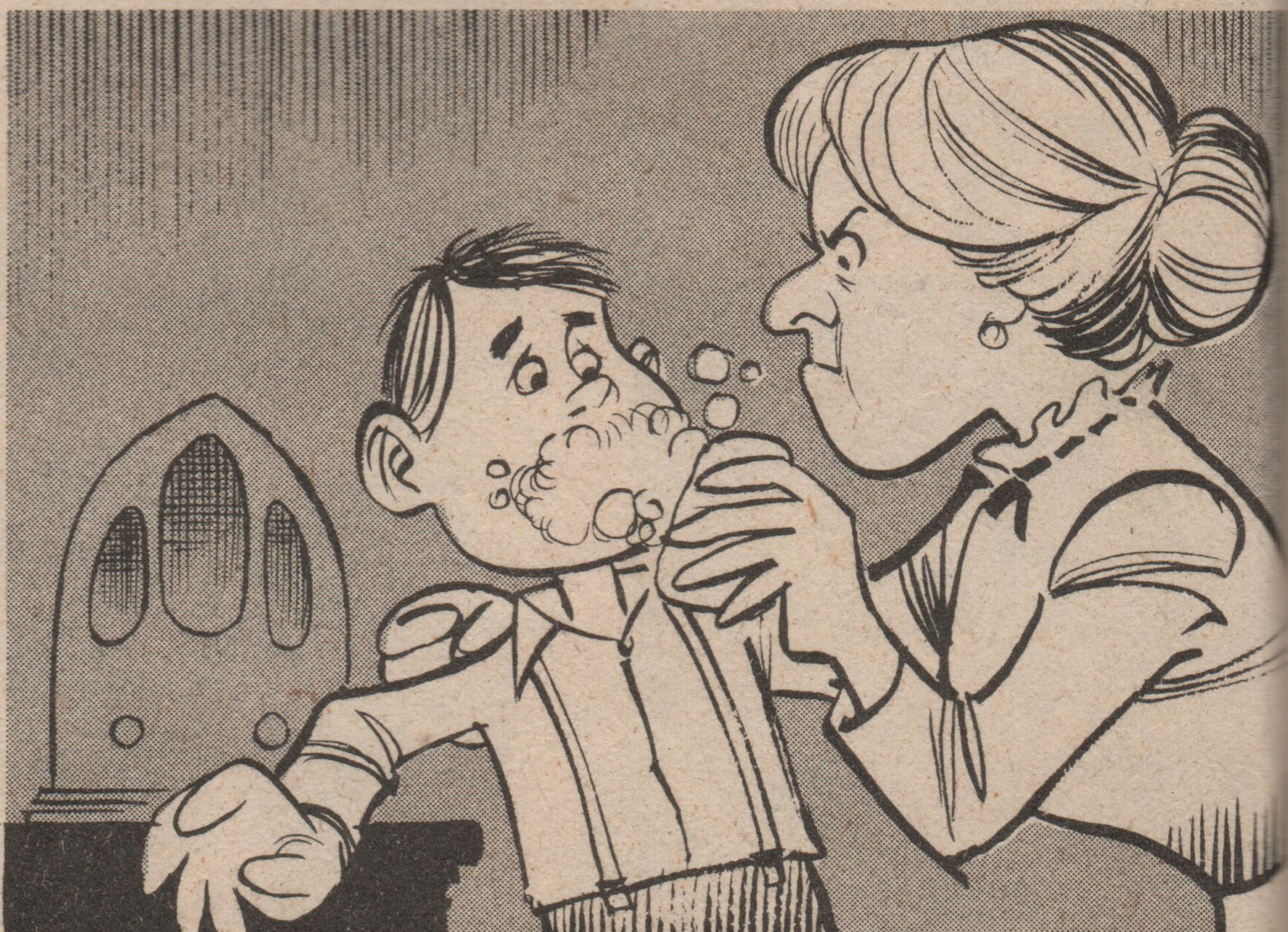
. . . "Energy Crisis" meant you forgot to eat your *Whea*

REMEMBER WHEN . . .


February.
fun mon tue wed thu fri fat.
1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28

. . . George Washington's birthday was actually celebrated on George Washington's birthday!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



. . . you not only didn't *watch* "Kung Fu"
. . . you weren't even allowed to *say* it!

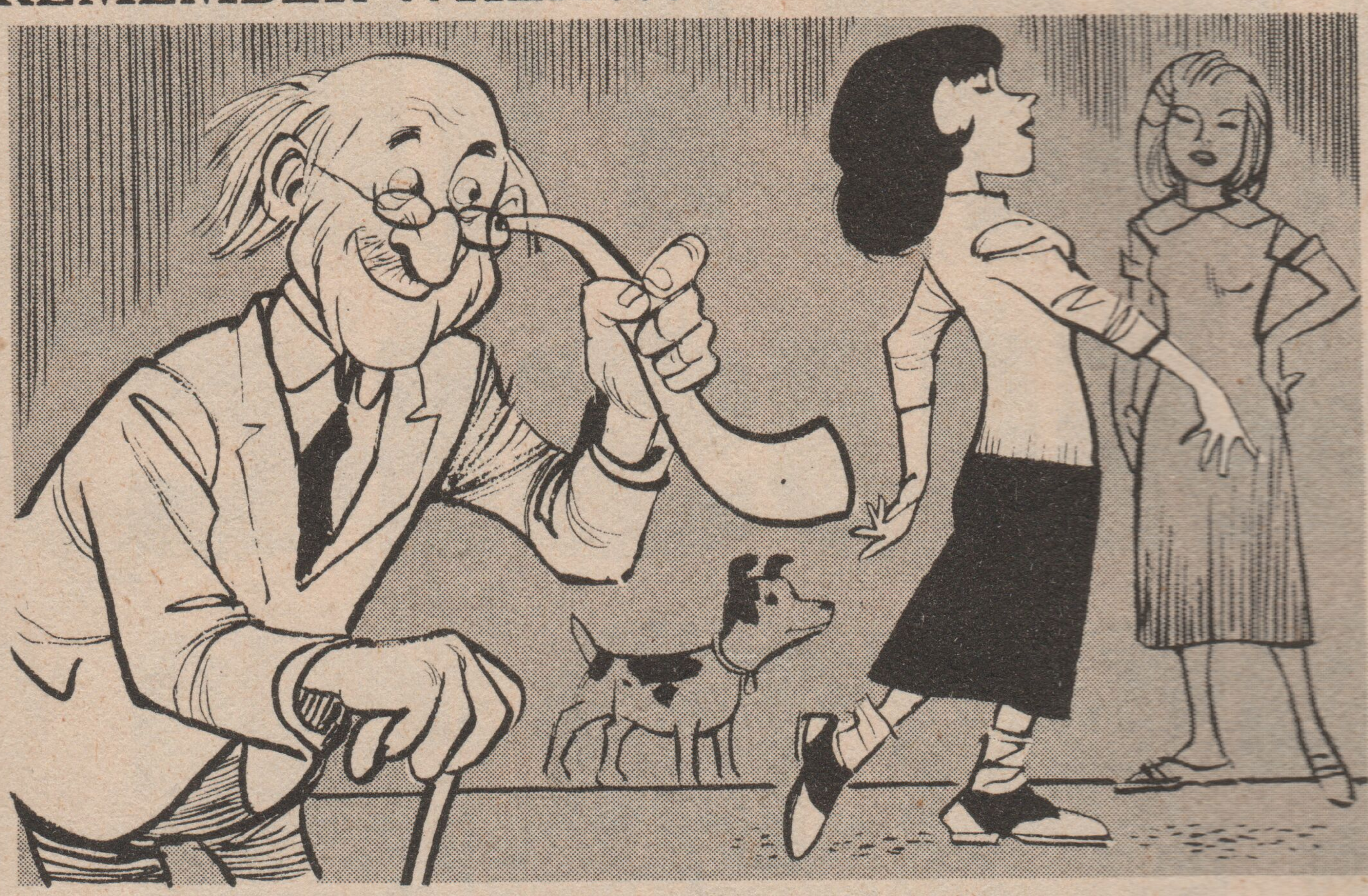
WHO NEEDS COPS

HE OLD DAYS WHEN THINGS WERE A LOT DIFFERENT!

R WHEN...

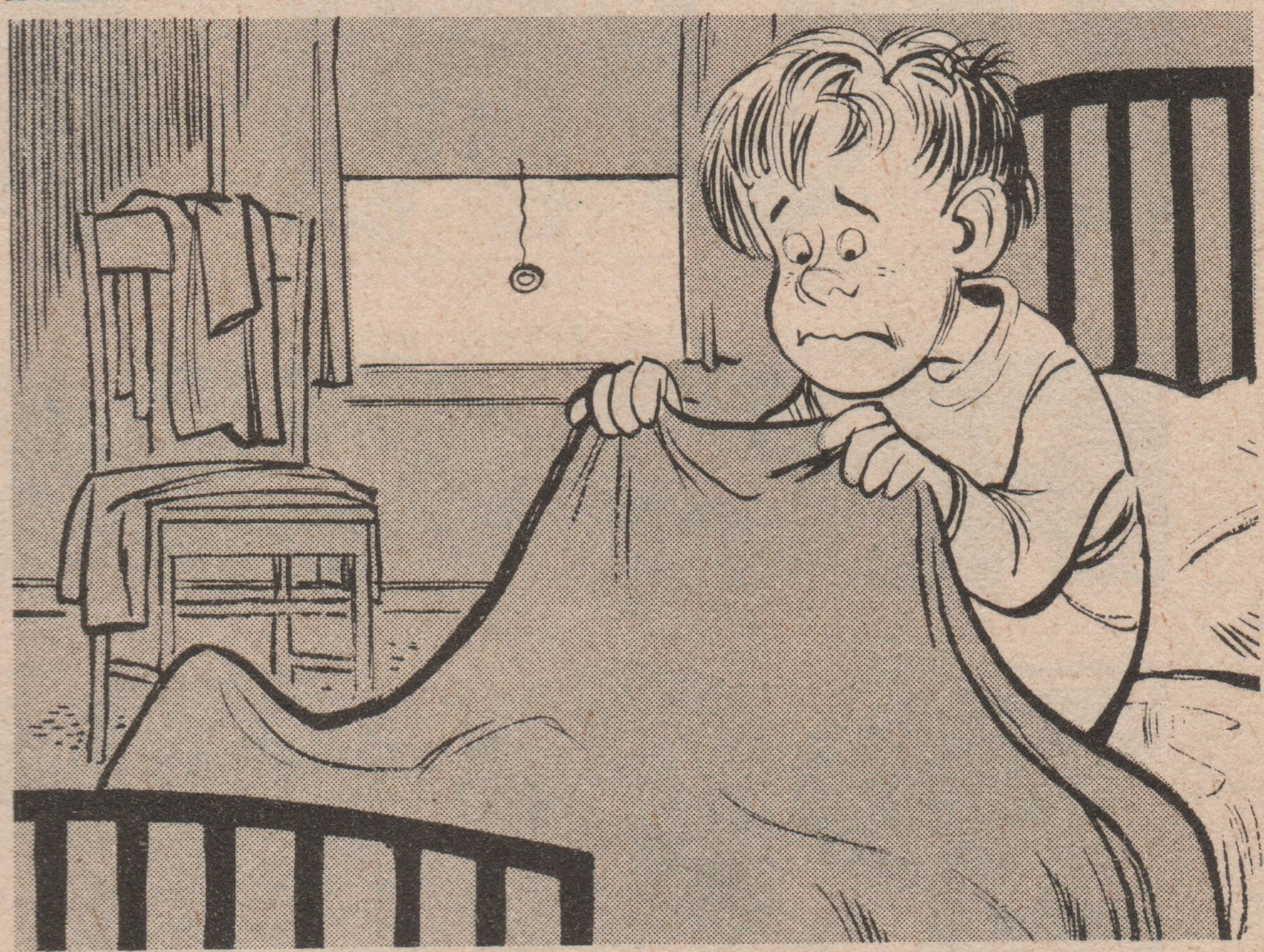
RITER: ARNIE KOGEN

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



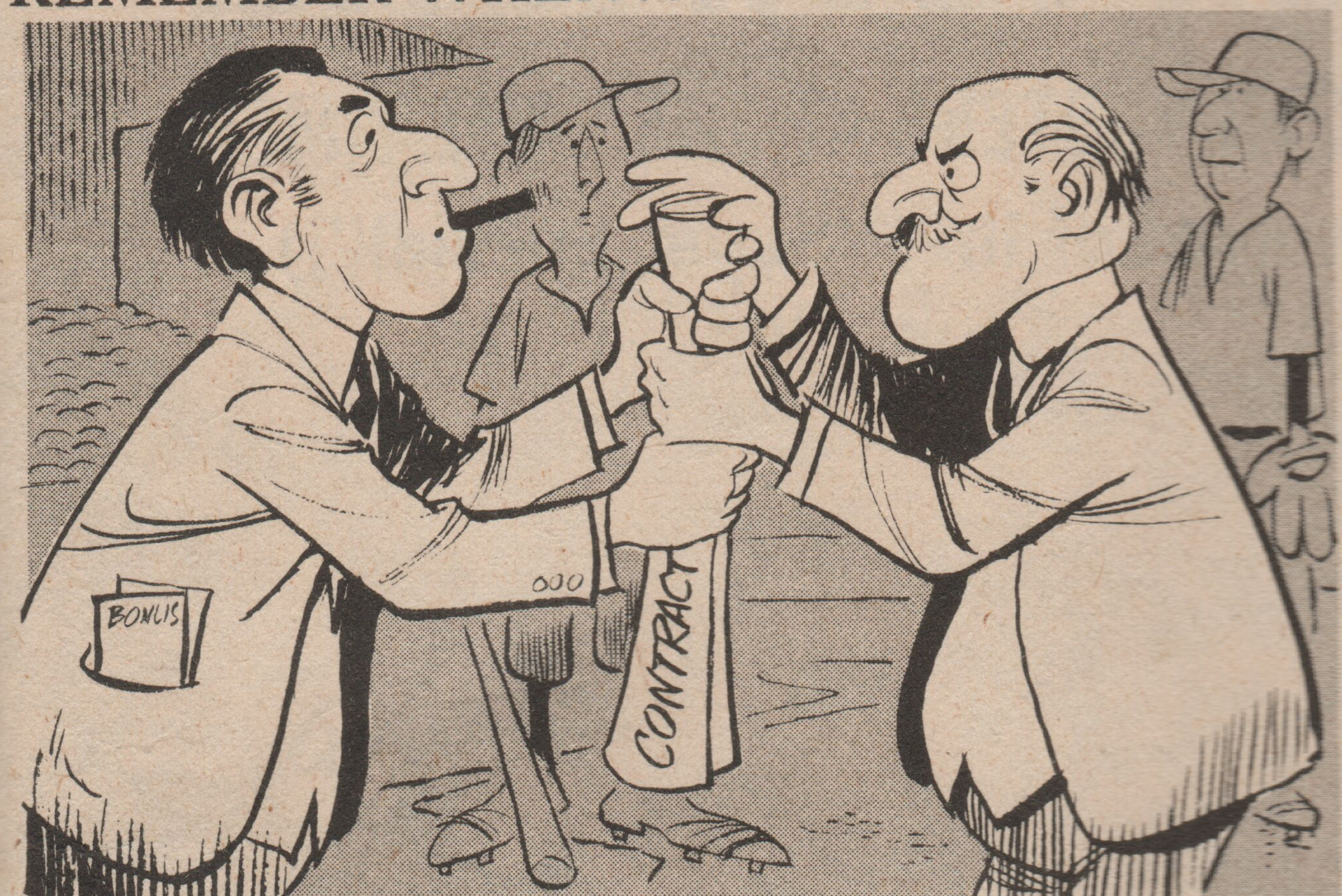
. . . girls wore long skirts? And how, if you wanted to know if a girl was knock-kneed, you had to listen!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



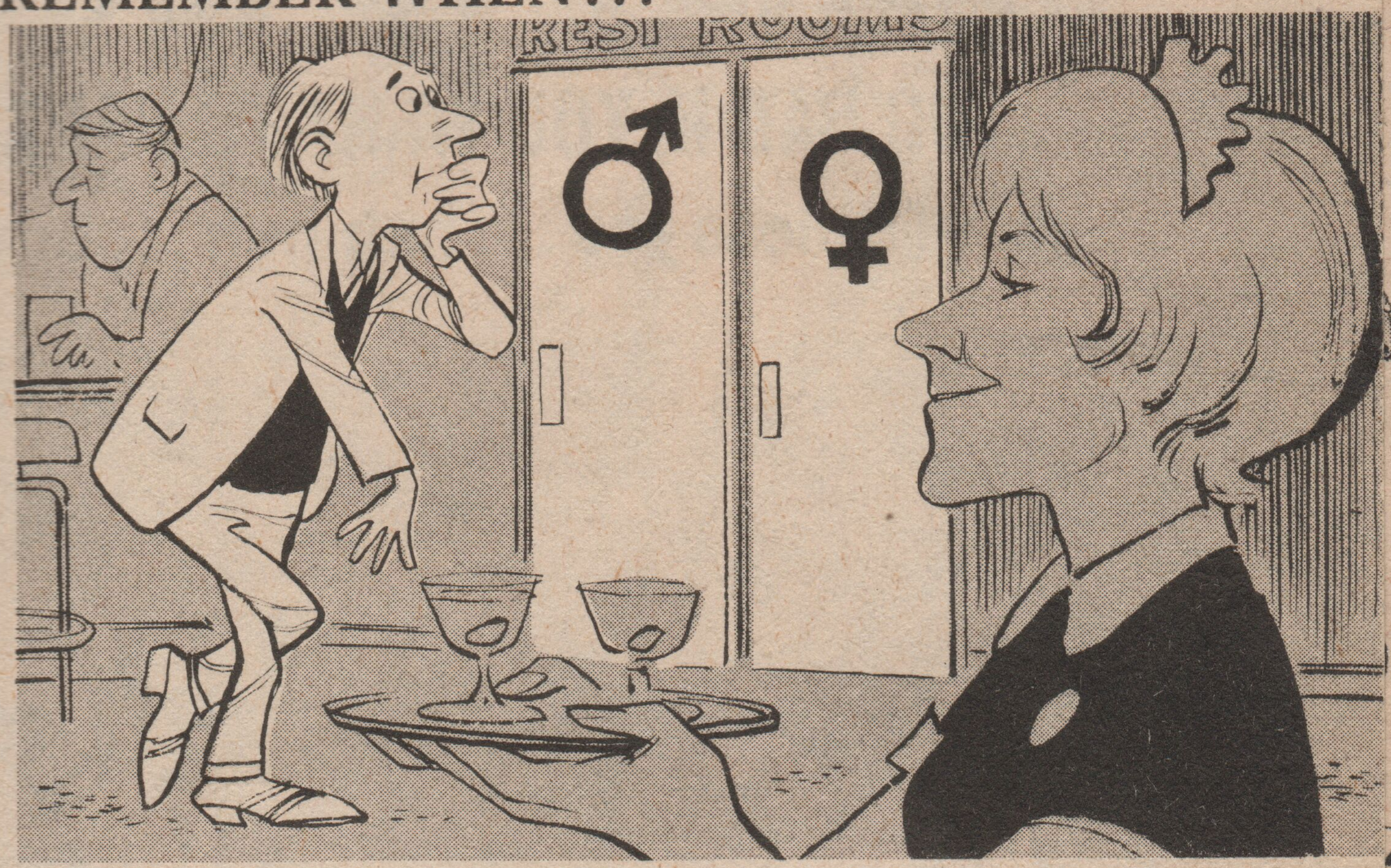
. . . you slept on a "Water Bed"? No . . . not intentionally! You just woke up that way!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



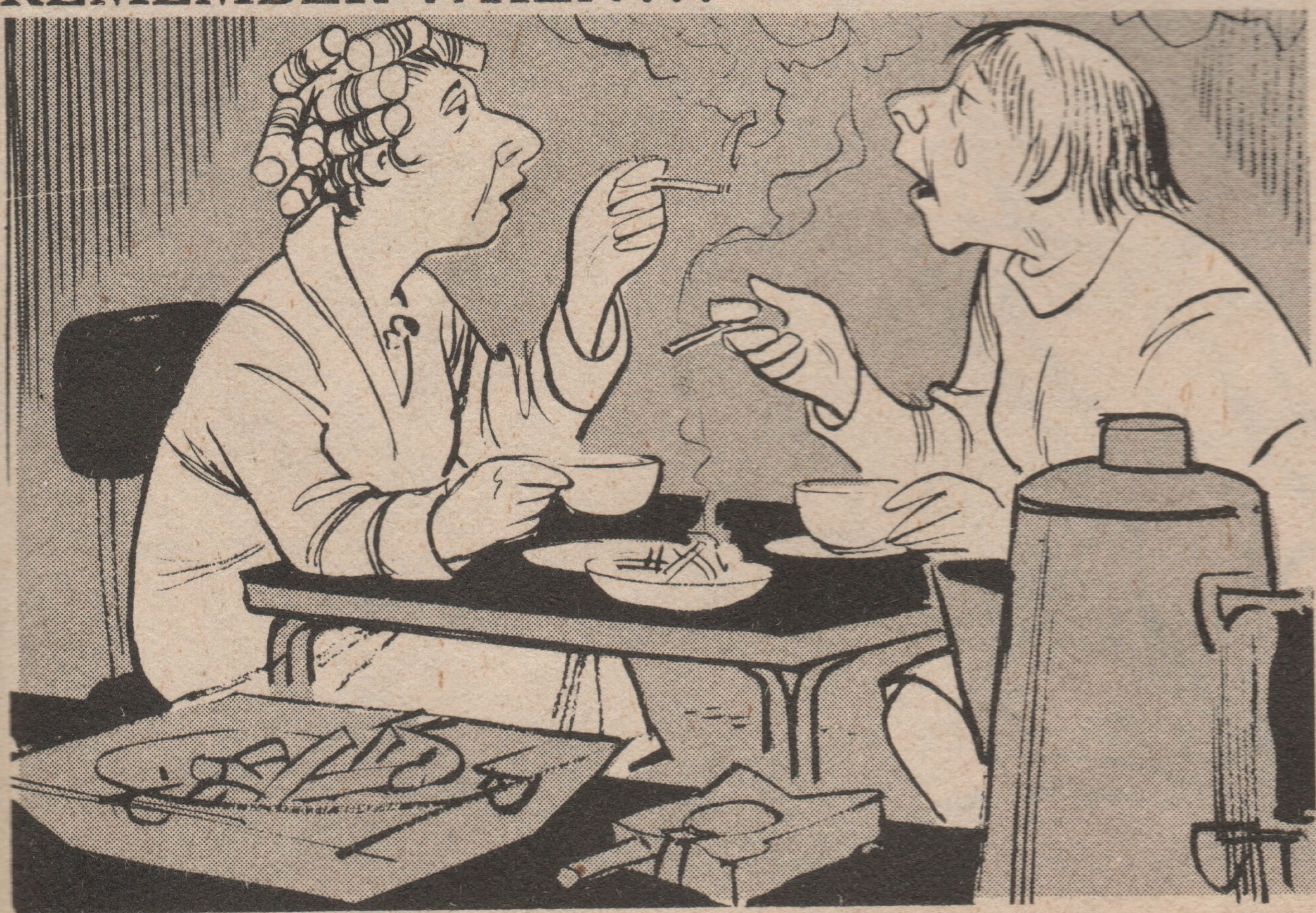
. . . baseball teams used to trade players, not wives!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



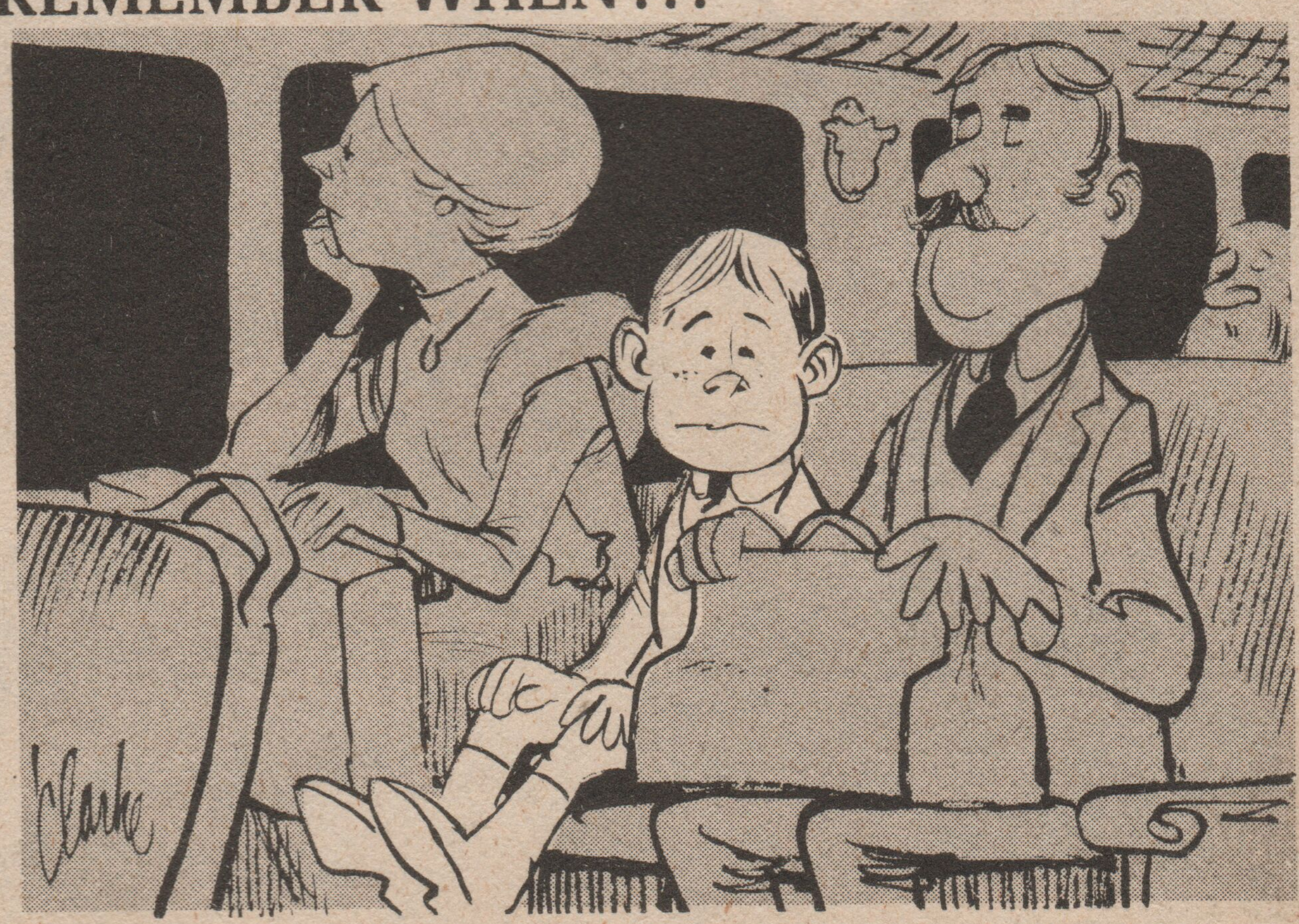
. . . Rest Rooms were simply marked "Men" and "Women"!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



. . . we used to settle our problems over coffee and cigarettes? Now, *those* are our problems!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

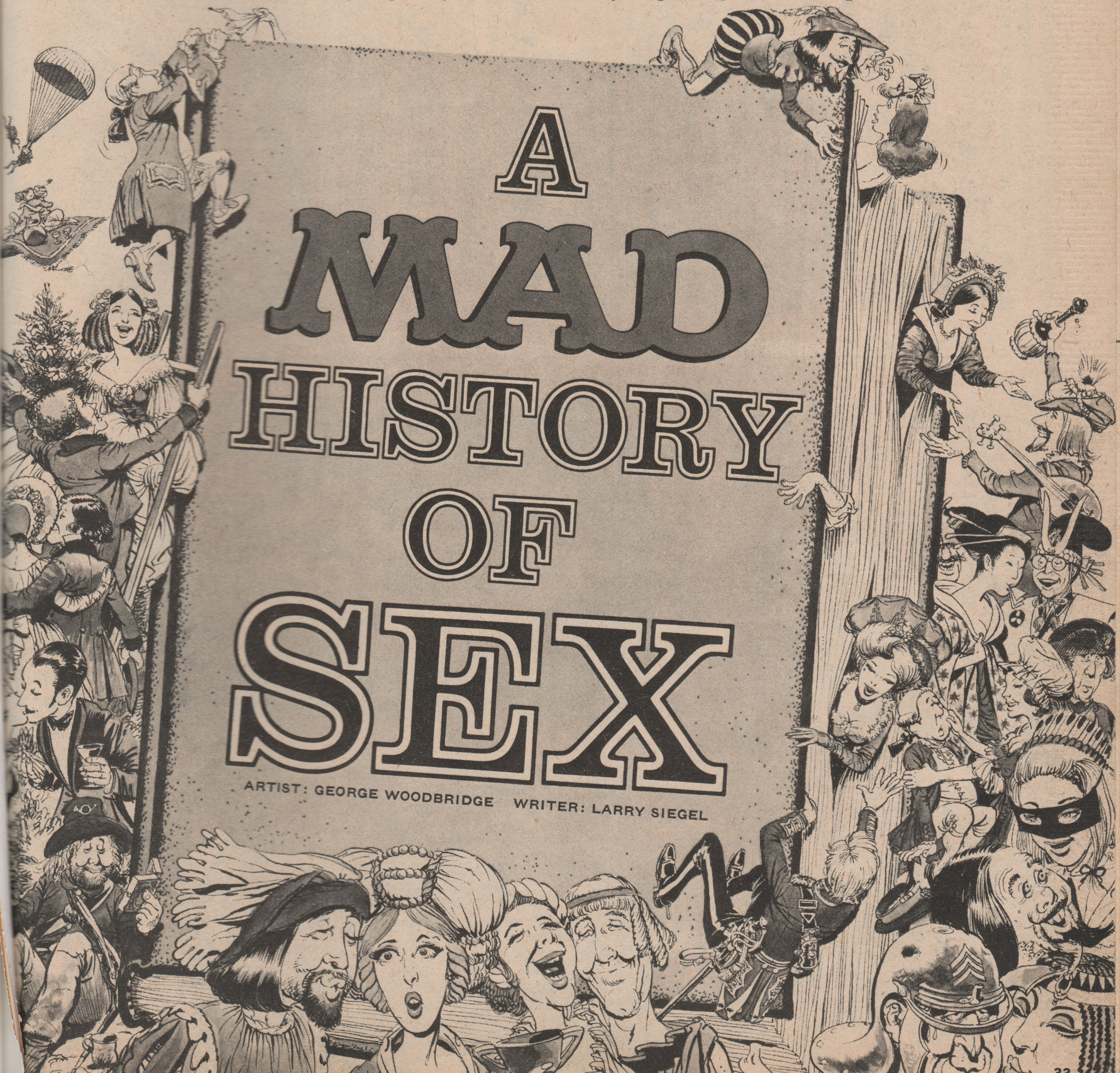


. . . a "bad trip" was an overnight train ride to visit your cousin in Schenectady!

THE BARE FACTS DEPT.

NOWADAYS, more than ever, Mankind seems to be preoccupied with Sex. But we all know that as wonderful as Sex can be, it can also lead to a lot of problems and all kinds of trouble. It is MAD's opinion that the best way to solve these problems and keep people out of trouble is through education. We feel that a good deal more should be written about Sex. We think more people should read about it, and everyone should discuss it more, out in the open. Why do we feel this way? Because the more time people spend writing about Sex, and reading about it, and discussing it, the less time they'll have to *engage in* Sex! And who needs problems?

How did Sex start? What are its mysteries? How did Sexual Attitudes really evolve? How can Sexual Activity affect civilization as we know it today? Frankly we haven't the slightest idea. Then why did we write this article? For a very simple reason. We just want to keep you out of trouble for the next five minutes. (Note: To those of you who are reading this article *while* you engage in Sex, you're in trouble already! And frankly *we* should have your problems!) Anyway we will now explore this intriguing subject from its very beginnings until the present time in



A MAD HISTORY OF SEX

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1—HOW SEX BEGAN

IN THE beginning, after He created heaven and earth and the seas and the mountains and the animals, God created man in His own image, and he named him Adam.

Adam enjoyed himself for a while running around the Garden of Eden. But one day he became lonely. "God," he said, "there must be more to life than chasing frogs and chewing on rocks. I need a companion."

"A companion?" said God. "You got it."

And so from one of Adam's ribs God created a companion for him. "Do you know who this is?" asked God.

"Let me guess," said Adam. "You made the world's first spare rib."

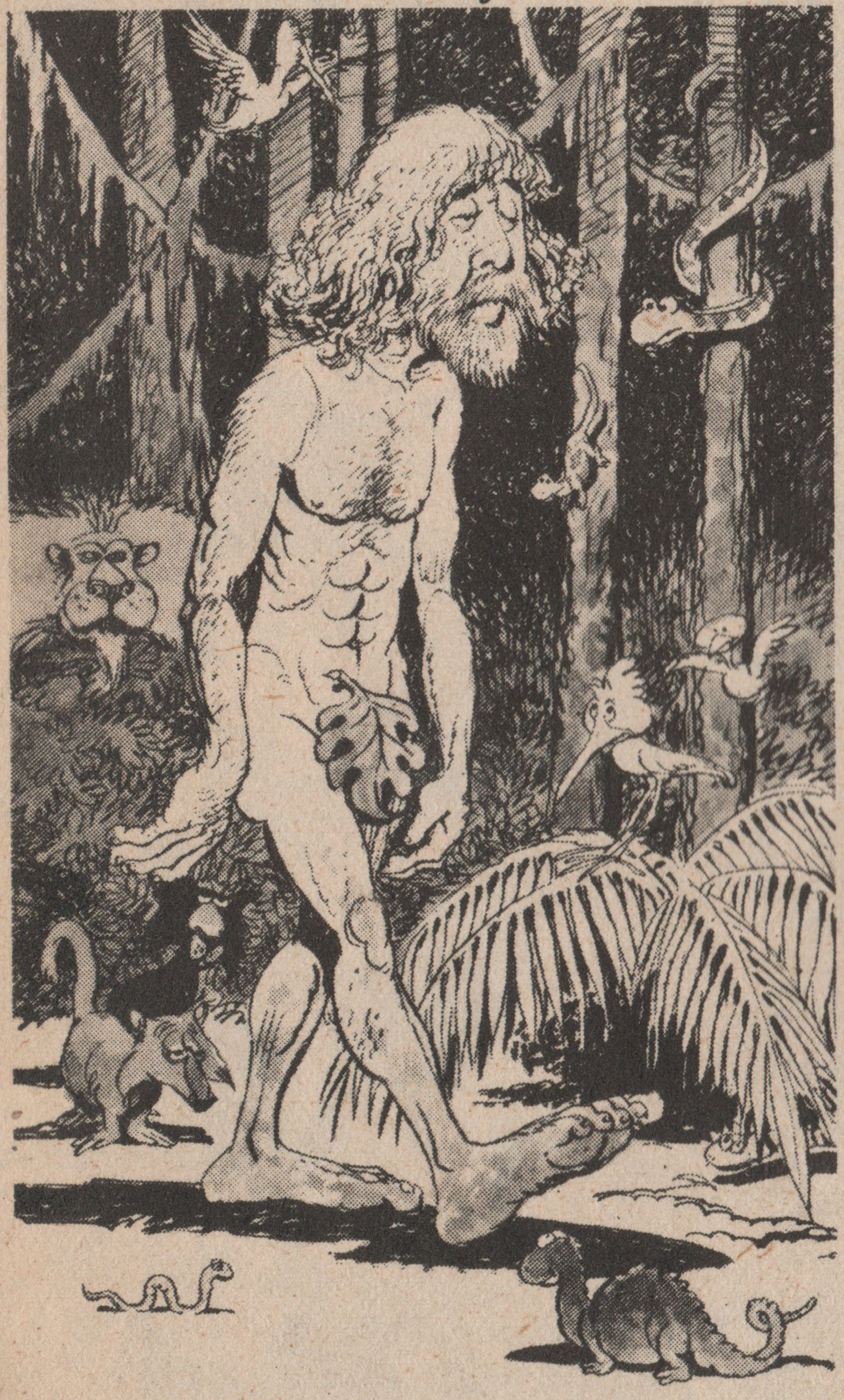
God gave him a rim shot and then said, "No, dummy, this is a woman. I'll call her Bernice. Adam and Bernice. How does that sound?"

"A little too Jewish, I think," said Adam.

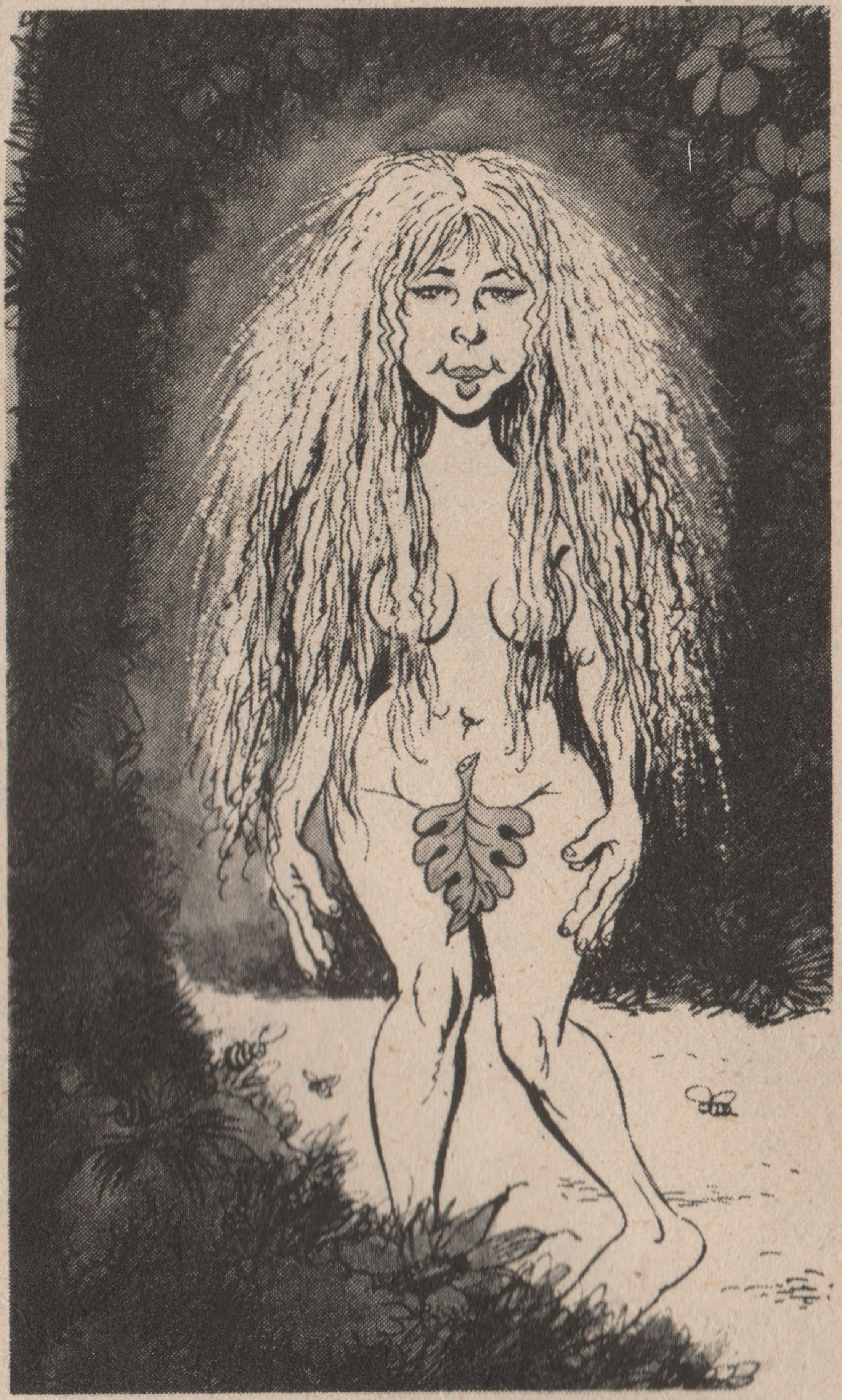
"At this point," said God, "who cares?"

But to avoid an argument, God named the first woman Eve.

"Now," said God, "I am going to leave you two alone and I want you to do what comes naturally."



This is Adam, whom God created in His own image. Actually God looked much better in person, but He didn't own a good mirror.



This is Eve, who was created from Adam's rib. This gave him an awful pain in the side. Later she gave him an awful pain in the neck, but that's another tale.

The following morning God said to Adam, "Well, what happened last night?"

"What do you expect to happen," said Adam smugly, "when a normal, healthy man and woman run through a forest naked?"

"You mean . . . ?" said God.

"Right," said Adam. "We chased frogs and we chewed on rocks. But we did it *together.*"

"Hold it, Adam," said God, "there are a few things you don't understand." And then God told Adam about the birds and the bees.

The next morning God once again asked Adam how things went the previous night.

"Thanks to you, fantastic!" said Adam.

God smiled. "Tell me about it."

"Well, said Adam, "the moon was out, it was a beautiful night. We sat down on the grass and then . . ."

"And then what?," asked God with great anticipation.

"We chased birds and chewed on bees," said Adam proudly.

"Look," said God patiently, "Man needs love, devotion. Something to occupy his every waking hour. I am now going to create something to give you fulfillment, something you must have to make life worth living."

"Hey, Eve!" cried Adam, all excited. "Did you hear that? God is going to invent Television!"

But instead God invented Sex, the most wonderful, most exciting, most gratifying thing the world was to know. And Sex grew and it blossomed and it flourished. And it was the all-consuming passion of humanity. Until 1948 when Television took over.

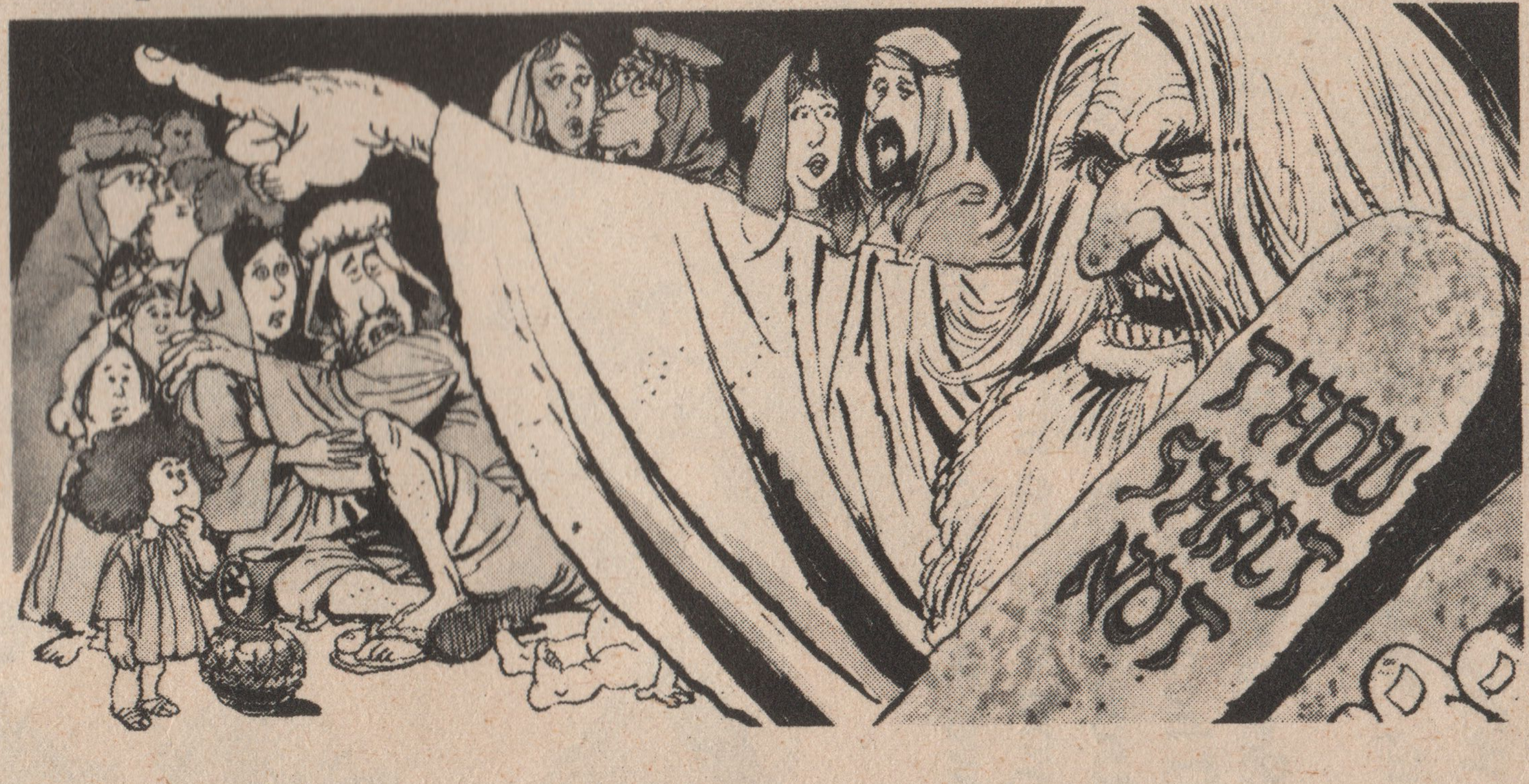
CHAPTER 2—SEX DURING THE STONE AGE

(See Chapter 36–

HOW TO AROUSE A 25-YEAR-OLD SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE)

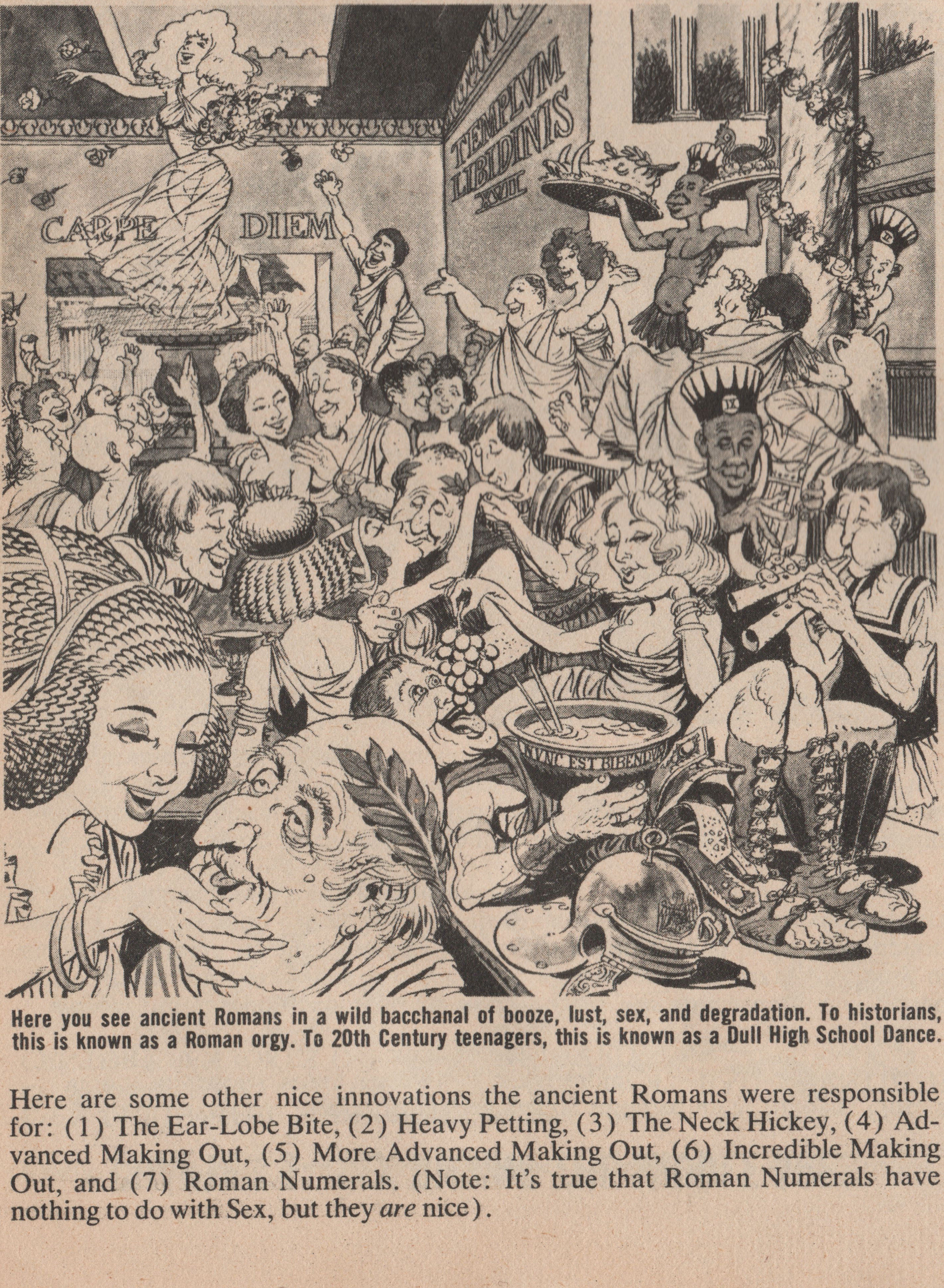
CHAPTER 3—SEX IN THE HOLY LAND

AFTER THE DAYS of Adam and Eve, Sex became very popular all over the Holy Land and as a result of it, babies were born and the world grew. People were very happy with this new phenomenon. It was something both rich and poor could participate in, it was fun, it was easy to do, and everyone more or less understood how and why it worked the way it did. And then, one day, some Prophet came down off a mountain with a couple of stone tablets, and ruined the whole thing.



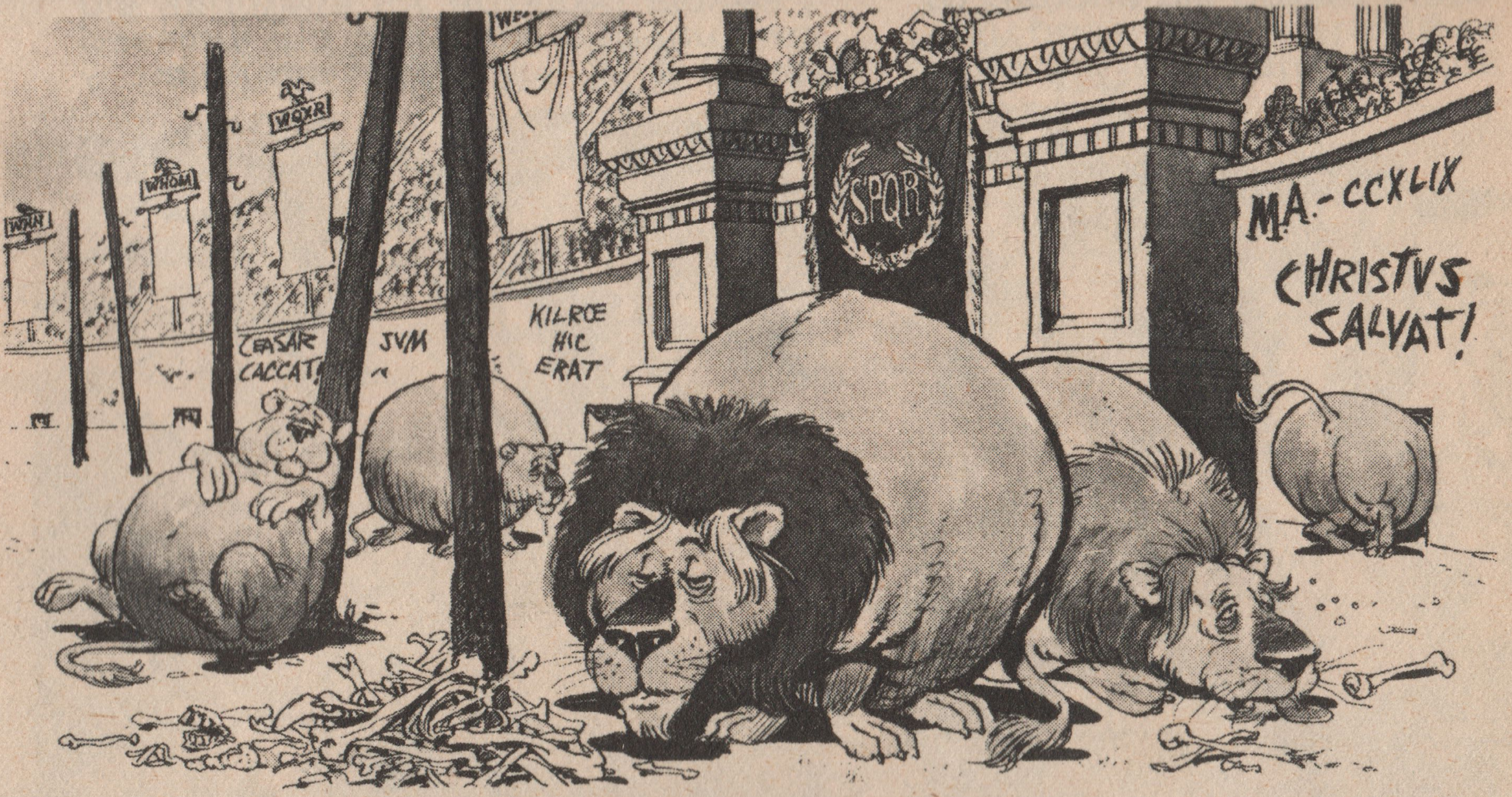
CHAPTER 4—SEX IN ANCIENT ROME

IF SEX had a temporary setback in the Holy Land, no such problems existed in ancient Rome. Not only did they have a field day there, but the Romans brought many innovations to the practice, chief of which was Group Sex. This phenomenon was carried on into the present day and is discussed more fully in Chapter 31–TWENTIETH CENTURY FUN AND GAMES.

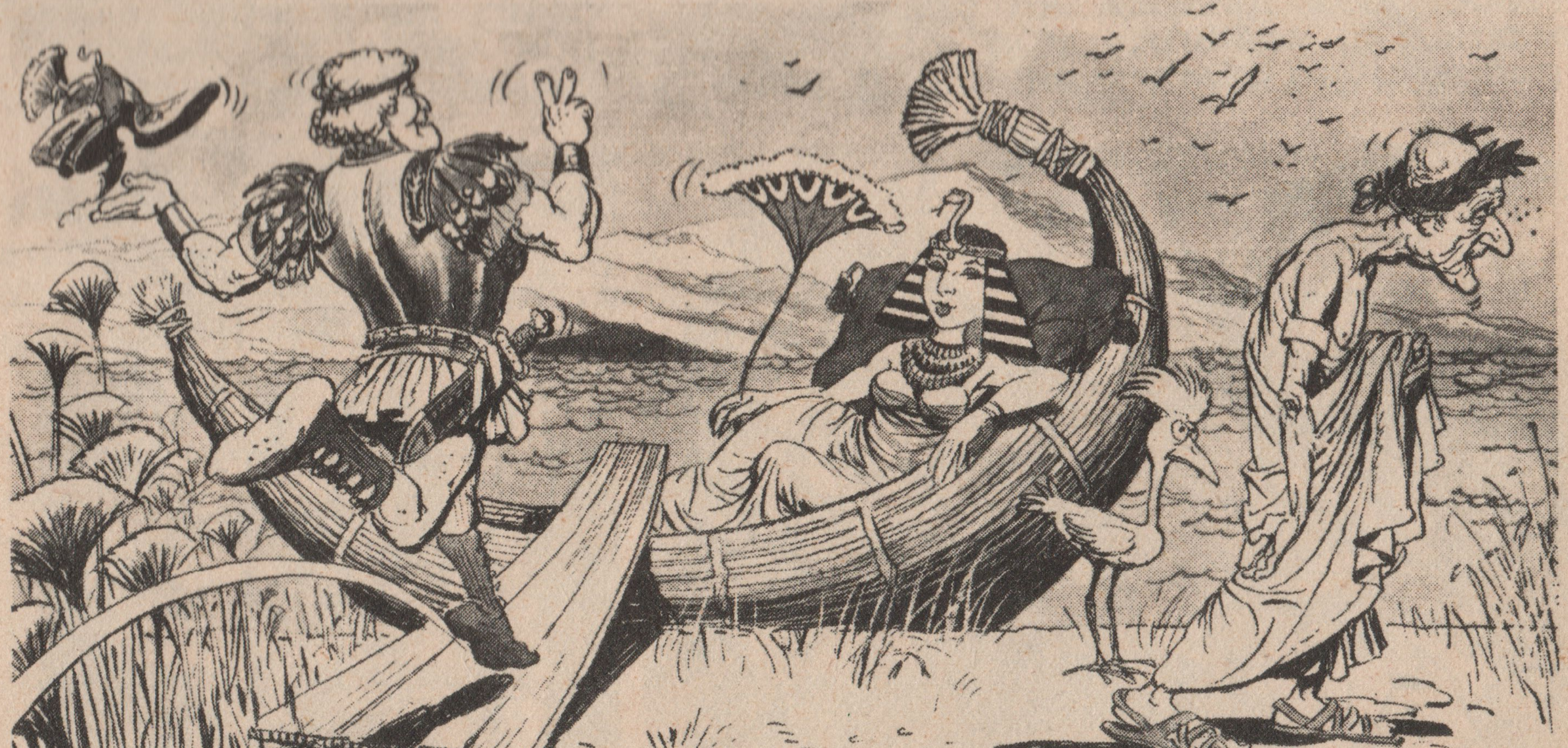


Here you see ancient Romans in a wild bacchanal of booze, lust, sex, and degradation. To historians, this is known as a Roman orgy. To 20th Century teenagers, this is known as a Dull High School Dance.

Here are some other nice innovations the ancient Romans were responsible for: (1) The Ear-Lobe Bite, (2) Heavy Petting, (3) The Neck Hickey, (4) Advanced Making Out, (5) More Advanced Making Out, (6) Incredible Making Out, and (7) Roman Numerals. (Note: It's true that Roman Numerals have nothing to do with Sex, but they *are* nice).



In addition the Romans created the world's first Birth Control Device. It was known as "Throwing Christians to the Lions." But while this device worked wonders in cutting down the Christian population, it did occasionally cause troublesome side effects. Namely, very fat lions.



One of the most famous figures in ancient Rome was Julius Caesar, who practiced Sex with an Egyptian beauty named Cleopatra. She later met Caesar's best friend, Marc Antony, and she practiced Sex with him too. There was so much practicing you'd figure that sooner or later they'd get it right. And they did. Anyway it all finally wound up with Antony and Cleopatra taking a boat ride down the Nile. Since this is a frank, open, no-punches-pulled article on Sex, exactly what happened between Antony and Cleopatra on the boat ride, you may ask.

Don't ask!

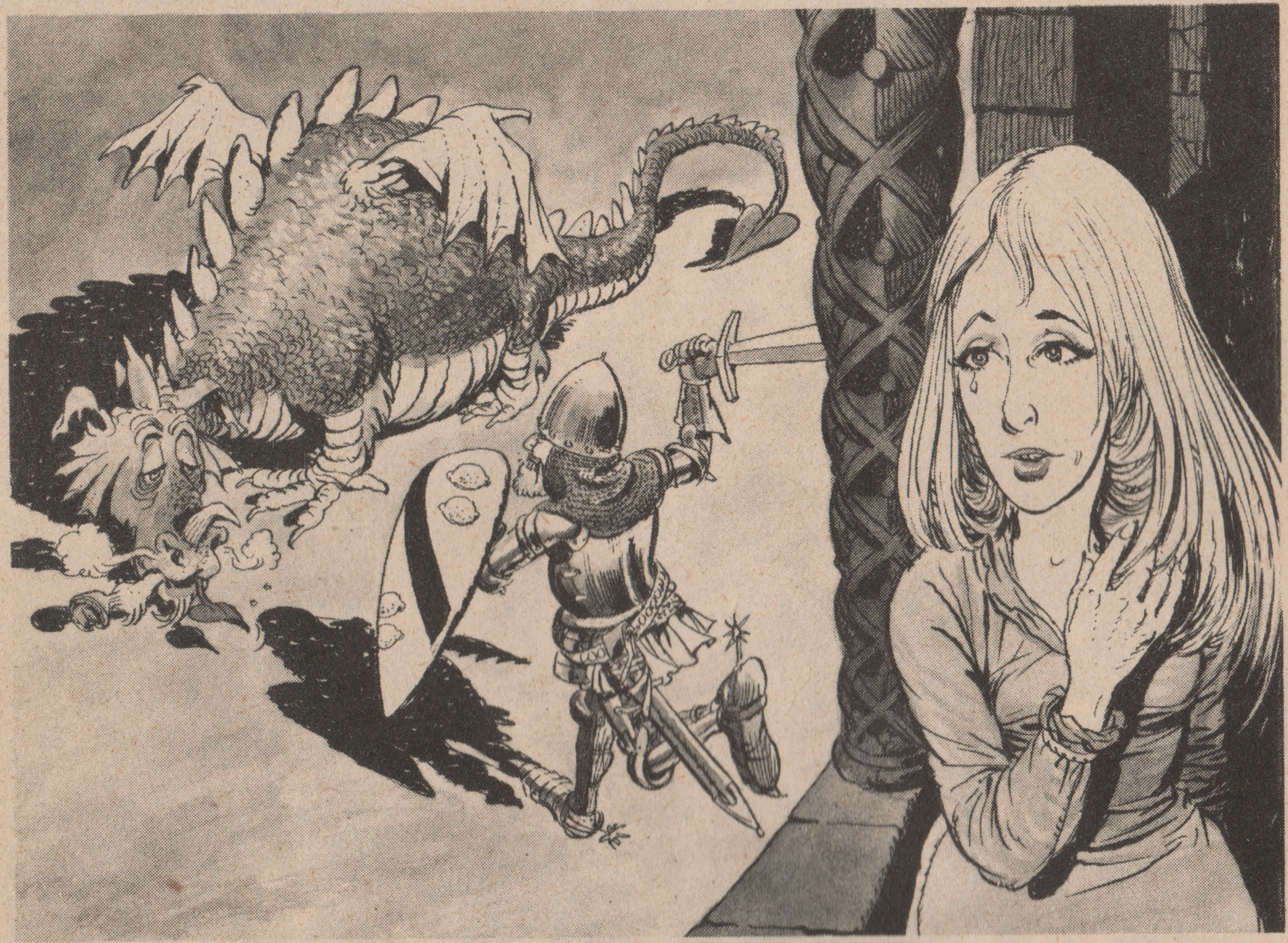
Caesar eventually went on to become a famous statesman, Antony went on to become a great general, and Cleopatra went on to become a rotten movie.

CHAPTER 5—SEX DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

SEX DURING THE MIDDLE AGES can be summed up as follows: Once a month and don't strain yourself. (See Chapter 42–BAD TWENTIETH CENTURY SEX JOKES. Or better yet, don't see it!)

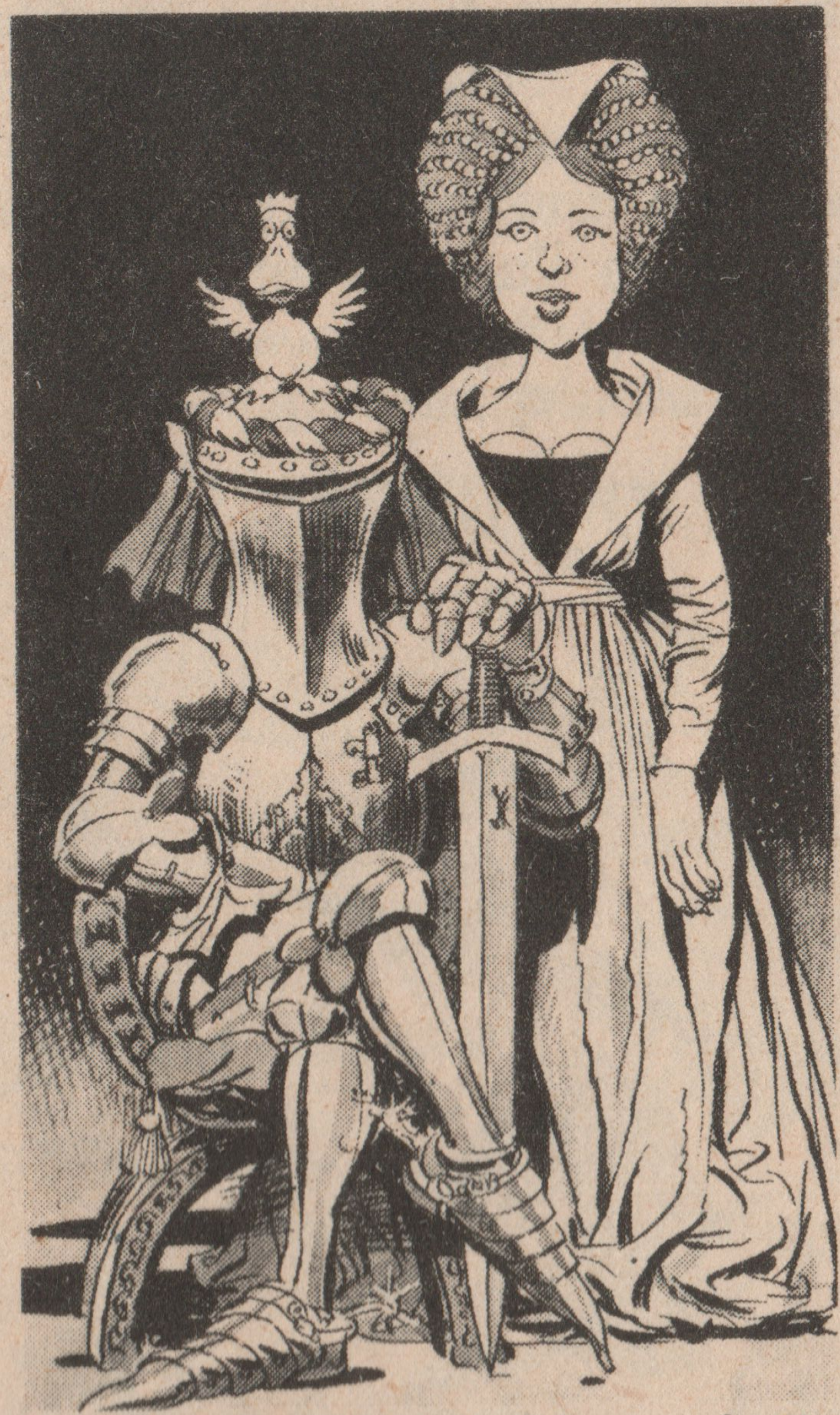
But seriously, fellow scholars, the Middle Ages was an extraordinary period in the history of Sex. Gone was the wild, sick, degrading Sexual Activity of ancient Rome. In its place were gallant knights who treated ladies with honor, respect, and devotion. There is a name for this era: The Age of Chivalry. There is another name for it: The Age of Boredom.

Sex in the Middle Ages was a beautiful experience that was both uplifting and poetic. On their wedding night, the knight would take the lady in his arms, whisper softly in her ear, gently hold her closer, kiss her tenderly, and then in a fit of extreme passion, he would run out and kill a dragon.

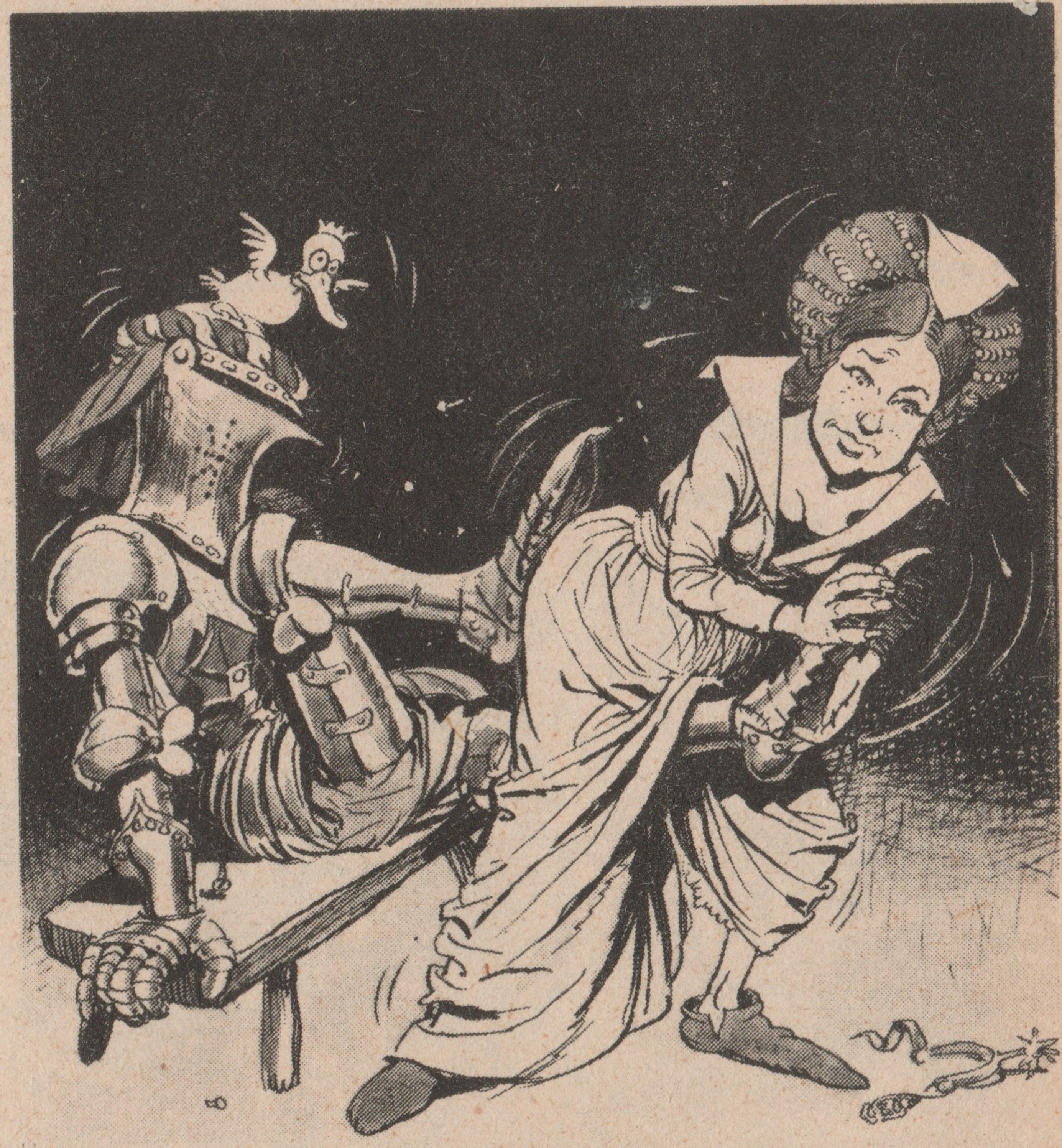


But being very proper people, the Establishment in the Middle Ages frowned on Pre-marital Sex, and unmarried knights seldom went all the way. So usually in the case of engaged couples, the knight would go out and merely *wound* a dragon. And of course in the case of inexperienced teenagers who were just getting their feet wet in Sex, the young knight would go out and yell at a dragon. History tells us, however, that not all knights found pleasure in slaying dragons. To them, destroying a poor, ugly beast was cruel and offered no sexual gratification. So they elevated Sex to its highest level in the Middle Ages. They went on crusades and killed thousands of heathens and other people. But more about religion later.

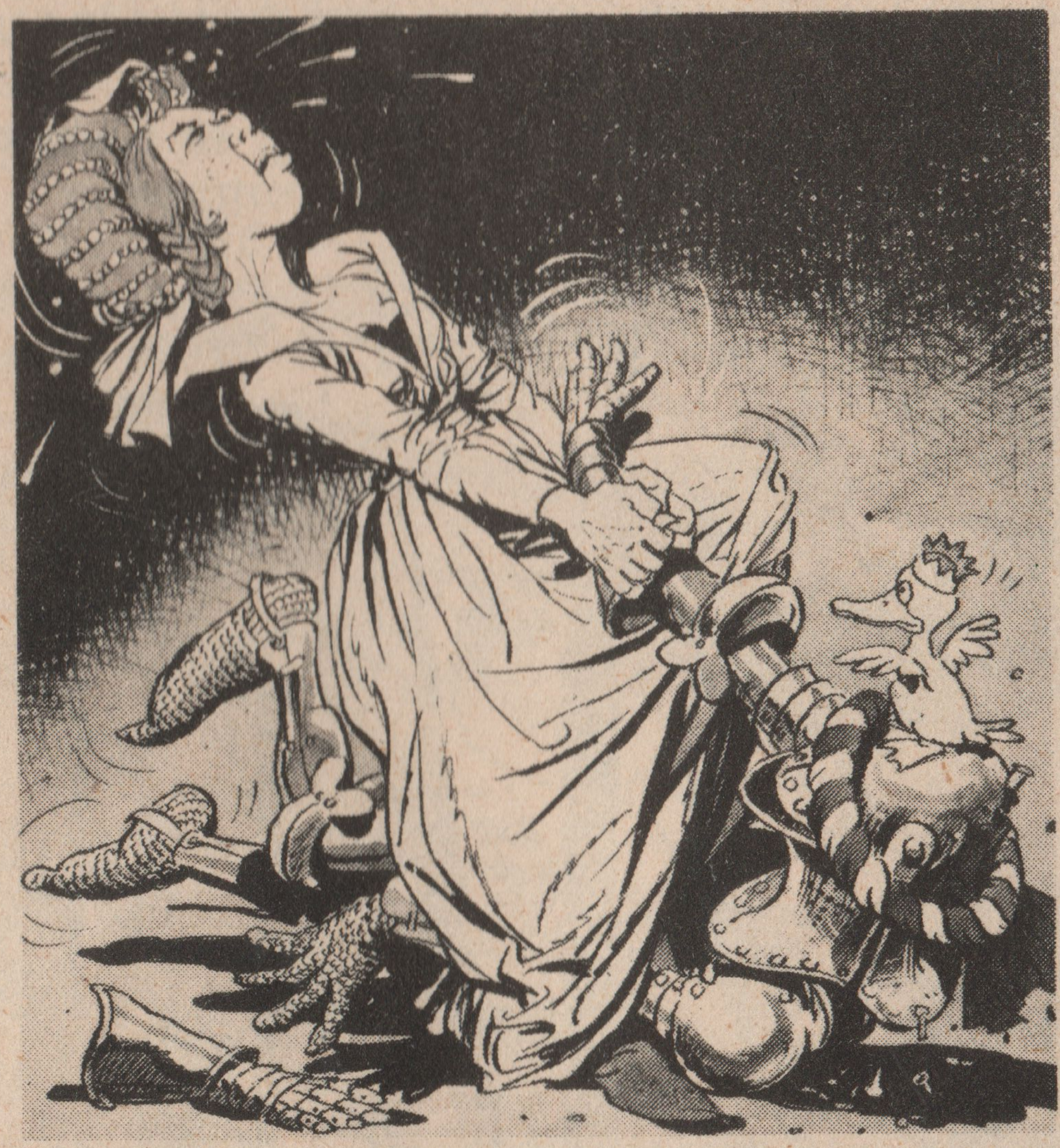
Toward the latter part of the period some men and women began to take an interest in the traditional approach to Sex, often with unexpected results. Illustrated below is the history of one such case.



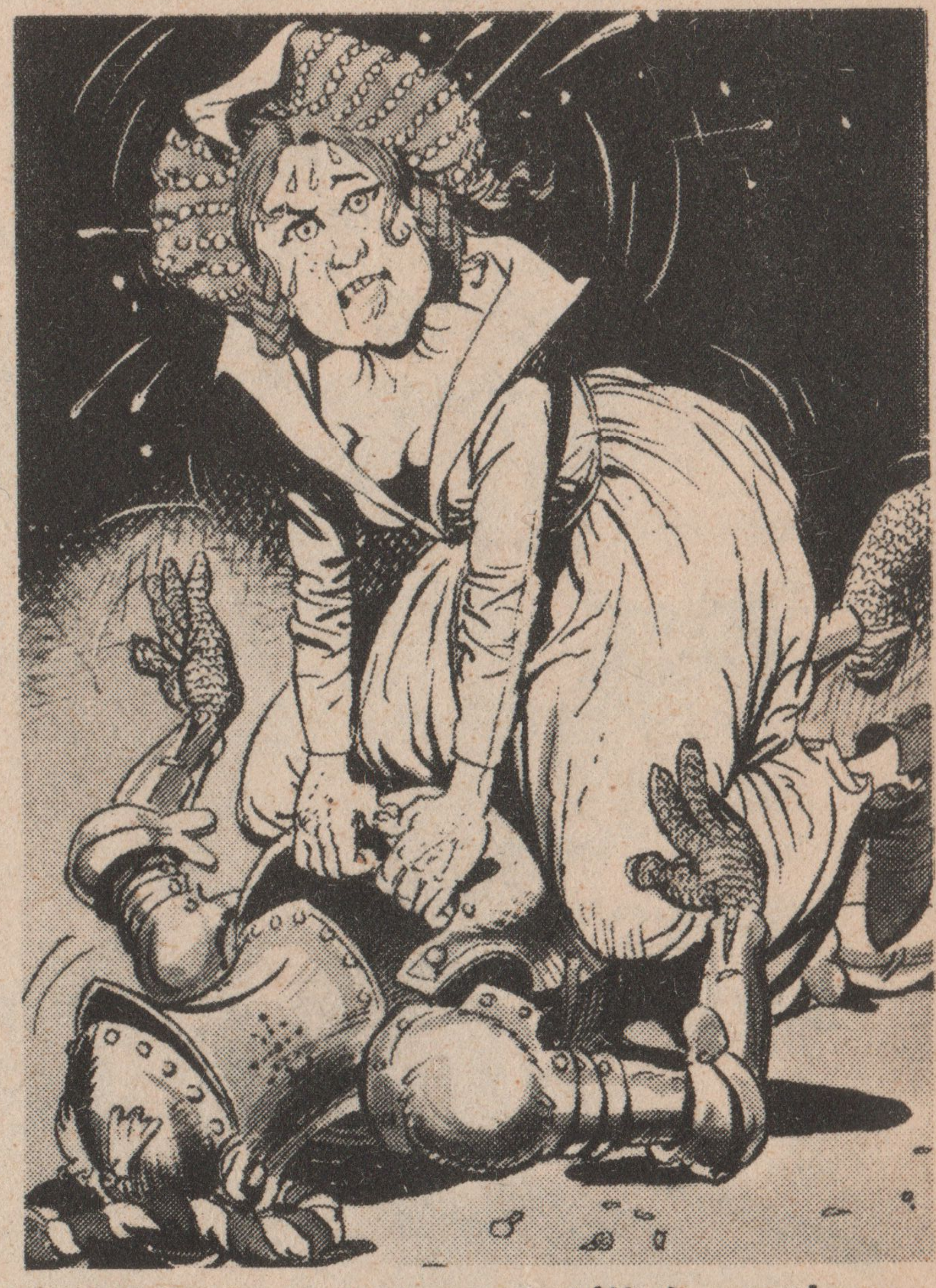
This is a young married couple, Sir Monty and his bride, Lady Celia.



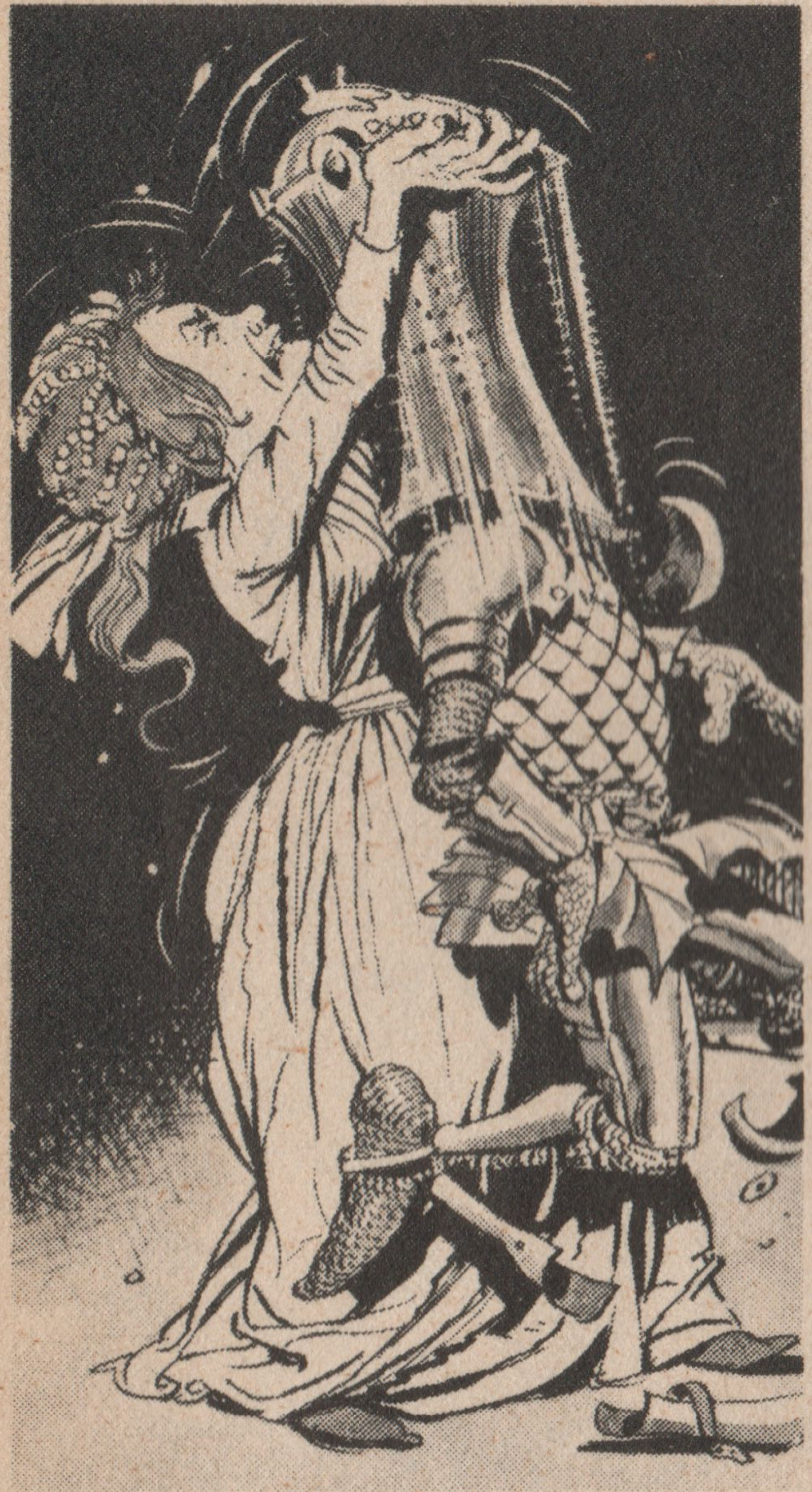
Anxious to make out with her husband, Lady Celia first struggles to remove his sollerets (or wrought iron shoes).



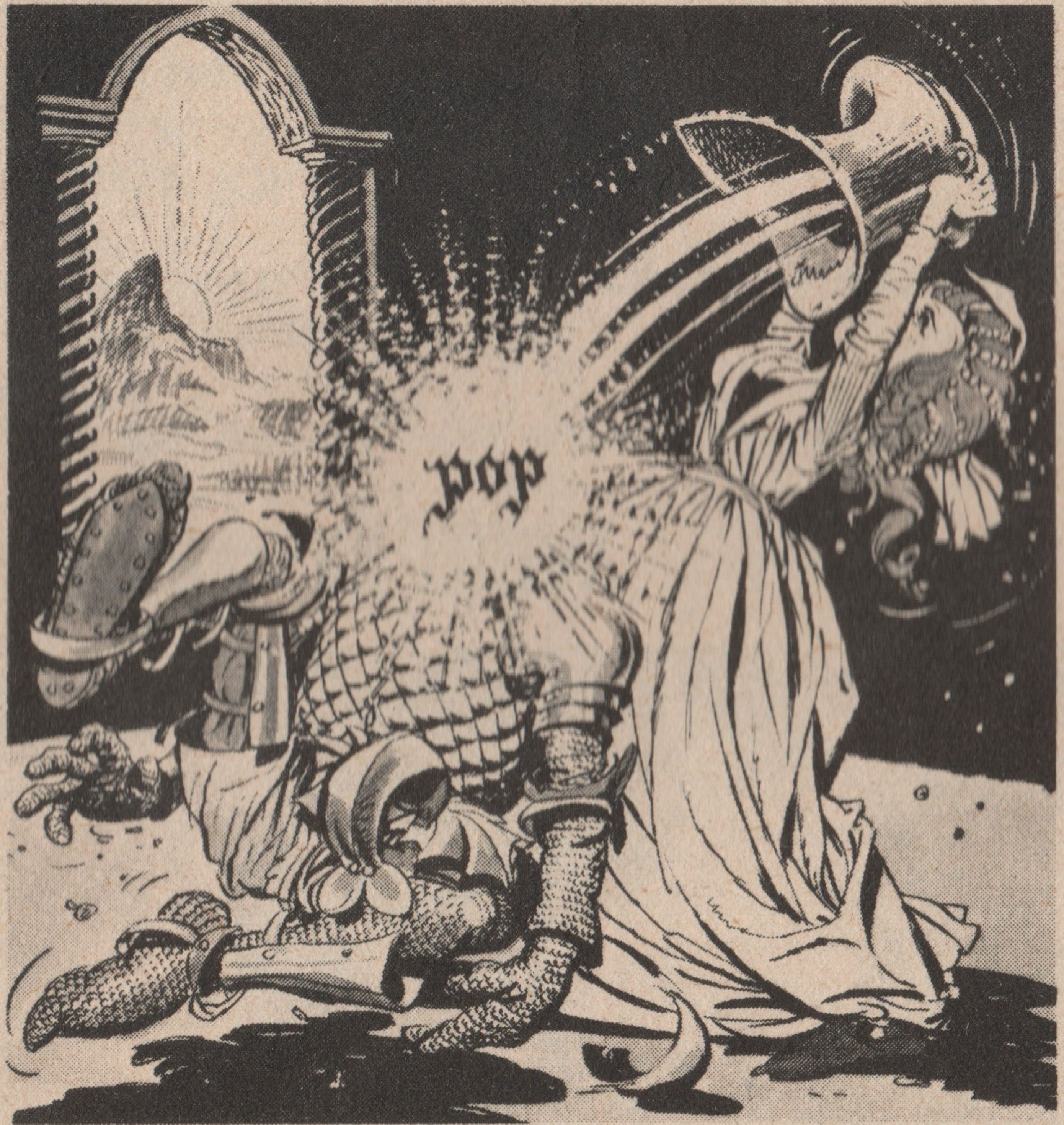
A half hour later, still in a great passion, the lady strains to remove his gauntlets (or armored gloves.)



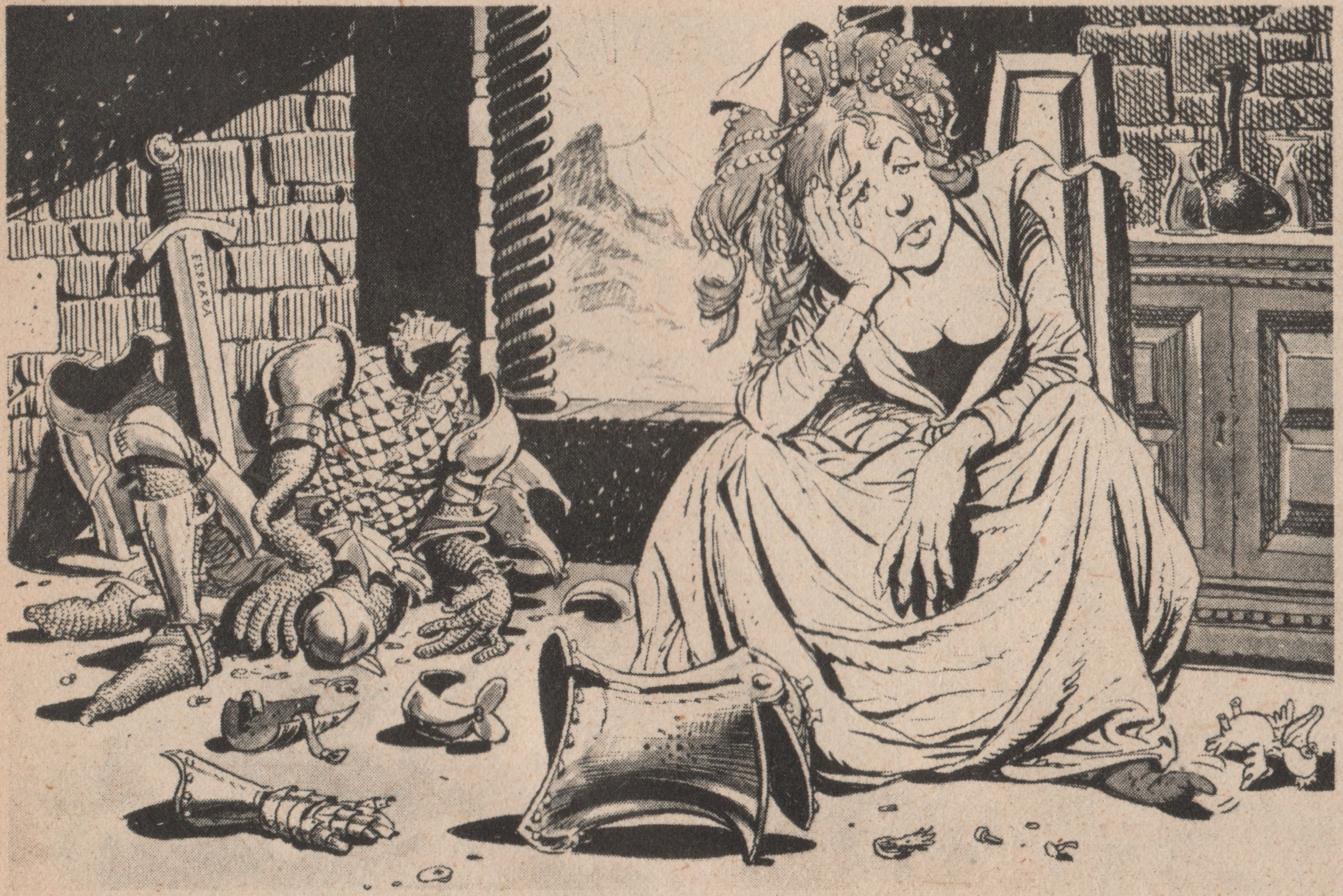
An hour later, still burning with passion, she struggles to remove his breast plate.



Three hours later, her passion undiminished, the lady struggles to remove his helmet, etc.



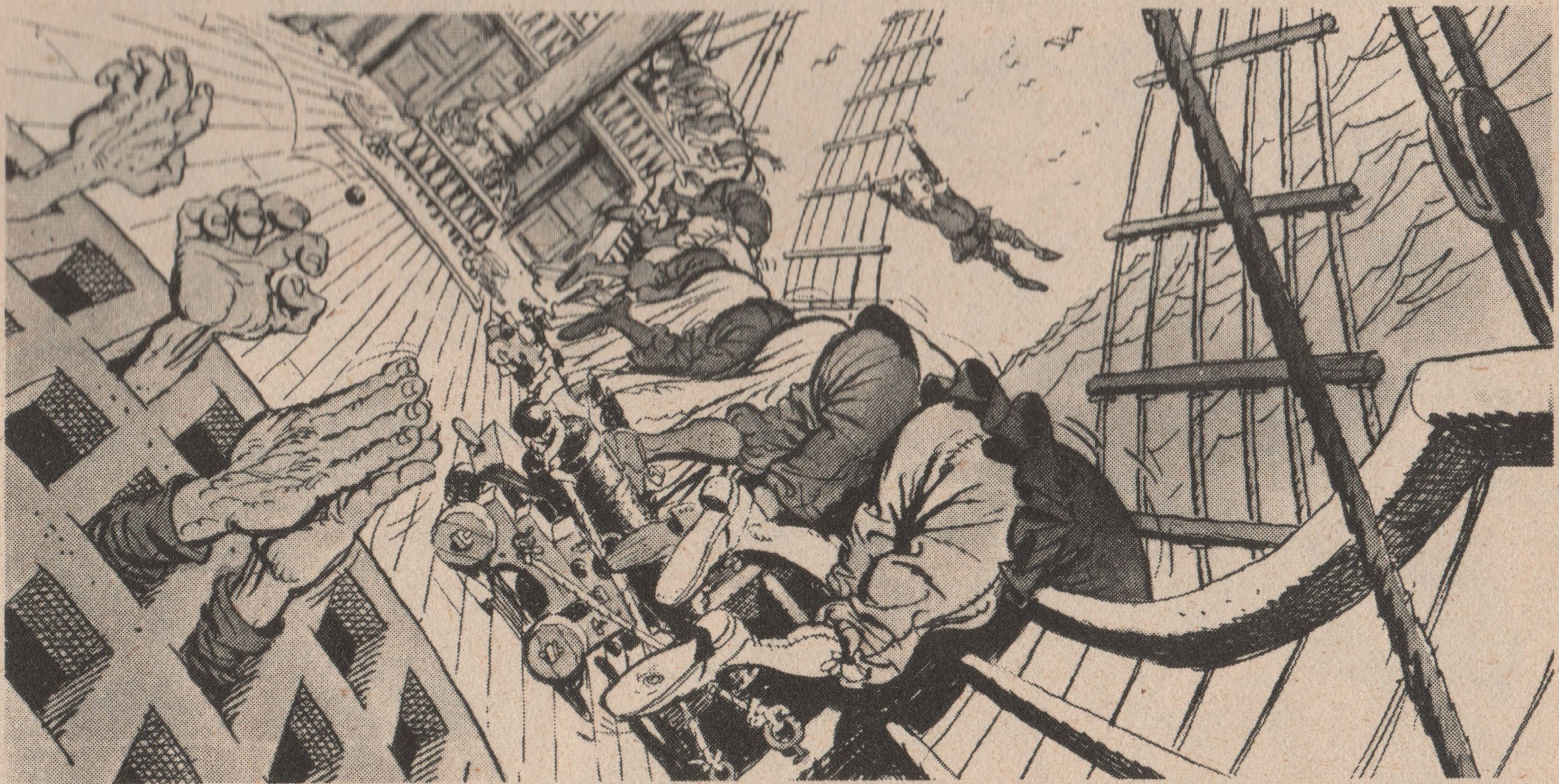
The next morning, still fighting to take off his helmet and visor, her passion at a fever pitch, she makes one valiant tug, and then makes an important discovery . . .



Namely, for the past 5 years she has been married to a suit of armor.

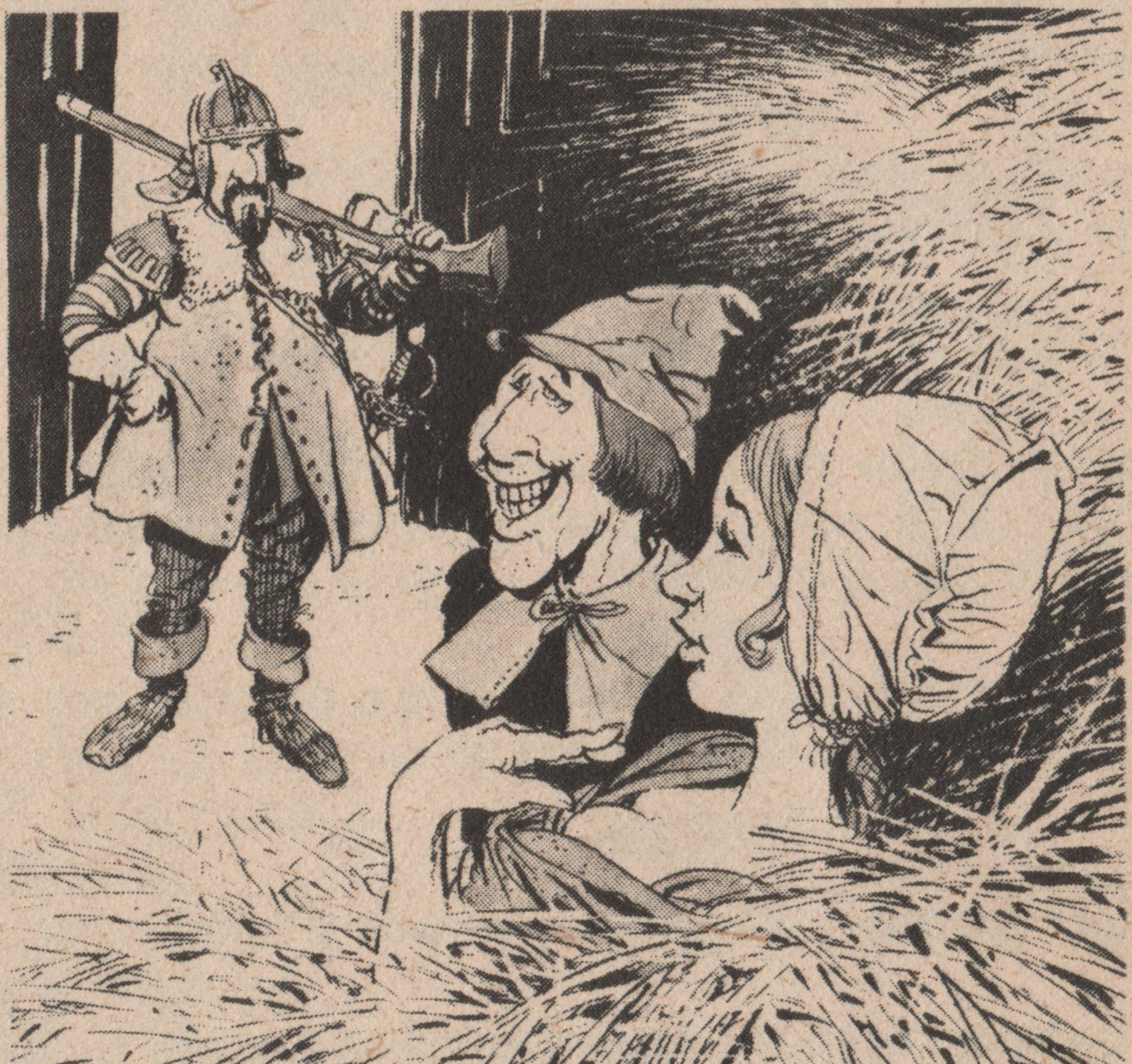
CHAPTER 6—SEX IN THE NEW WORLD

IN THE 17th CENTURY a group of devout Pilgrims, who were persecuted because of their religion, set sail aboard the Mayflower for the New World and religious freedom. It was a very rough crossing, and the Pilgrims found engaging in Sex on the boat to be a harrowing experience. Many of them threw up continuously and were sick for weeks. But since this was the way they also reacted to Sex on *land*, it was no big problem for them.

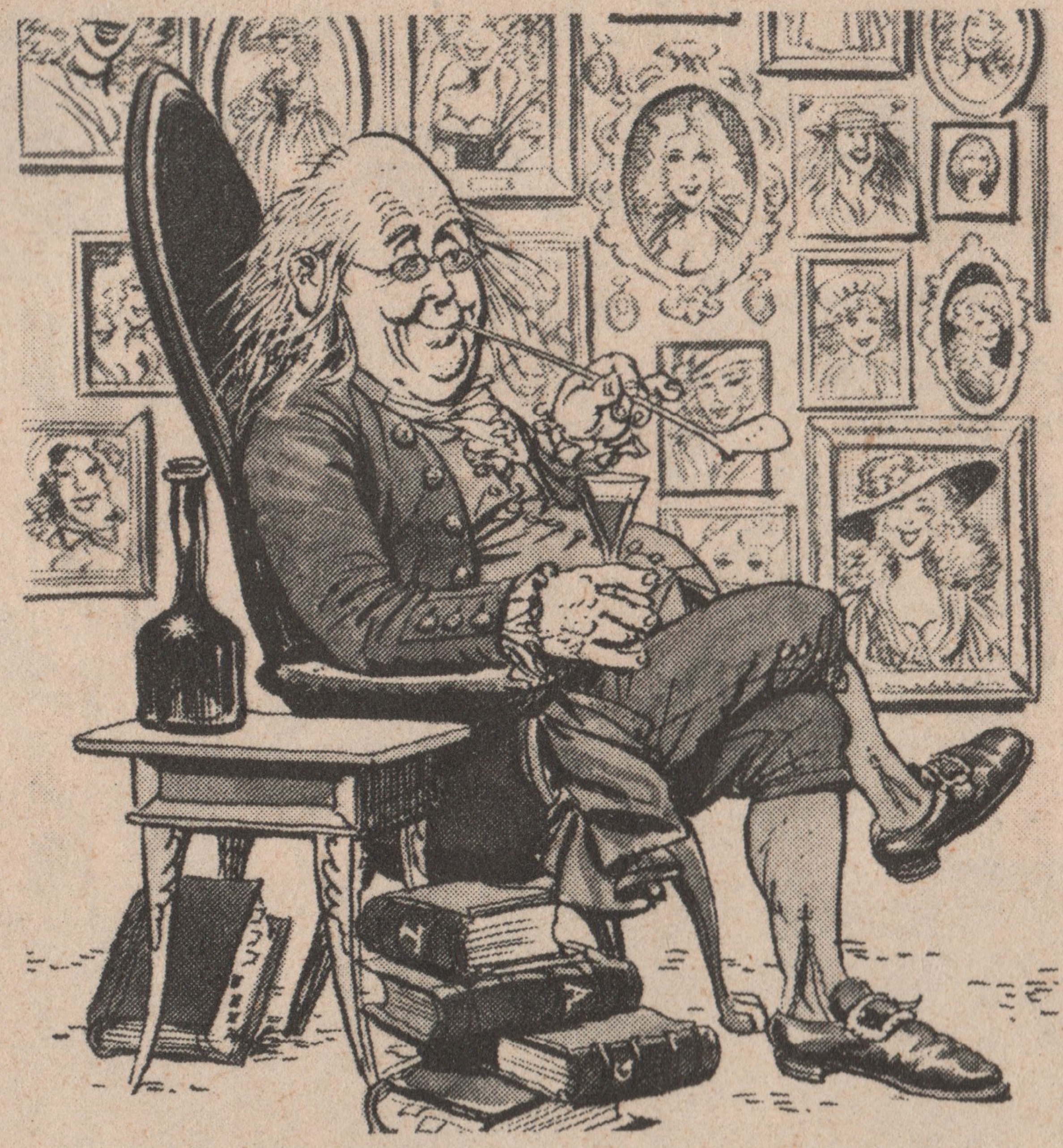


Once they arrived in the New World, the Pilgrims were delighted. Not only were they able to worship God as they pleased, but they were able to make everybody else worship God as the Pilgrims pleased—or else. They were also able to kill Indians and burn people as witches, and democracy as we know it today was born.

One of the most famous Sexual Incidents in those days involved an Army Officer named Miles Standish, who was in love with a girl named Priscilla. But since he was too shy to speak to her, he sent his friend, John Alden, to tell her that Standish would like to make out with her. As it turned out, Alden not only made out with her himself, but he married her. But being the noble man that he was, Standish blessed the marriage, and from then on, was known throughout the annals of Pilgrim history as "An Officer and a Gentleman . . . and a Schmuck."



CHAPTER 7—SEX DURING REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

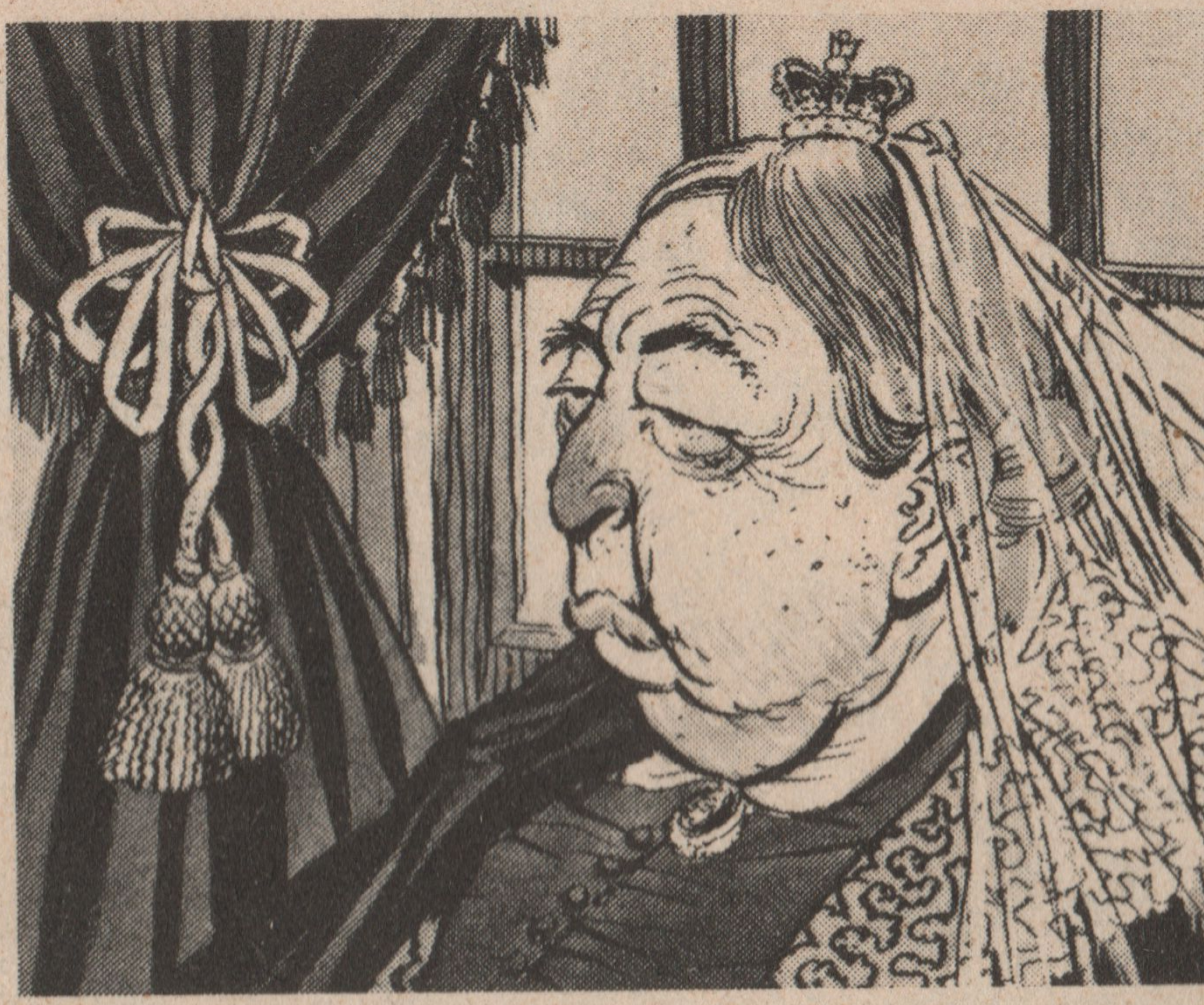


SEX THRIVED and flourished in the New World all the way through the Revolutionary War and the founding of this country. Perhaps the greatest Sexual Figure in Revolutionary times was also known as "The Father of Our Country". His name was Benjamin Franklin. We realize some people think that George Washington was the father of our country, and you may say, "You don't know your history." All we can say is, "You don't know your Benjamin Franklin!"

This is Benjamin Franklin, the greatest swinger in early U.S. history. For those who wonder how a fat, pudgy man with glasses can be such a fantastic American Sex Symbol, see Chpt. 44—HERE COMES HENRY KISSINGER, HE'S A CRAZY GUY

CHAPTER 8—SEX DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA

There was no Sex during the Victorian era.



This is Queen Victoria. Now you know why.

CHAPTER 9—SEX TODAY

WHICH BRINGS us up to the present. And somewhere up in heaven Adam is saying, "Oh, God!"

And God says, "Did you want Me, Adam?"

And Adam says, "No, I was just looking down on Earth. Do you see what's going? Oh, God!"

And God looks down and He says, "Oh, Me!"

And Adam says, "Do you see all that carrying on? Those wonton men? And those wicked women who sell their bodies for money? What do you call them again?"

"Suburban Housewives," says God sadly.

"And those movies," says Adam. "I just saw one down there I couldn't believe. And it was rated GP. What does GP stand for?"

"God Protests," says God. "Oh, Adam, I meant well when I started this whole thing. Where did I go wrong?"

"Don't be so hard on Yourself," says Adam.

"But what should I do?" asks God. "I must teach them a lesson."

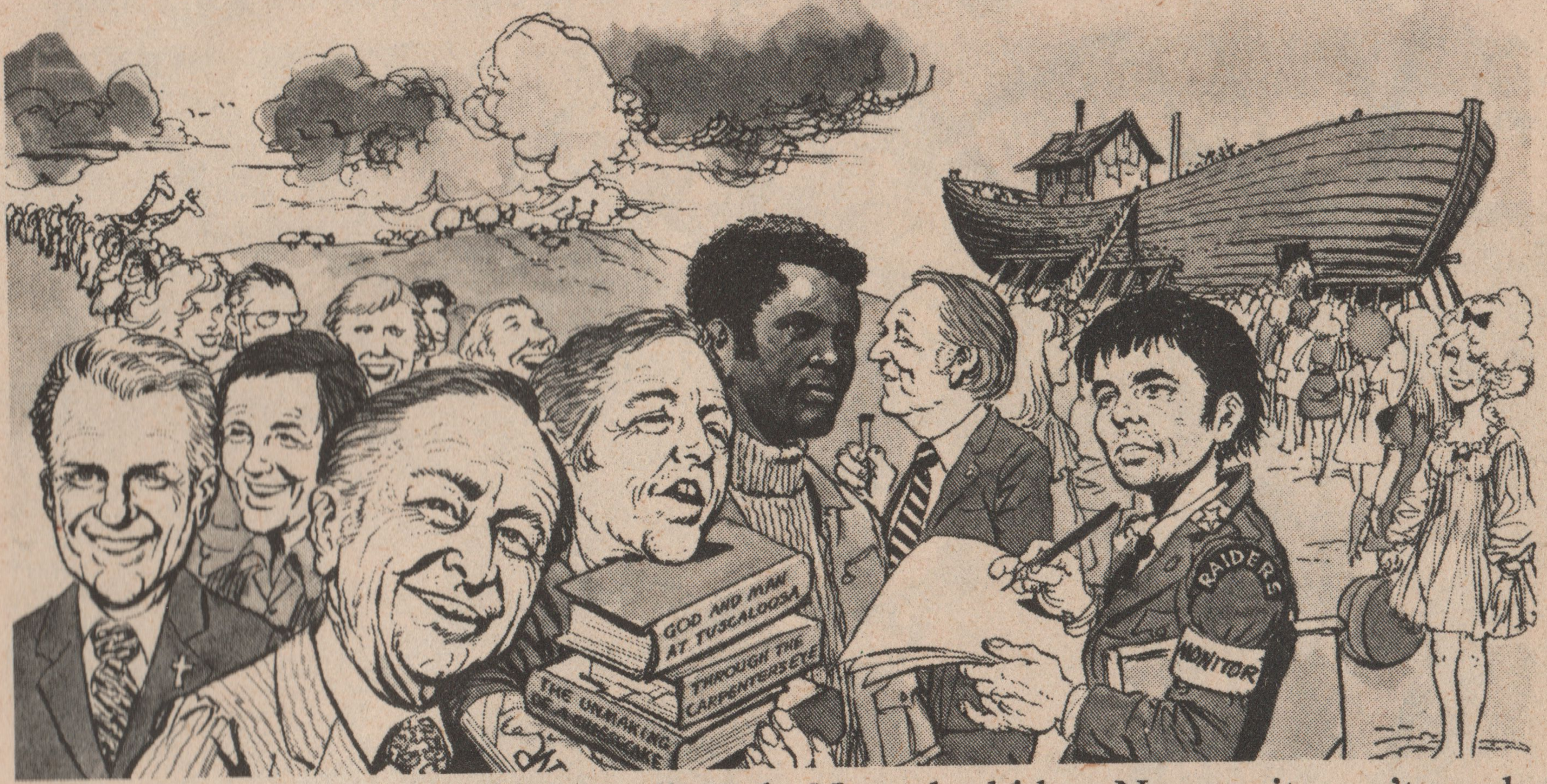
"I have it," says Adam. "Why don't you do what you once did in Egypt? Go into every home and slay the first-born."

"I thought of that," says God, "but it won't work. Where are you going to find a house nowadays where the first born *lives* at home? On top of which, you kill some of those kids, you won't be punishing the parents, you'll be doing them a favor."

"Well, then how about another one of your famous plagues?", says Adam. "They worked great in Egypt."

"I'm one step ahead of you," says God. "I sent down some locusts last Wednesday. They all died in the pollution. Except twelve, and they were mugged by mosquitoes."

Whereupon Adam gave God a rim shot, and then he said, "I got it. Why not do the Noah's Ark bit again? You get some pure, clean people. You know, the Nixons, Billy Graham, the King Family, and like that. You put them all on a boat with beasts of the field. Then you make forty days of torrential rain, you drown the rest of the world, and you start all over again."



"Hmm," thinks God, "Richard's Ark. Not a bad idea. No, no, it won't work. All of those people alone on a boat for forty days with all those animals. God only knows what could happen nowadays. And I do. So I won't."

"Well then," says Adam, "I guess all we can do now is pray."

"That's easy for *you* to say," says God.

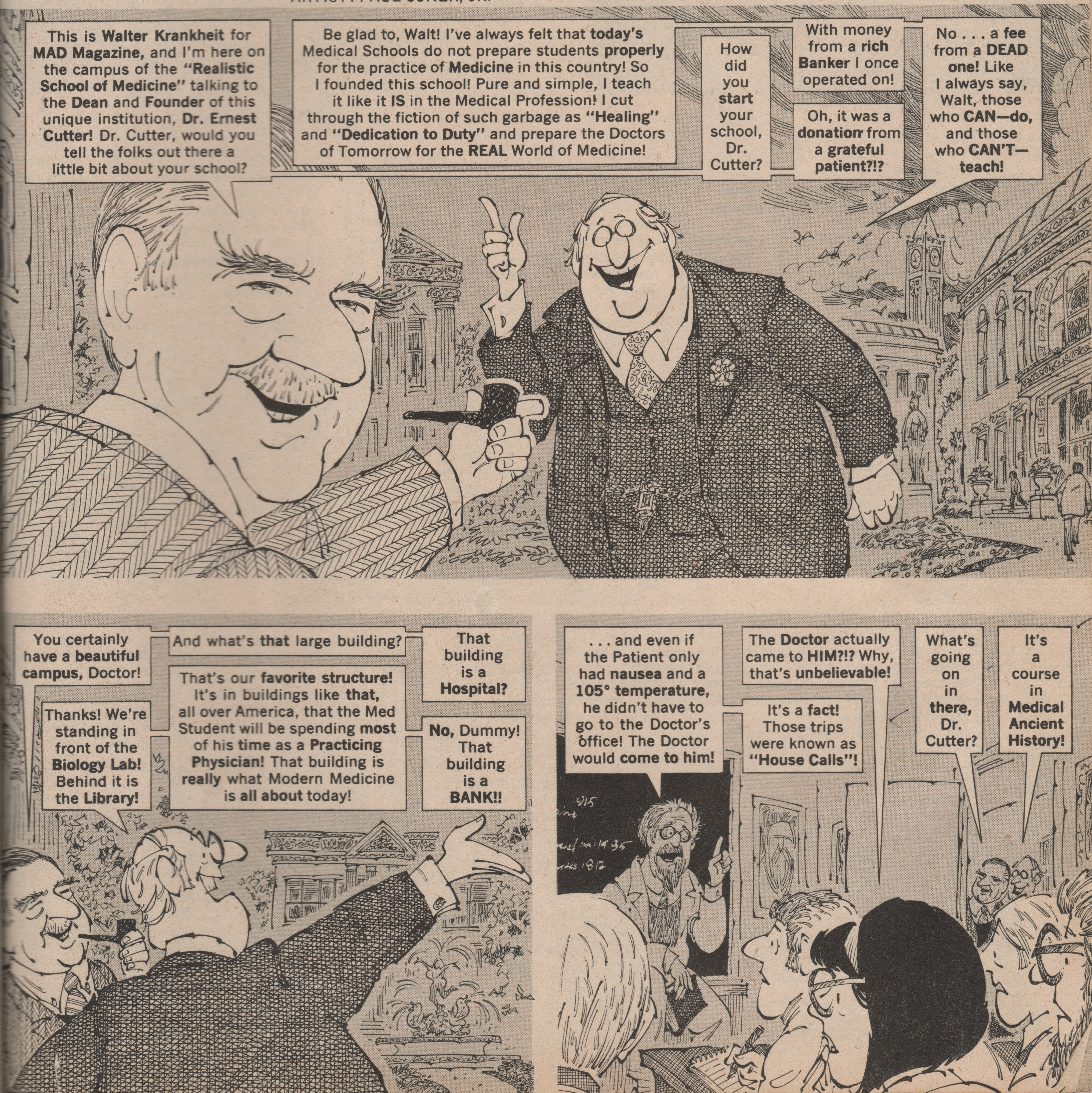
CHAPTER 10—SEX TONIGHT

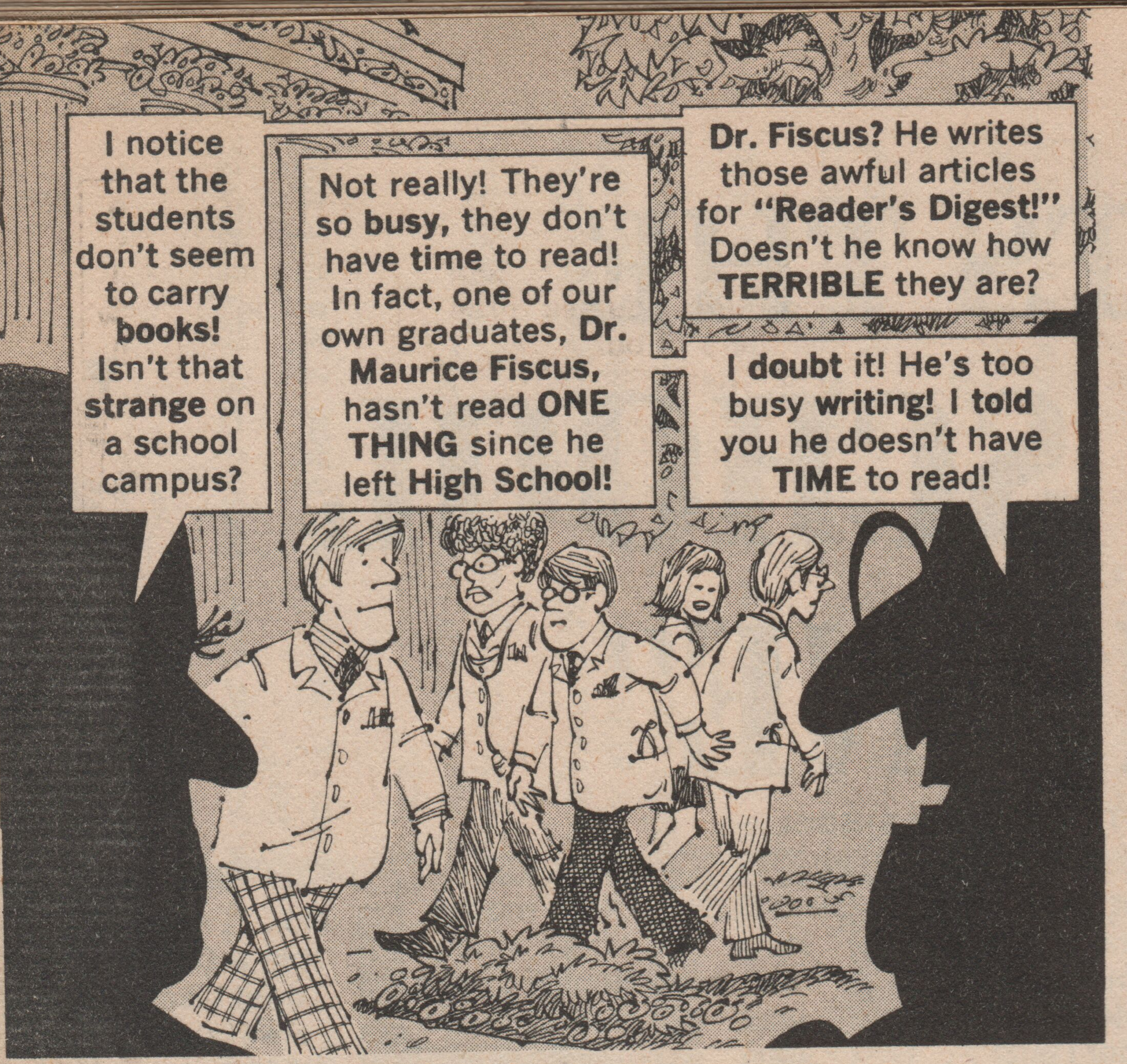
Please. Not tonight. I have a headache.

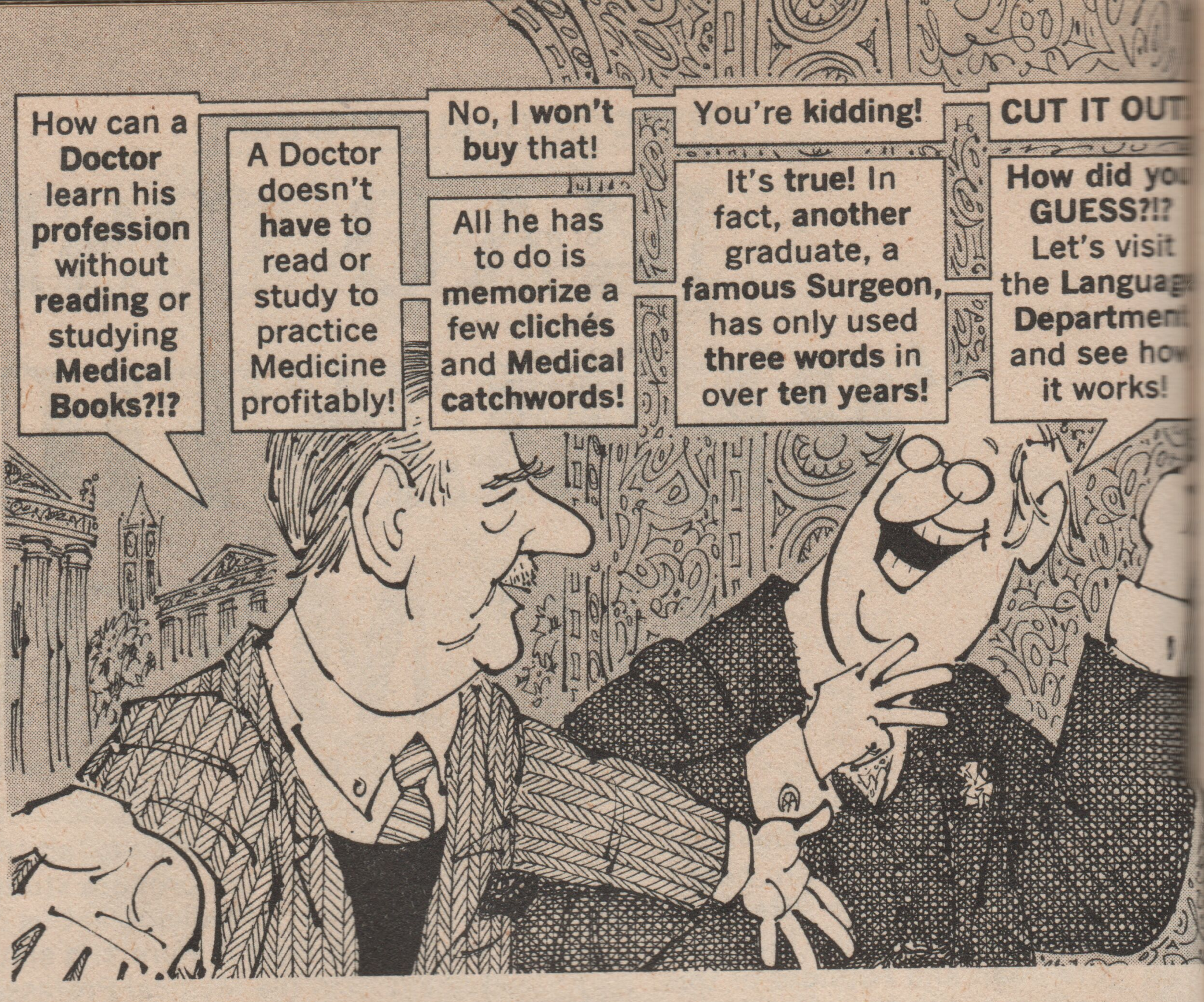
HYPOCRITICAL OAFS DEPT.

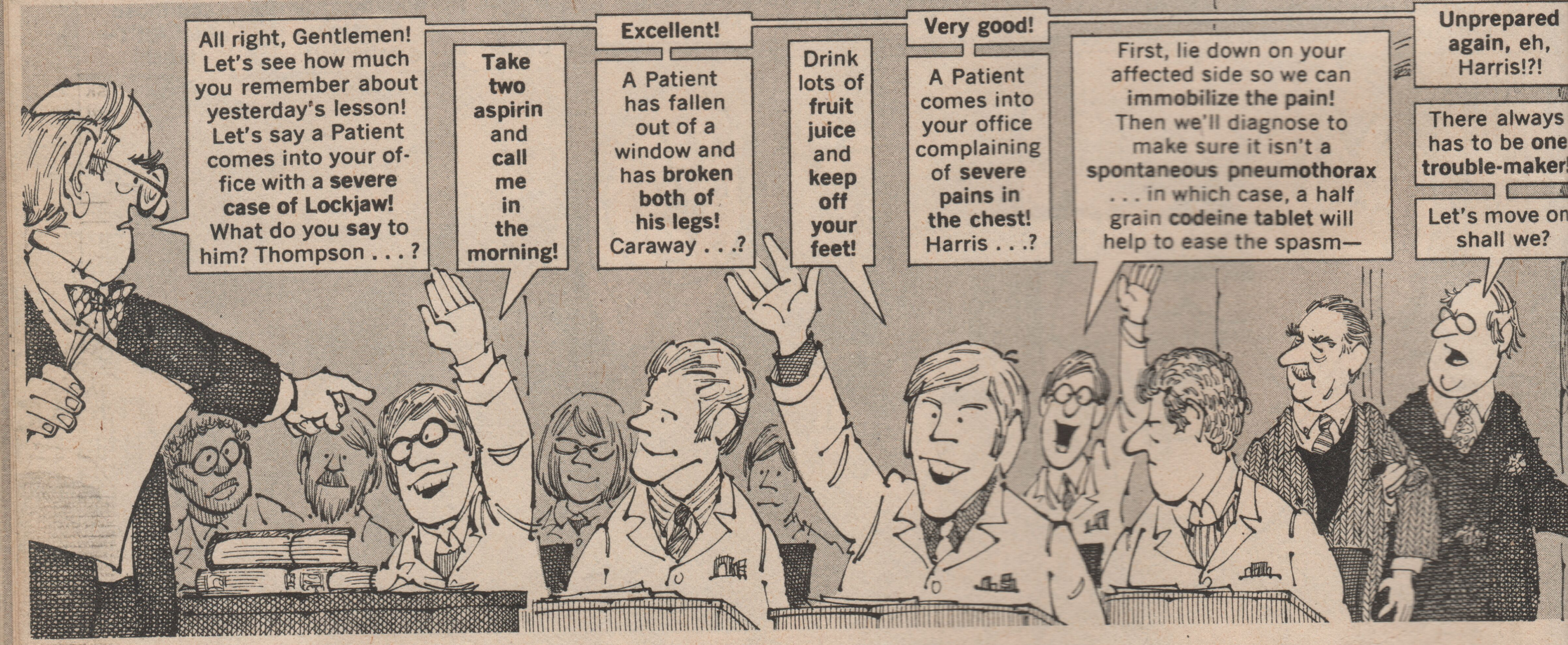
MAD VISITS THE "REALISTIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

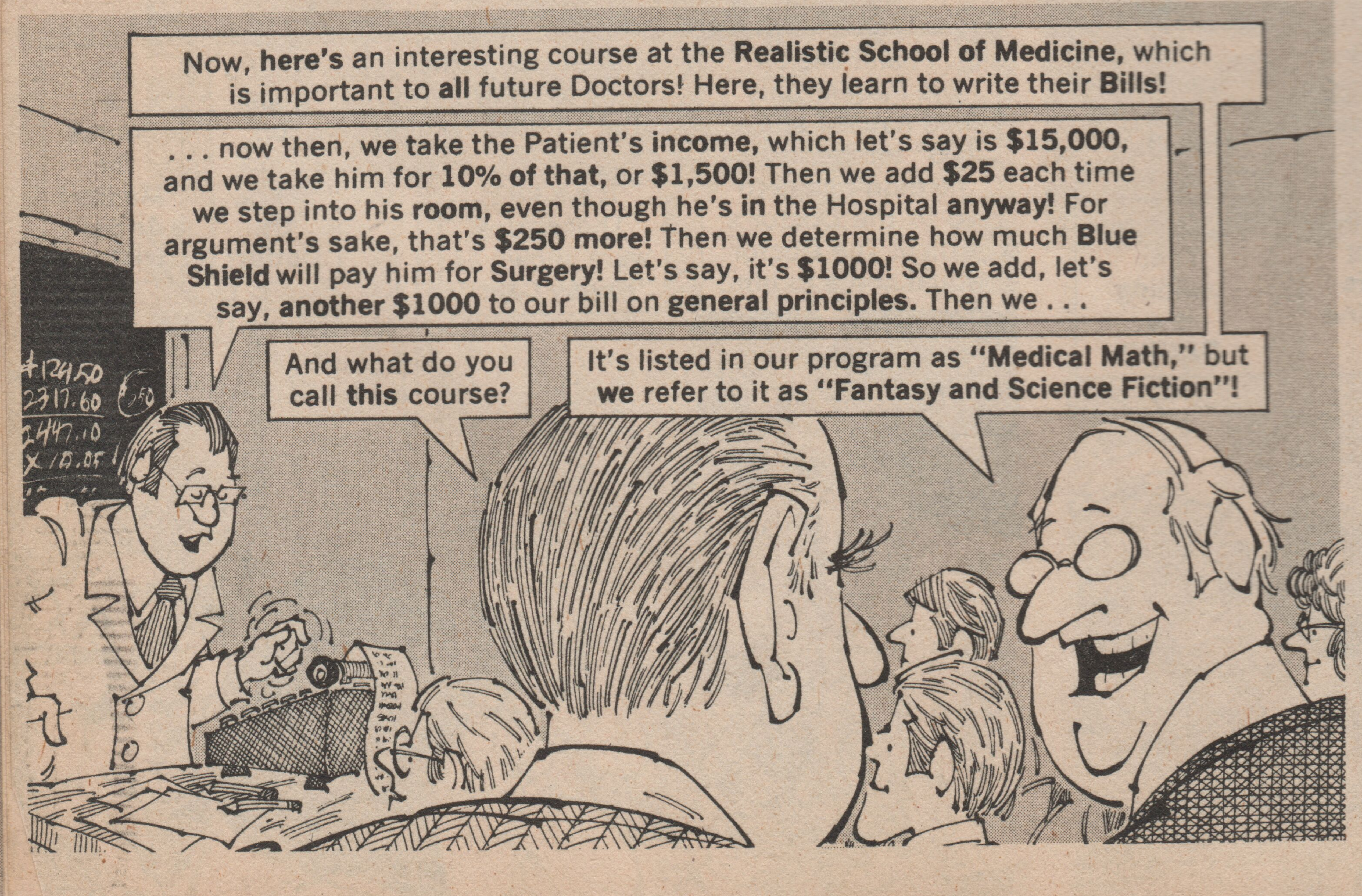
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

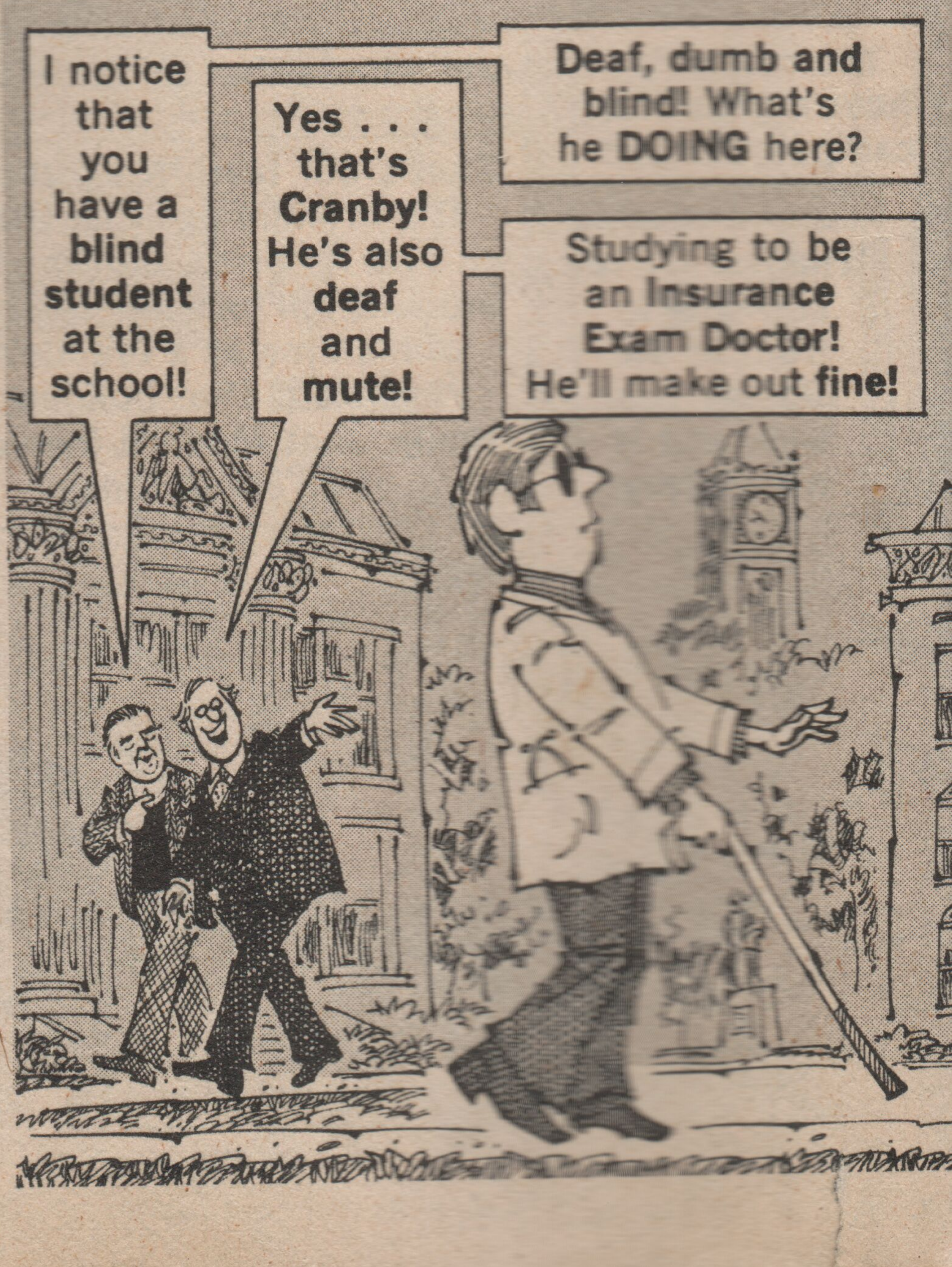

This is Walter Krankheit for MAD Magazine, and I'm here on the campus of the "Realistic School of Medicine" talking to the Dean and Founder of this unique institution, Dr. Ernest Cutter! Dr. Cutter, would you tell the folks out there a little bit about your school?
Be glad to, Walt! I've always felt that today's Medical Schools do not prepare students properly for the practice of Medicine in this country! So I founded this school! Pure and simple, I teach it like it IS in the Medical Profession! I cut through the fiction of such garbage as "Healing" and "Dedication to Duty" and prepare the Doctors of Tomorrow for the REAL World of Medicine!
How did you start your school, Dr. Cutter?
With money from a rich Banker I once operated on!
Oh, it was a donation from a grateful patient?!?
No . . . a fee from a DEAD one! Like I always say, Walt, those who CAN—do, and those who CAN'T—teach!
You certainly have a beautiful campus, Doctor!
Thanks! We're standing in front of the Biology Lab! Behind it is the Library!
And what's that large building?
That's our favorite structure! It's in buildings like that, all over America, that the Med Student will be spending most of his time as a Practicing Physician! That building is really what Modern Medicine is all about today!
That building is a Hospital?
No, Dummy! That building is a BANK!!
. . . and even if the Patient only had nausea and a 105° temperature, he didn't have to go to the Doctor's office! The Doctor would come to him!
The Doctor actually came to HIM?!? Why, that's unbelievable!
It's a fact! Those trips were known as "House Calls"!
What's going on in there, Dr. Cutter?
It's a course in Medical Ancient History!

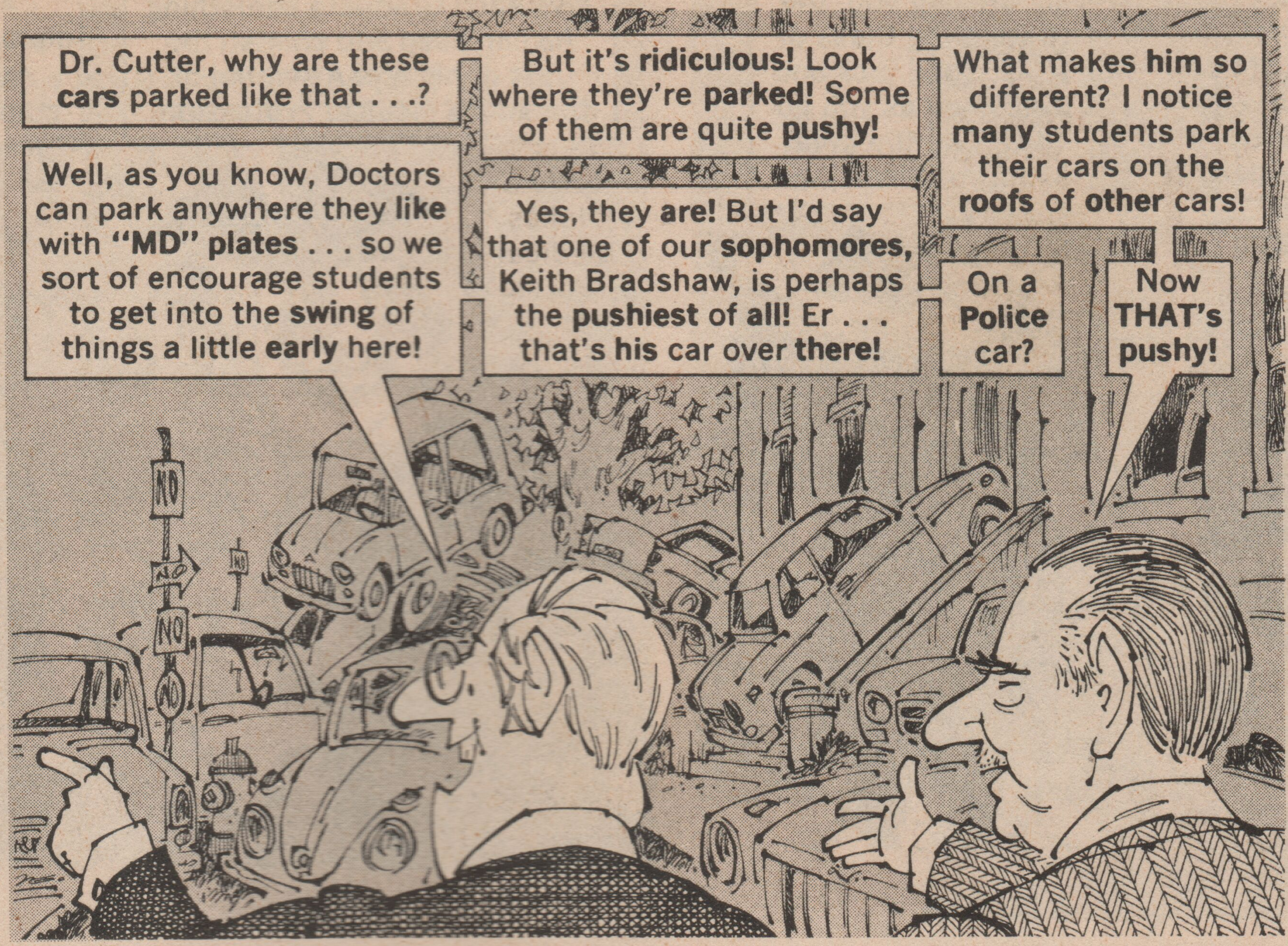

I notice that the students don't seem to carry books! Isn't that strange on a school campus?
Not really! They're so busy, they don't have time to read! In fact, one of our own graduates, Dr. Maurice Fiscus, hasn't read ONE THING since he left High School!
Dr. Fiscus? He writes those awful articles for "Reader's Digest!" Doesn't he know how TERRIBLE they are?
I doubt it! He's too busy writing! I told you he doesn't have TIME to read!

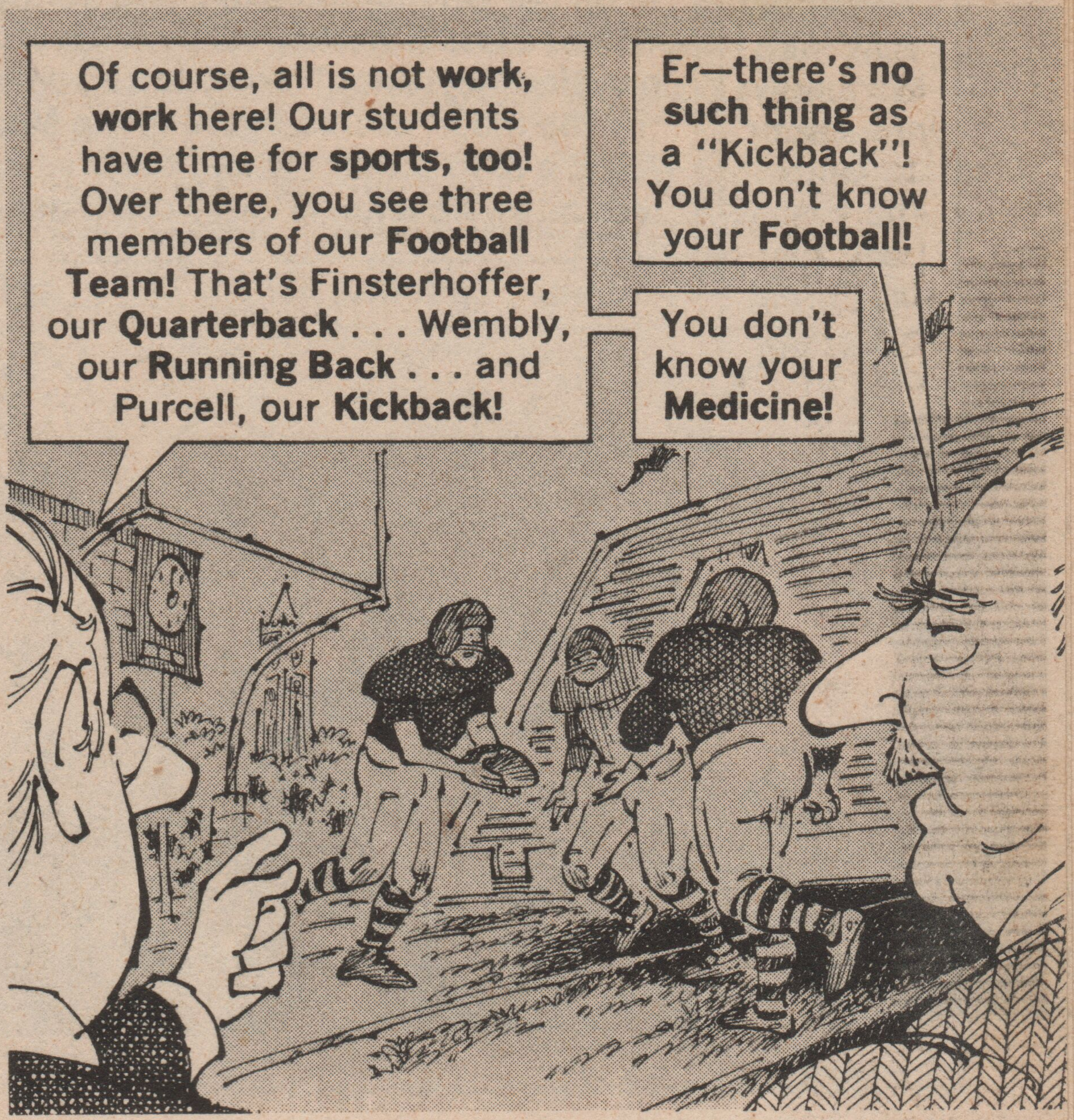

How can a Doctor learn his profession without reading or studying Medical Books?!?
No, I won't buy that!
A Doctor doesn't have to read or study to practice Medicine profitably!
All he has to do is memorize a few clichés and Medical catchwords!
You're kidding!
It's true! In fact, another graduate, a famous Surgeon, has only used three words in over ten years!
CUT IT OUT
How did you GUESS?!? Let's visit the Language Department and see how it works!

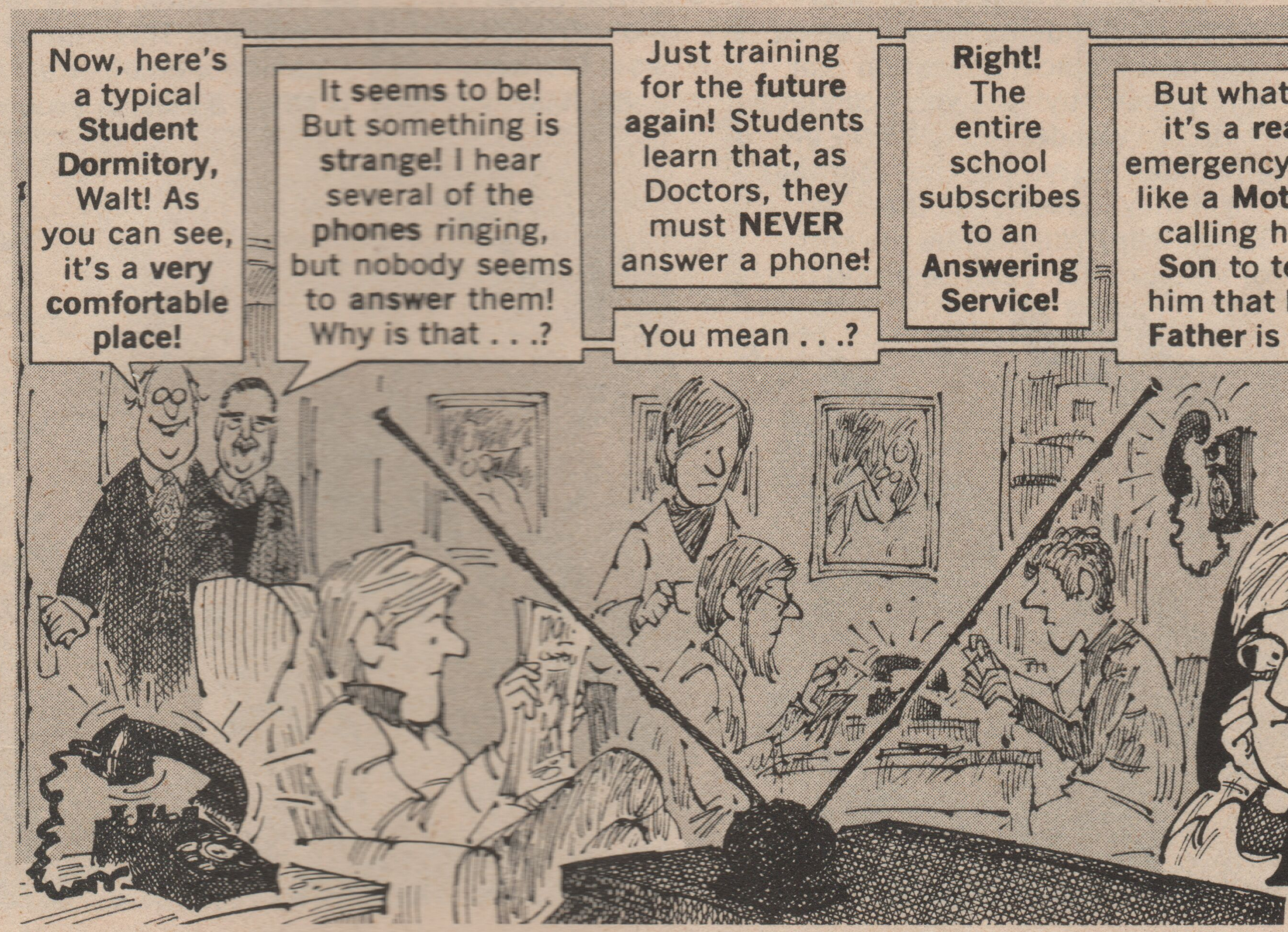

All right, Gentlemen! Let's see how much you remember about yesterday's lesson! Let's say a Patient comes into your office with a severe case of Lockjaw! What do you say to him? Thompson . . . ?
Take two aspirin and call me in the morning!
Excellent!
A Patient has fallen out of a window and has broken both of his legs! Caraway . . .?
Drink lots of fruit juice and keep off your feet!
Very good!
A Patient comes into your office complaining of severe pains in the chest! Harris . . .?
First, lie down on your affected side so we can immobilize the pain! Then we'll diagnose to make sure it isn't a spontaneous pneumothorax . . . in which case, a half grain codeine tablet will help to ease the spasm—
Unprepared again, eh, Harris!?!
There always has to be one trouble-maker!
Let's move on shall we?

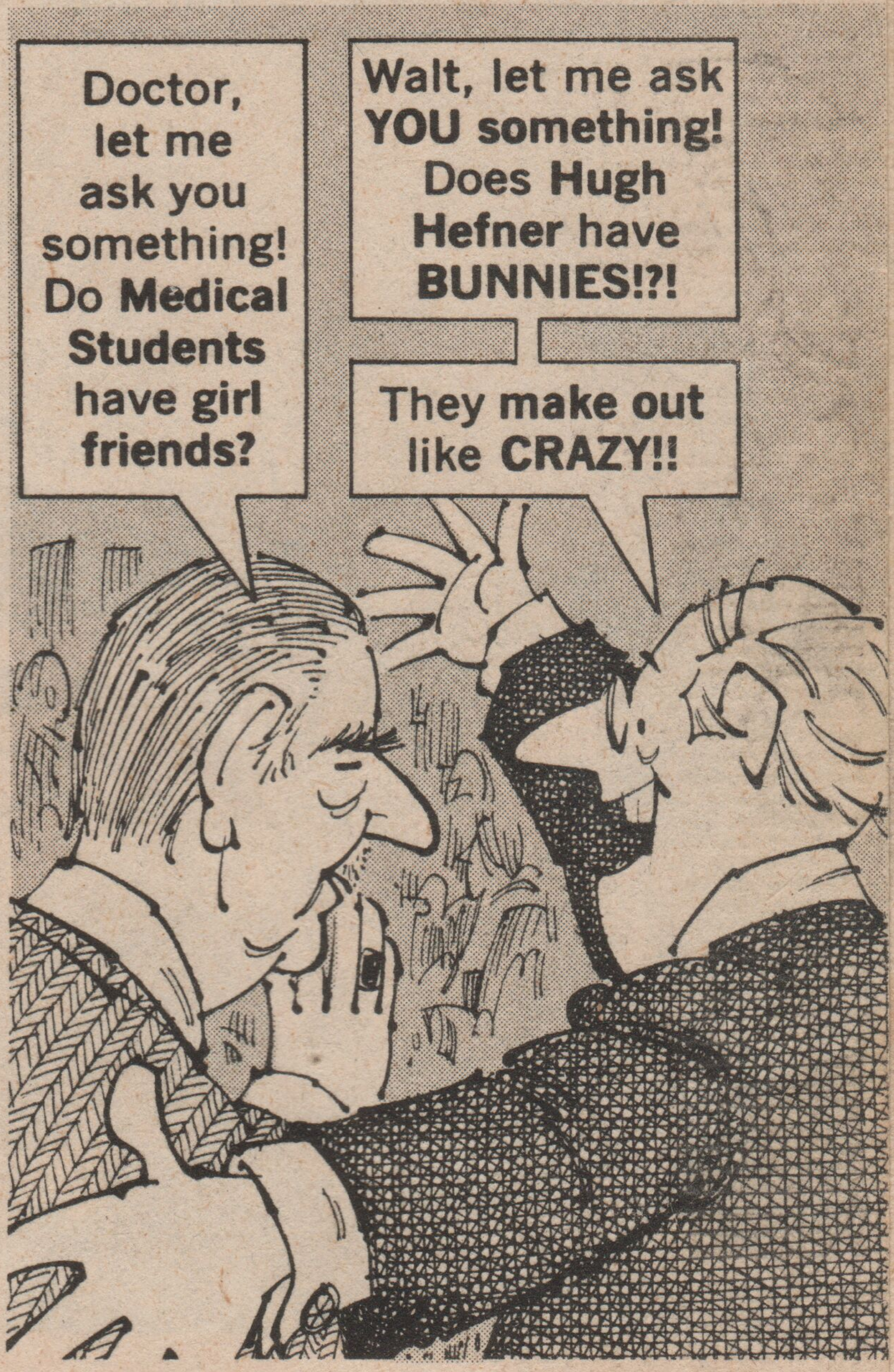

Now, here's an interesting course at the Realistic School of Medicine, which is important to all future Doctors! Here, they learn to write their Bills!
. . . now then, we take the Patient's income, which let's say is $15,000, and we take him for 10% of that, or $1,500! Then we add $25 each time we step into his room, even though he's in the Hospital anyway! For argument's sake, that's $250 more! Then we determine how much Blue Shield will pay him for Surgery! Let's say, it's $1000! So we add, let's say, another $1000 to our bill on general principles. Then we . . .
And what do you call this course?
It's listed in our program as "Medical Math," but we refer to it as "Fantasy and Science Fiction"!
#124.50
2317.60
2447.10
X 10.05

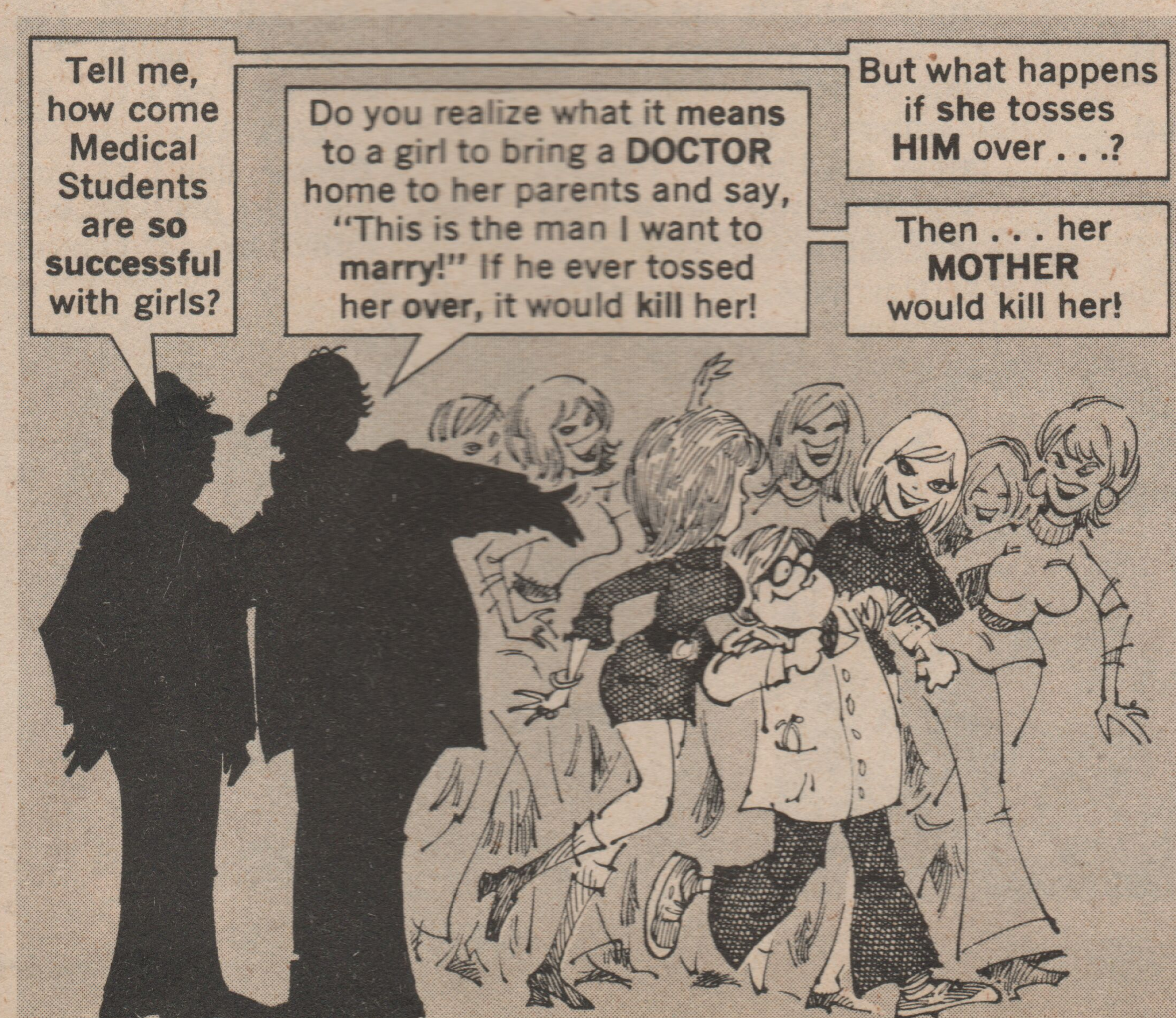

I notice that you have a blind student at the school!
Yes . . . that's Cranby! He's also deaf and mute!
Deaf, dumb and blind! What's he DOING here?
Studying to be an Insurance Exam Doctor! He'll make out fine!

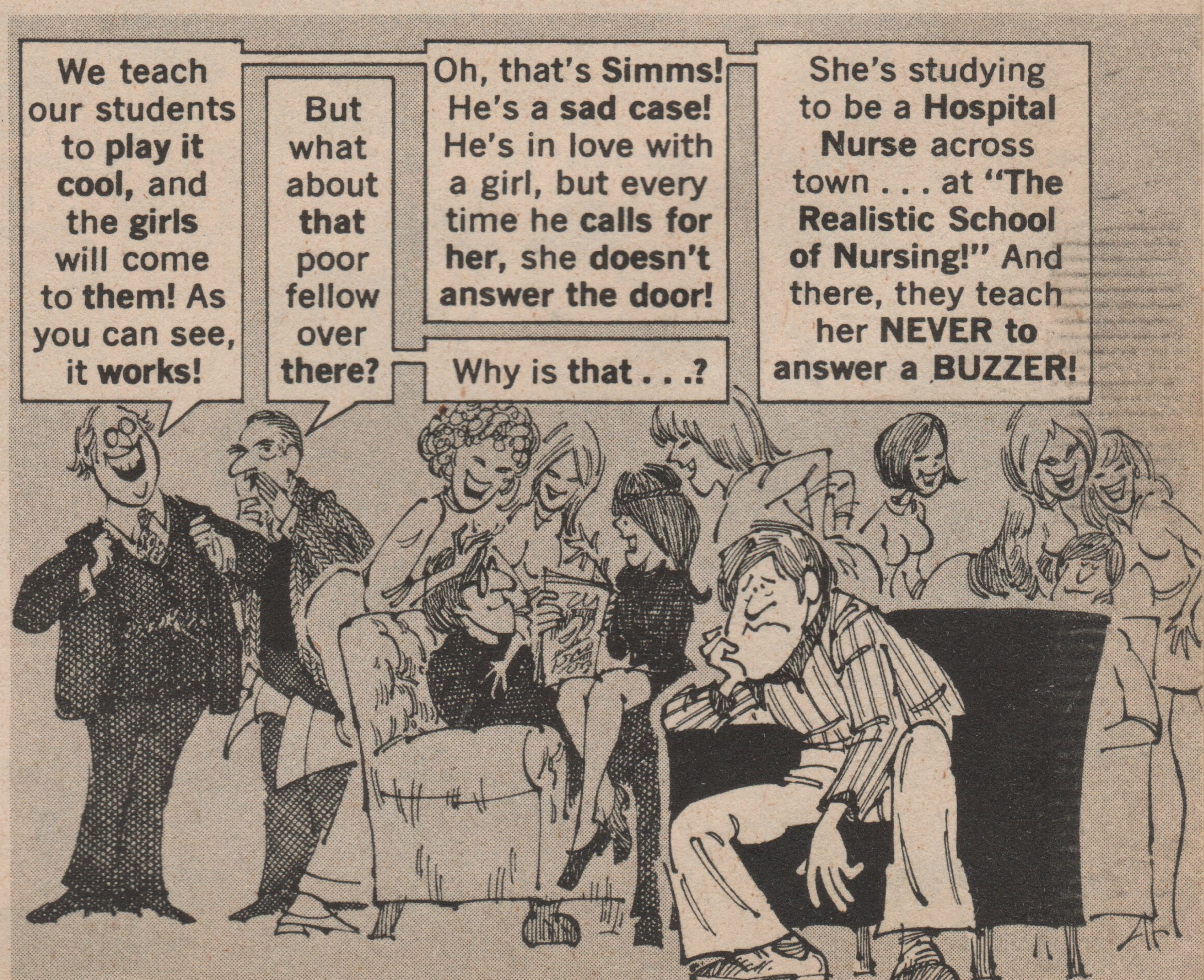

Dr. Cutter, why are these cars parked like that . . .?
Well, as you know, Doctors can park anywhere they like with "MD" plates . . . so we sort of encourage students to get into the swing of things a little early here!
But it's ridiculous! Look where they're parked! Some of them are quite pushy!
Yes, they are! But I'd say that one of our sophomores, Keith Bradshaw, is perhaps the pushiest of all! Er . . . that's his car over there!
What makes him so different? I notice many students park their cars on the roofs of other cars!
On a Police car?
Now THAT's pushy!
NO
NO


Of course, all is not work, work here! Our students have time for sports, too! Over there, you see three members of our Football Team! That's Finsterhoffer, our Quarterback . . . Wembly, our Running Back . . . and Purcell, our Kickback!
Er—there's no such thing as a "Kickback"! You don't know your Football!
You don't know your Medicine!


Now, here's a typical Student Dormitory, Walt! As you can see, it's a very comfortable place!
It seems to be! But something is strange! I hear several of the phones ringing, but nobody seems to answer them! Why is that . . .?
Just training for the future again! Students learn that, as Doctors, they must NEVER answer a phone!
You mean . . .?
Right! The entire school subscribes to an Answering Service!
But what if it's a real emergency . . . like a Mother calling her Son to tell him that his Father is ill?
Very simple! The Answering Service refers her to ANOTHER SON!


Doctor, let me ask you something! Do Medical Students have girl friends?
Walt, let me ask YOU something! Does Hugh Hefner have BUNNIES!?!
They make out like CRAZY!!

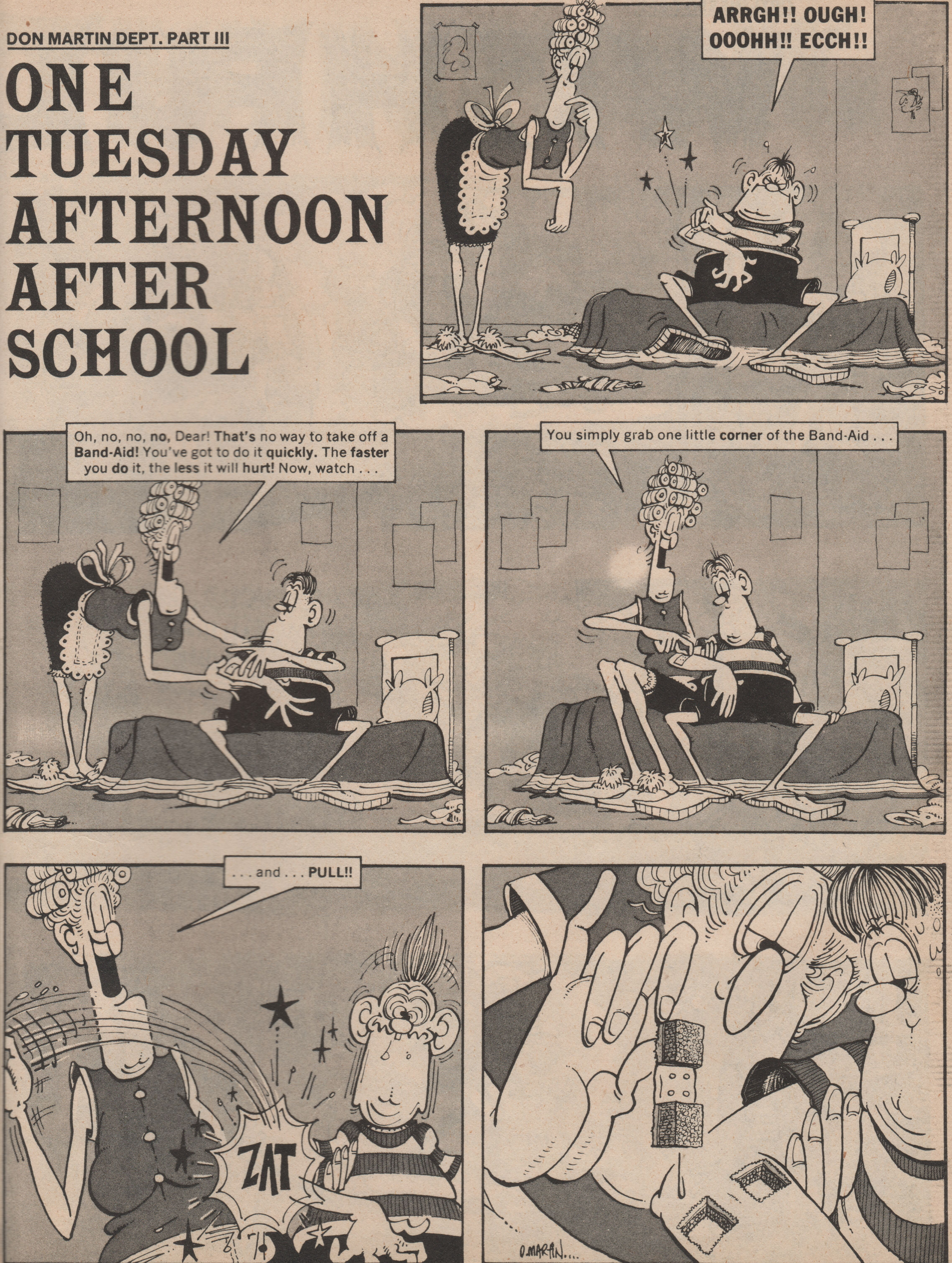

Tell me, how come Medical Students are so successful with girls?
Do you realize what it means to a girl to bring a DOCTOR home to her parents and say, "This is the man I want to marry!" If he ever tossed her over, it would kill her!
But what happens if she tosses HIM over . . .?
Then . . . her MOTHER would kill her!


We teach our students to play it cool, and the girls will come to them! As you can see, it works!
But what about that poor fellow over there?
Oh, that's Simms! He's a sad case! He's in love with a girl, but every time he calls for her, she doesn't answer the door!
Why is that . . .?
She's studying to be a Hospital Nurse across town . . . at "The Realistic School of Nursing!" And there, they teach her NEVER to answer a BUZZER!

I must say I found my visit here **extremely interesting,** Dr. Cutter, and thank you for your time!
Before you leave, Walt, I'd like you to sit in on our **Graduation Exercises!** Today, our Senior Class is getting ready to go out and **practice Medicine!** They're to be addressed by the most **revered figure** in the **Medical World,** a man without whom the Medical Profession as we know it today **could not exist!**
And who might **that** be?
Who **ELSE?! ME!!**
—and so I conclude by wishing you, the Graduating Class of 1973, **good luck** and **Godspeed** as you go forth into the great World of Medicine!
Well . . . that **does** it! Now, I give each Graduate something he can **keep** and **cherish** the rest of his life! A **symbol** of the **entire Medical Profession!**
Uh . . . a **diploma,** of **course!**
No, dummy! A set of **golf clubs!**
This must be a **very happy day** for you, Dr.!
It **is!** But it's **also** a little **sad!** I know my Students have received the best Medical Education that money can buy! And yet, I cannot help but **wonder** . . . Will they all **remember** everything they **learned?** Will they **make it,** out there, on their **own?** Will they be the sort of Medical Men I can be **proud** of?
Will they . . .? **oh! OOOOHH!!** I feel **sick!** My **heart** . . . !
My God! **Quick,** somebody, **help** me! This man is having a **heart attack!** Is there a **Doctor** around?
Sorry! He's **not my patient!**
I'm going out of **town!** Call my **Service!**
I wouldn't touch an **emergency** with a **ten foot pole!**
Yeah! If he **kicks off,** who needs a **Malpractice Suit?!?**
Did you . . . *gasp* . . . **hear** that . . . Walt? They're gonna be . . . *cough* . . . **all right!** They're gonna be . . . *choke* . . . **all right!**
And so, on this sad note, we **close** our interview at **"The Realistic School of Medicine"!** Remember . . . Dr. Cutter may be **gone,** but I'm sure that his **teachings** will **live forever!**
Hey! What **happened** here?
Dr. Cutter is **dead!** Did you **hear** me? He's **DEAD!** As a **Doctor,** don't you have **ANYTHING** to **say?**
Yeah! There's **a lot** of that **going around!**

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

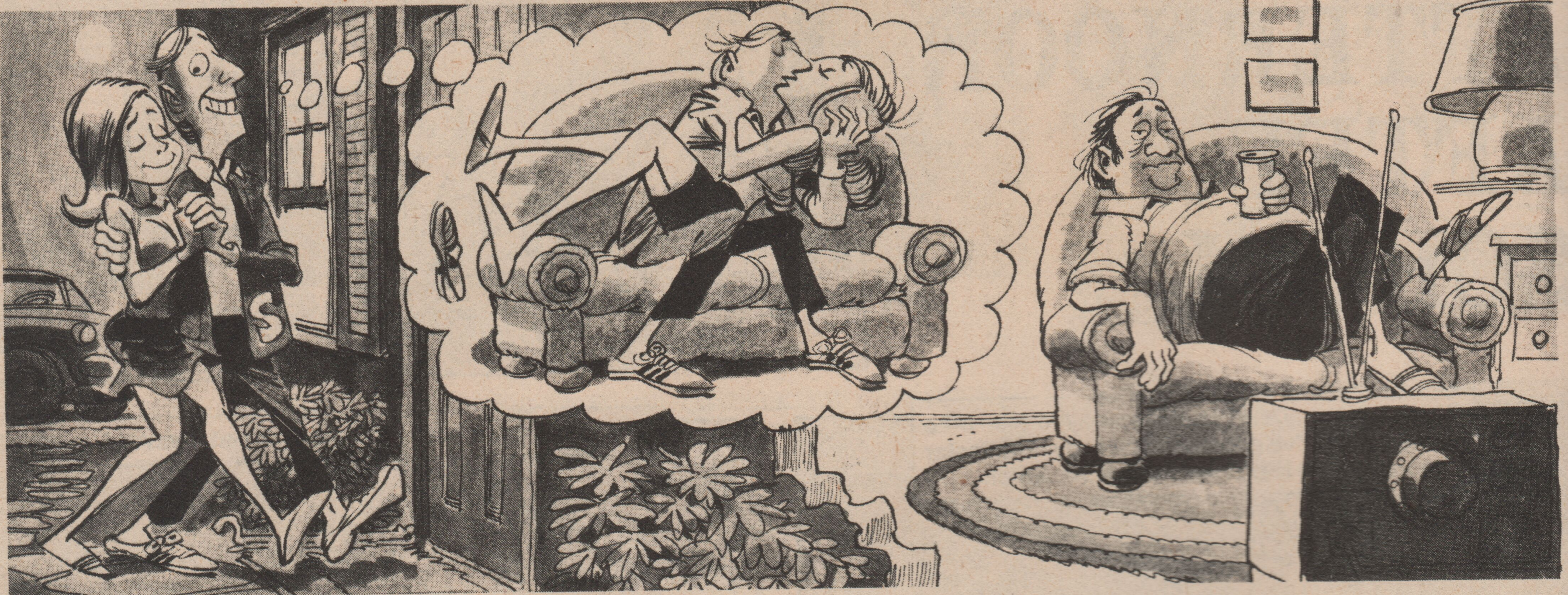
ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL

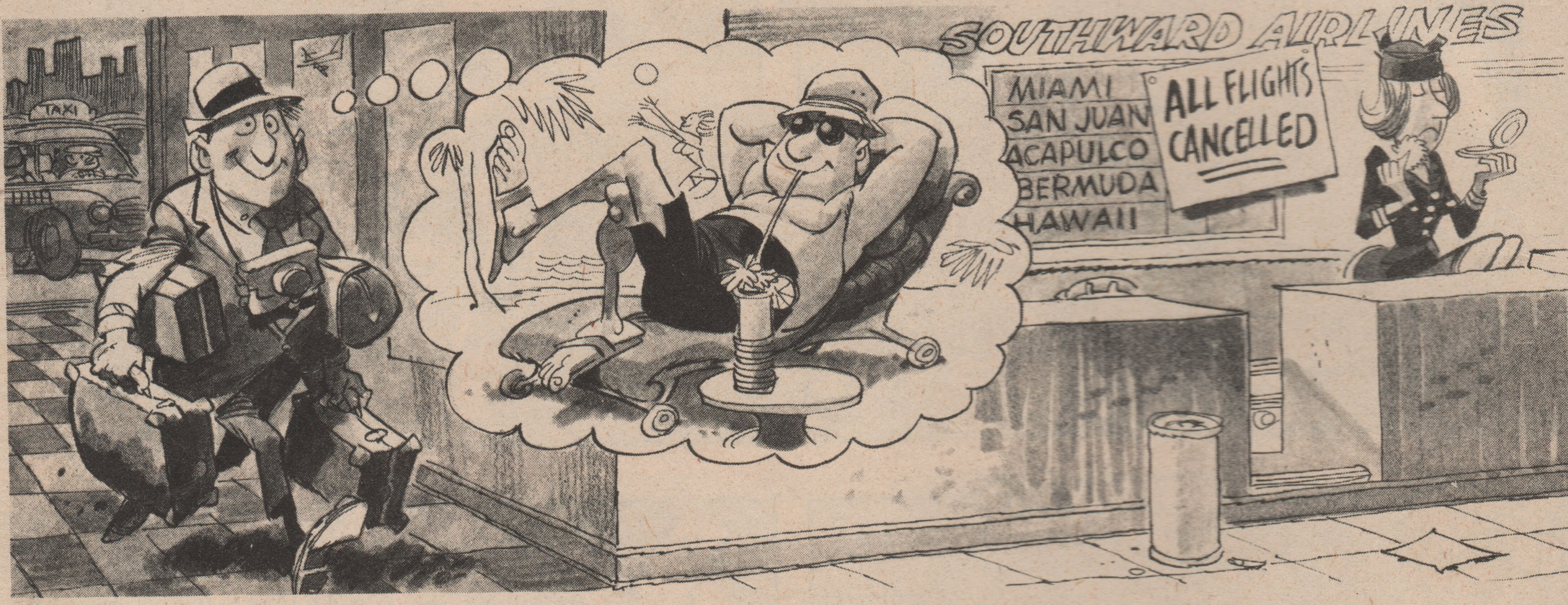

ARRGH!! OUGH! OOOHH!! ECCH!!
Oh, no, no, **no**, Dear! **That's** no way to take off a **Band-Aid!** You've got to do it **quickly.** The **faster** you **do** it, the **less** it will **hurt!** Now, watch . . .
You simply grab one little **corner** of the Band-Aid . . .
. . . and . . . **PULL!!**
ZAT
D. MARTIN...

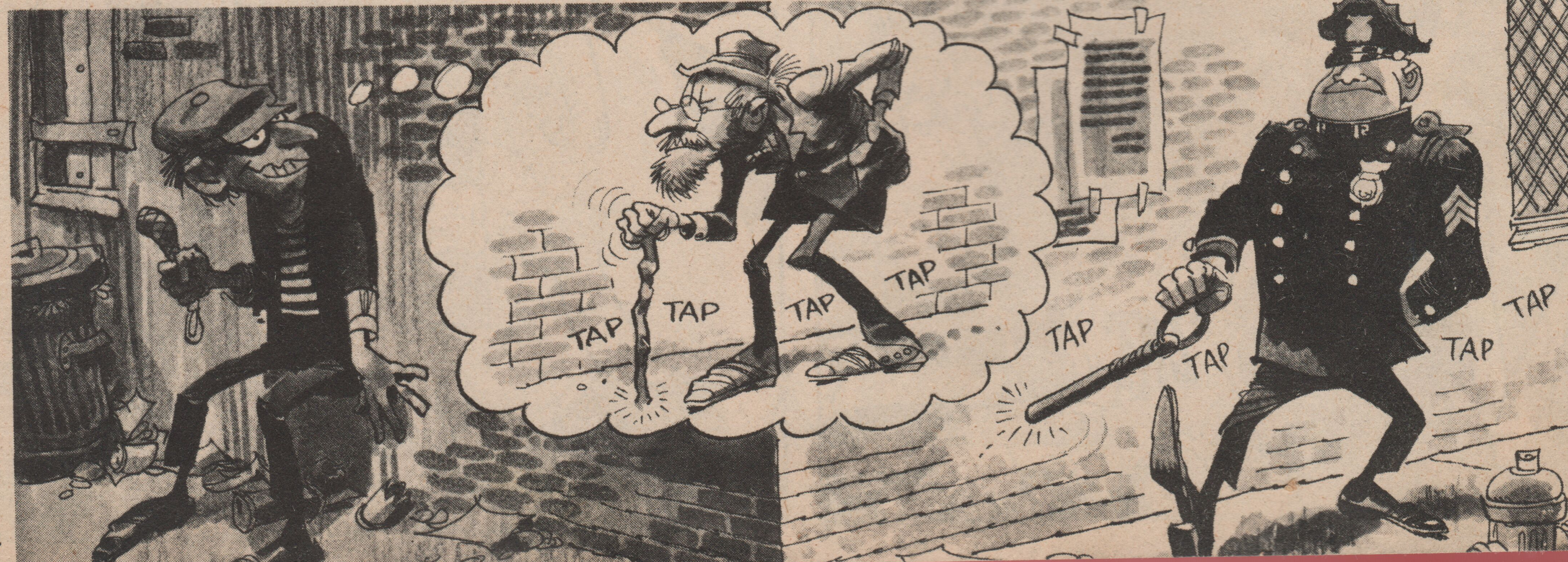
OPTI-MISSED DEPT.

WISHFUL

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

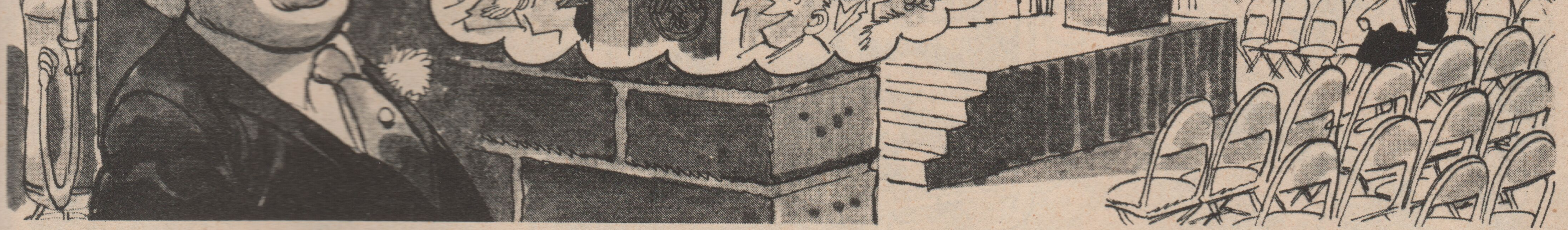


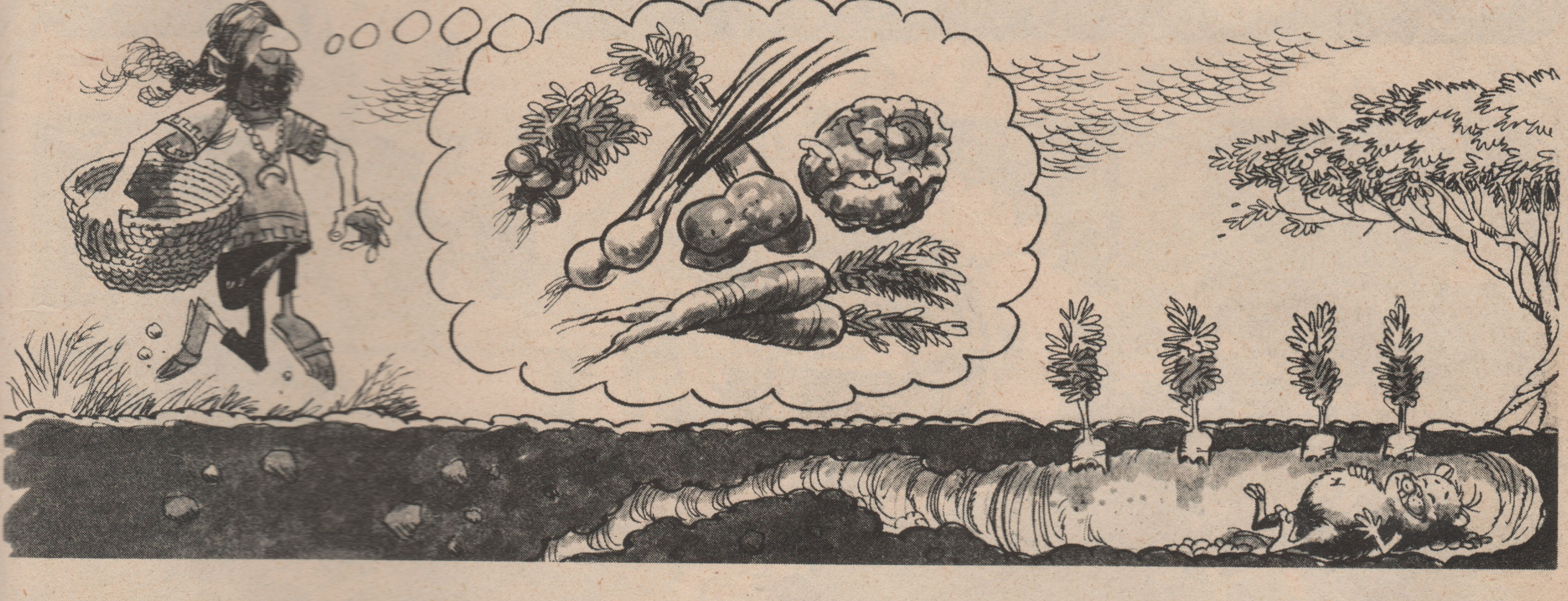

TAXI
SOUTHWARD AIRLINES
MIAMI
SAN JUAN
ACAPULCO
BERMUDA
HAWAII
ALL FLIGHTS CANCELLED

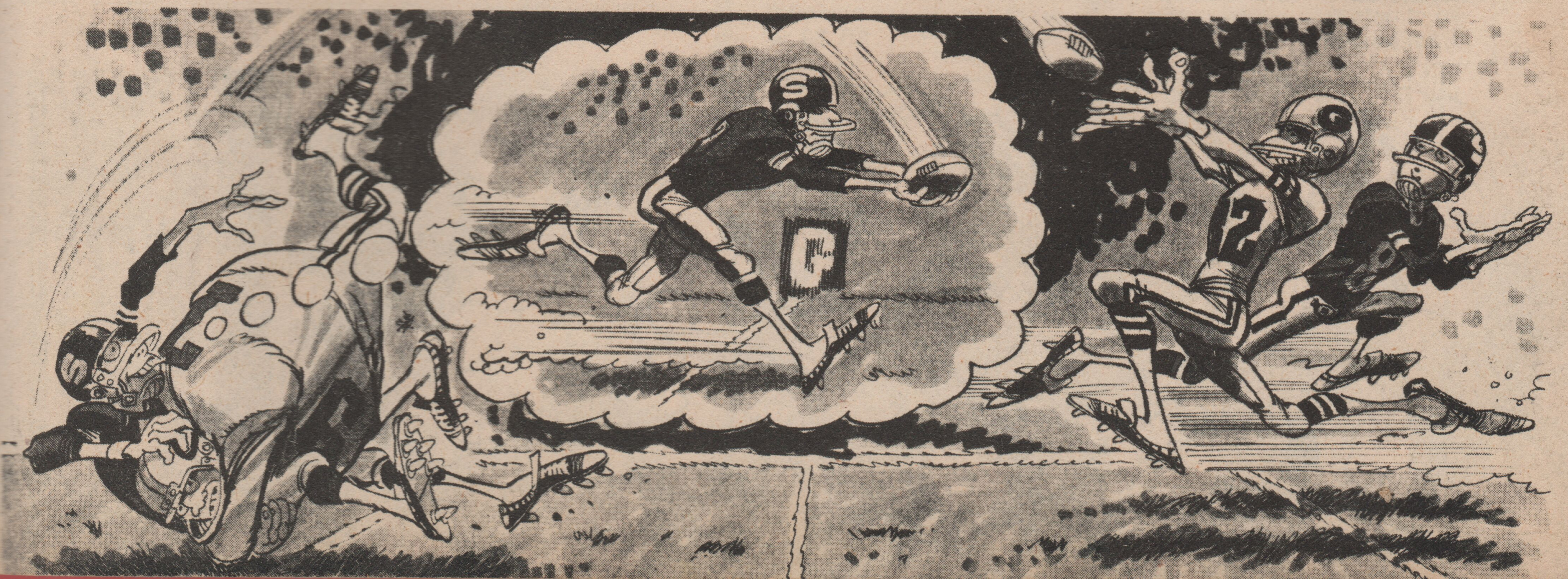

TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP

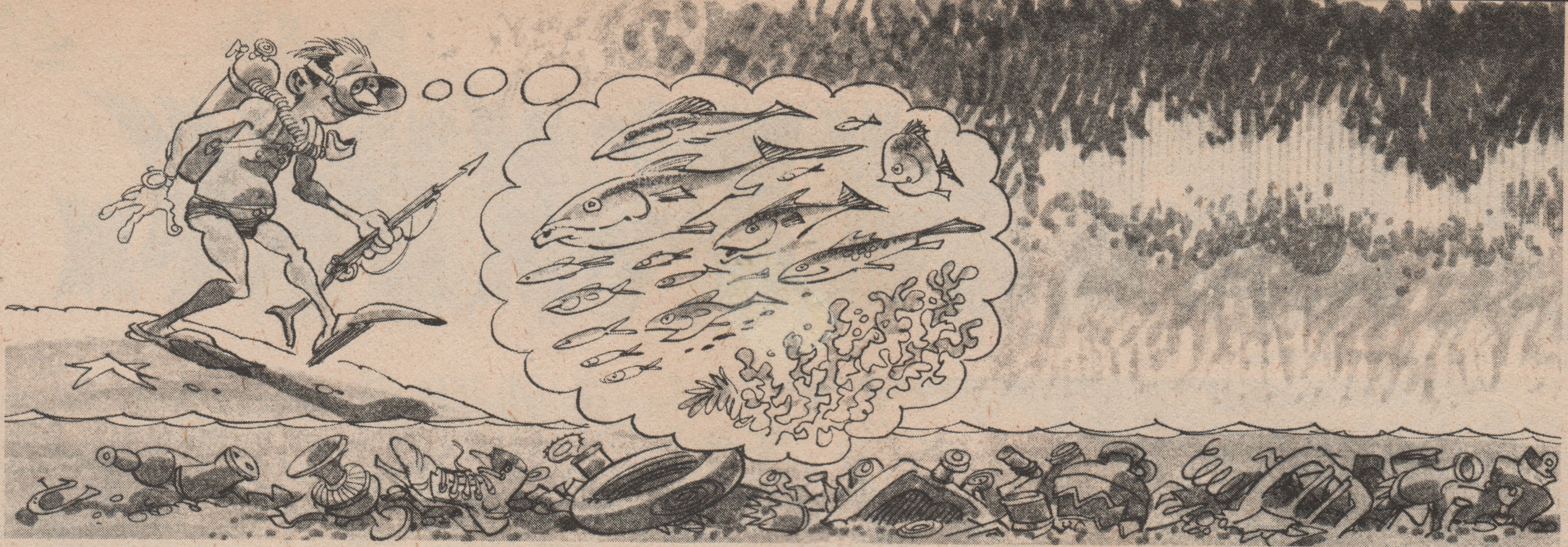
THINKING

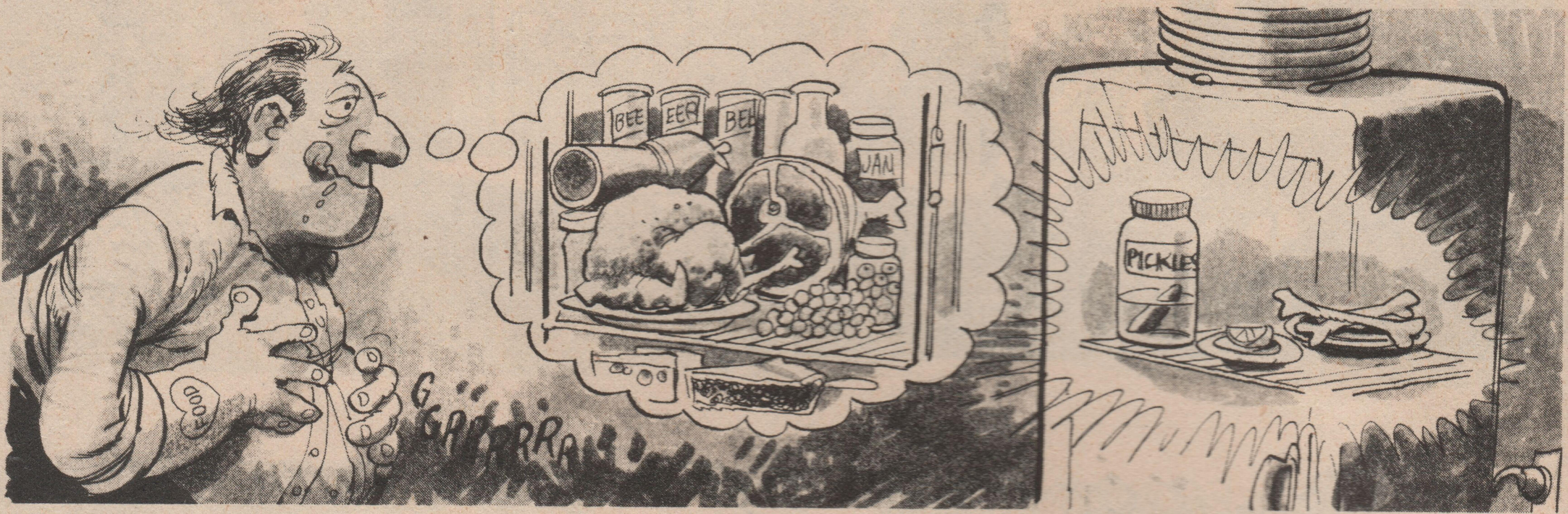
RITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

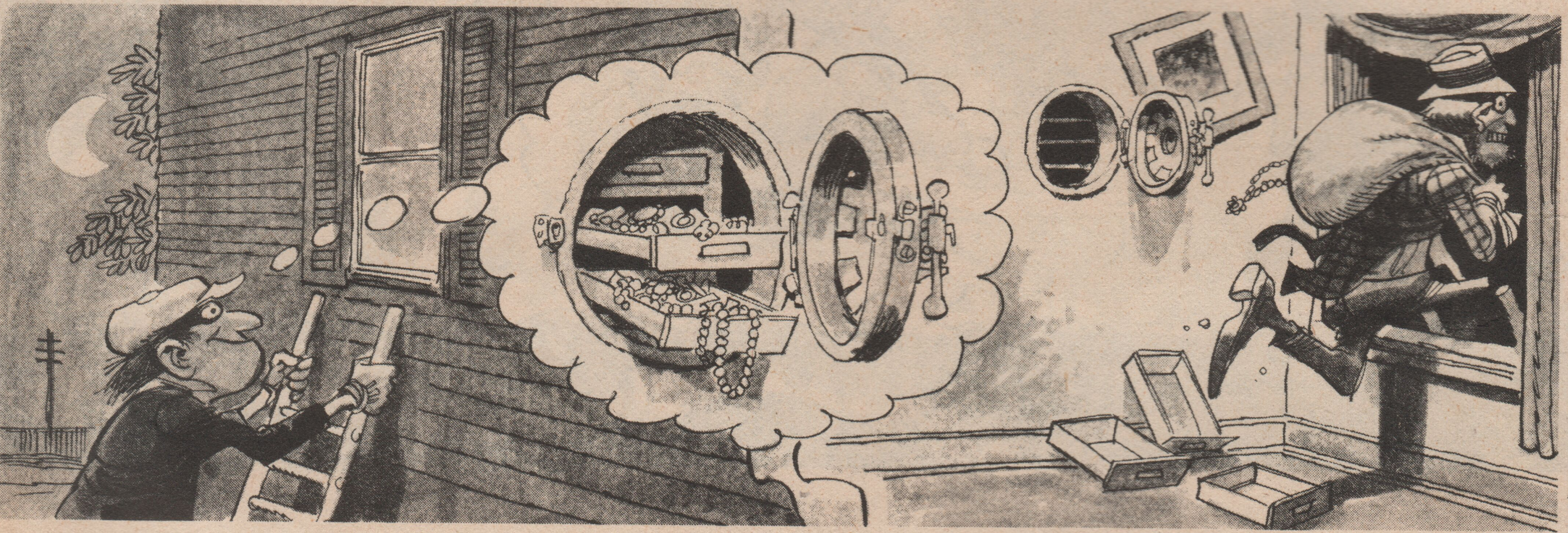

AUDITORIUM
JONES
JONES
JONES
JONES
JONES
JONES
VOTE
JONES

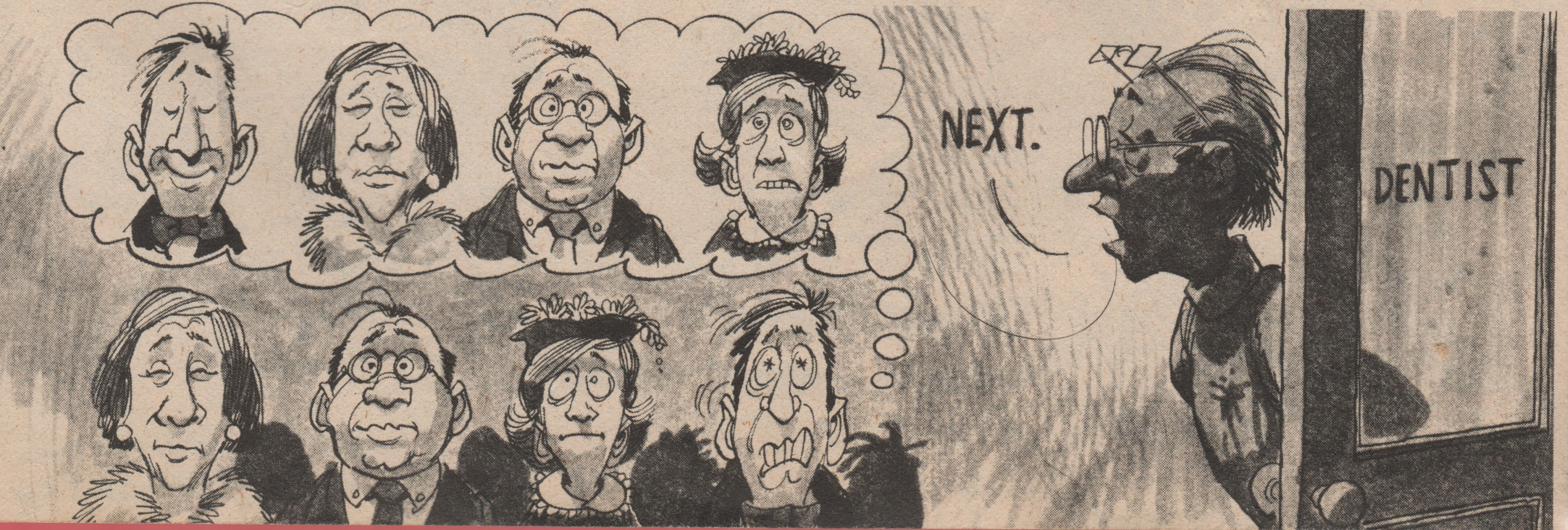







BEE
EER
BEE
JAM
FOOD
GGRRRRRA
PICKLES




NEXT.
DENTIST

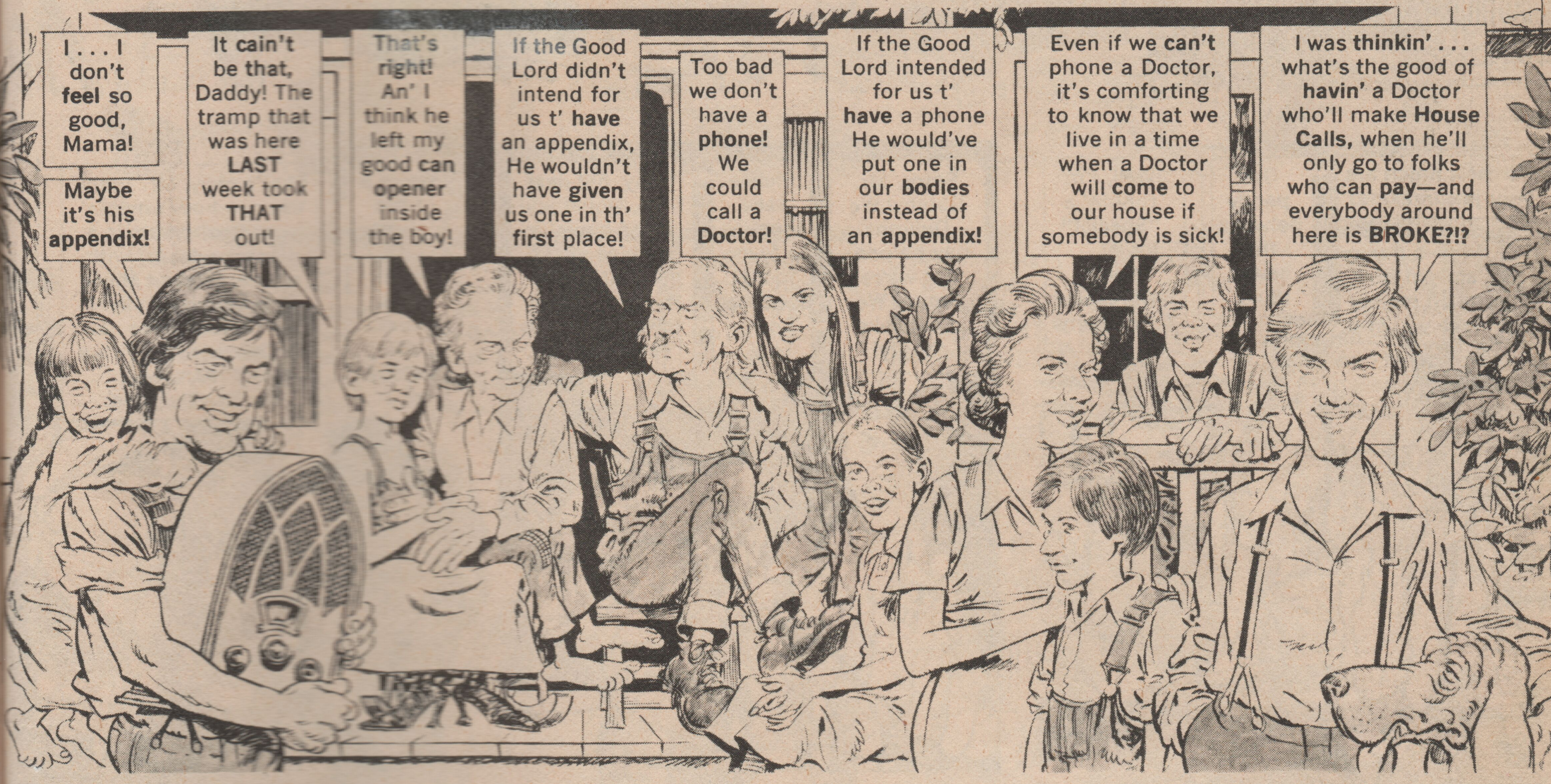
NEVER TRUST A SHOW ABOUT THE '30'S DEPT.

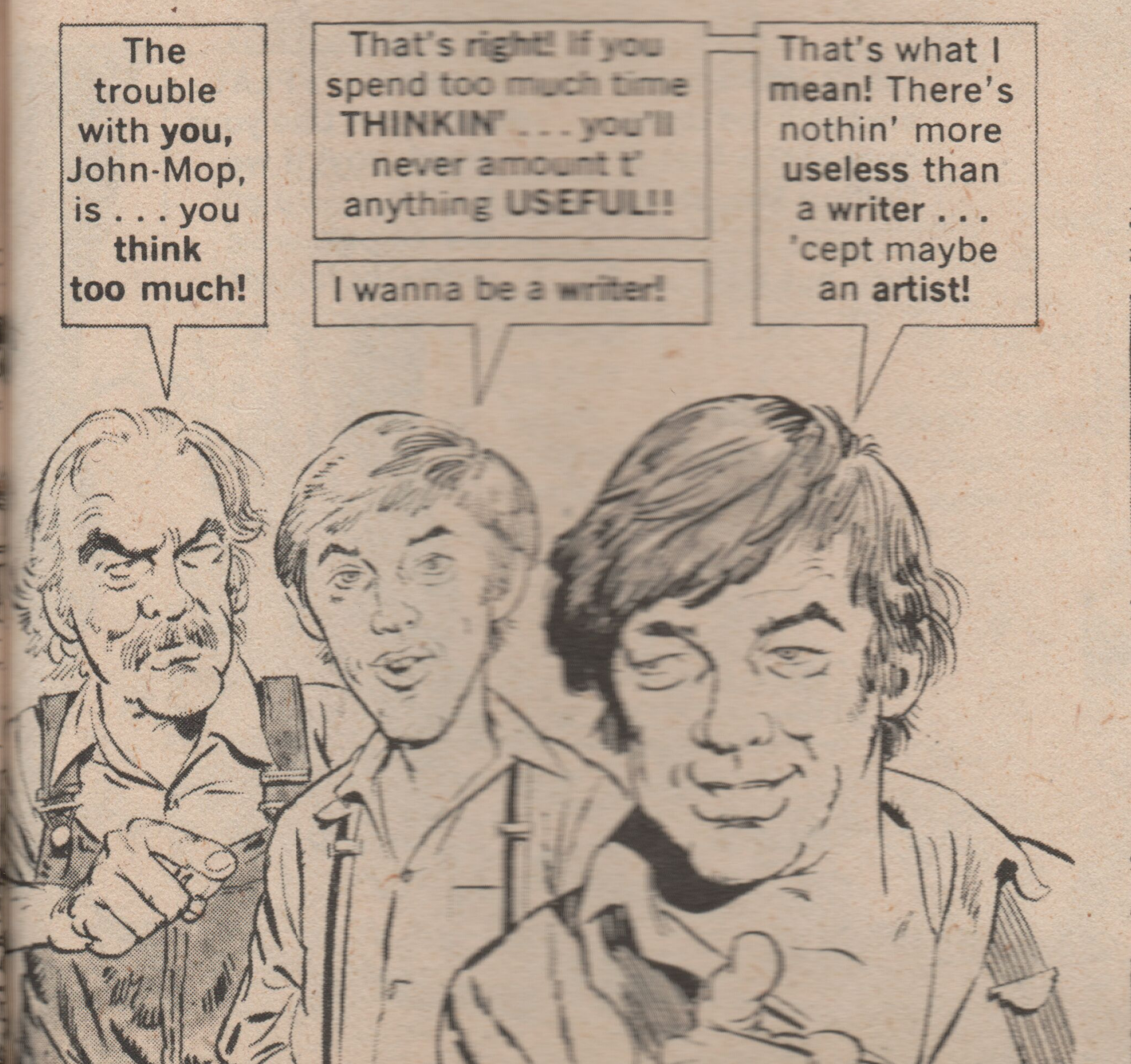
Here we go with MAD's version of the new TV series with the revolutionary new approach to TV Programming . . . no violence, no action, no controversy, no cops, no private-eyes, no crime, no bloodshed . . . just a sweet, simple, nostalgic look at the days when people were starving to death during the Great Depression, and life was dull . . . dull . . . dull! Like it is watching

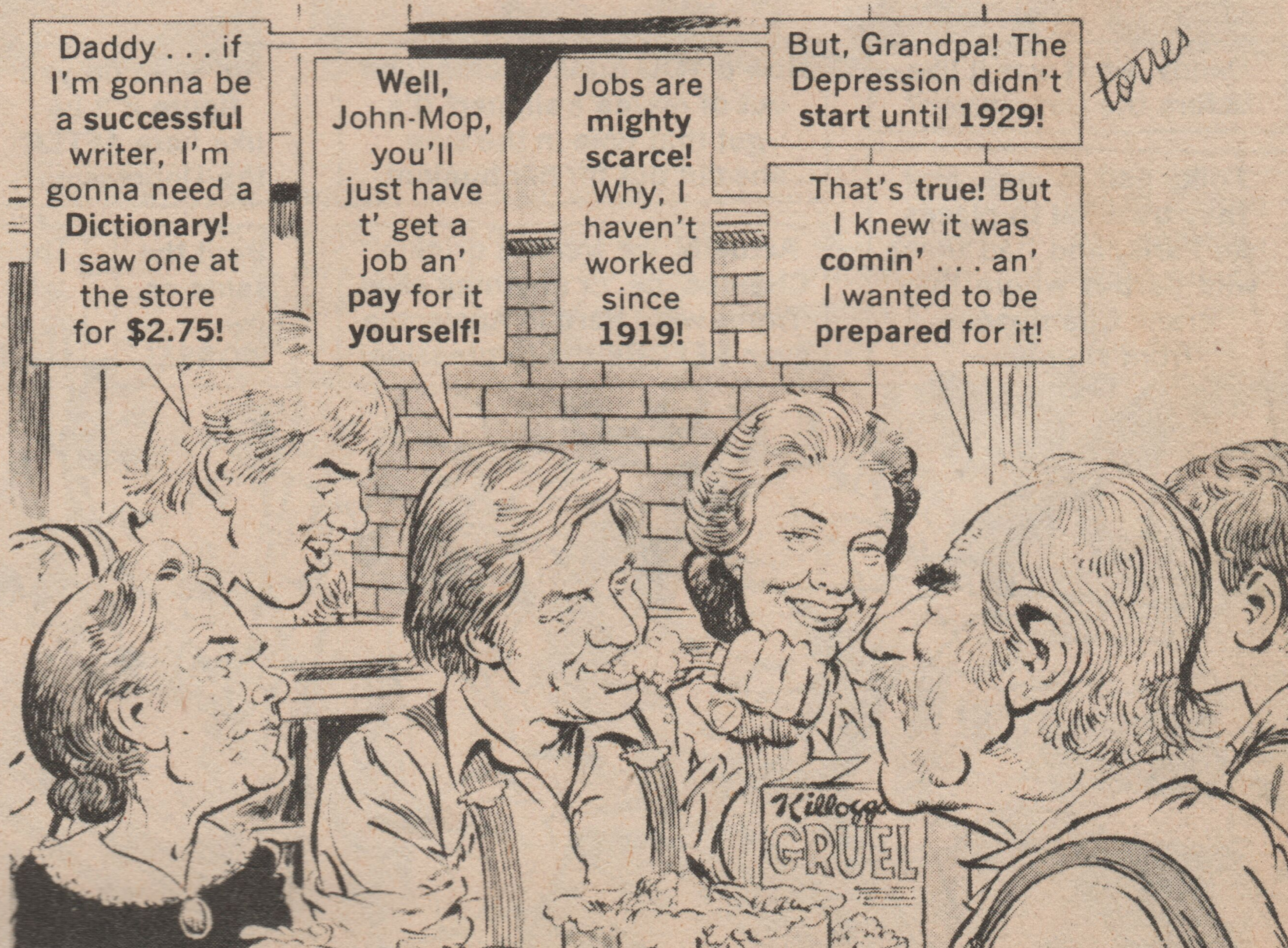
The Dulltons

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

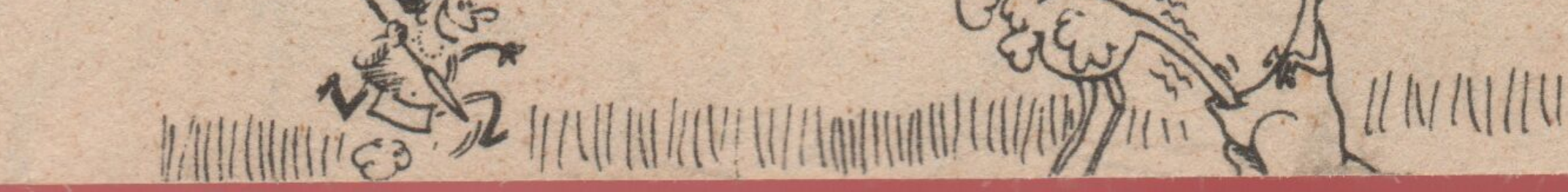
LOVERS LEAP

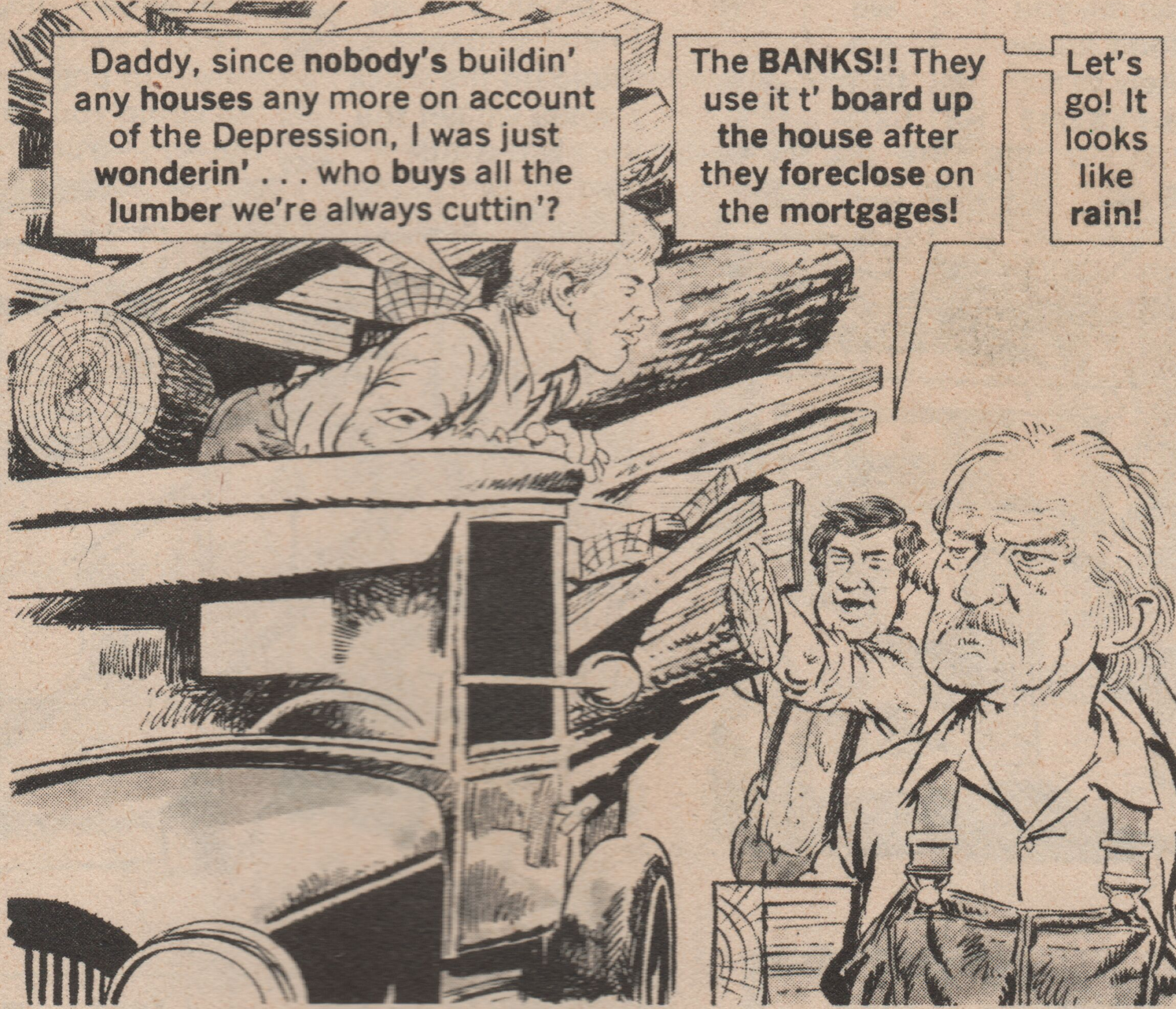

I . . . I don't **feel** so good, Mama!
Maybe it's his **appendix!**
It **cain't** be that, Daddy! The tramp that was here **LAST** week took **THAT** out!
That's **right!** An' I think he left my good **can opener** inside the boy!
If the Good Lord didn't intend for us t' **have** an appendix, He wouldn't have **given** us one in th' **first** place!
Too bad we don't have a **phone!** We could call a **Doctor!**
If the Good Lord intended for us t' **have** a phone He would've put one in our **bodies** instead of an **appendix!**
Even if we **can't** phone a Doctor, it's comforting to know that we live in a time when a Doctor will **come** to our house if somebody is sick!
I was **thinkin'** . . . what's the good of **havin'** a Doctor who'll make **House Calls,** when he'll only go to folks who can **pay**—and everybody around here is **BROKE?!?**

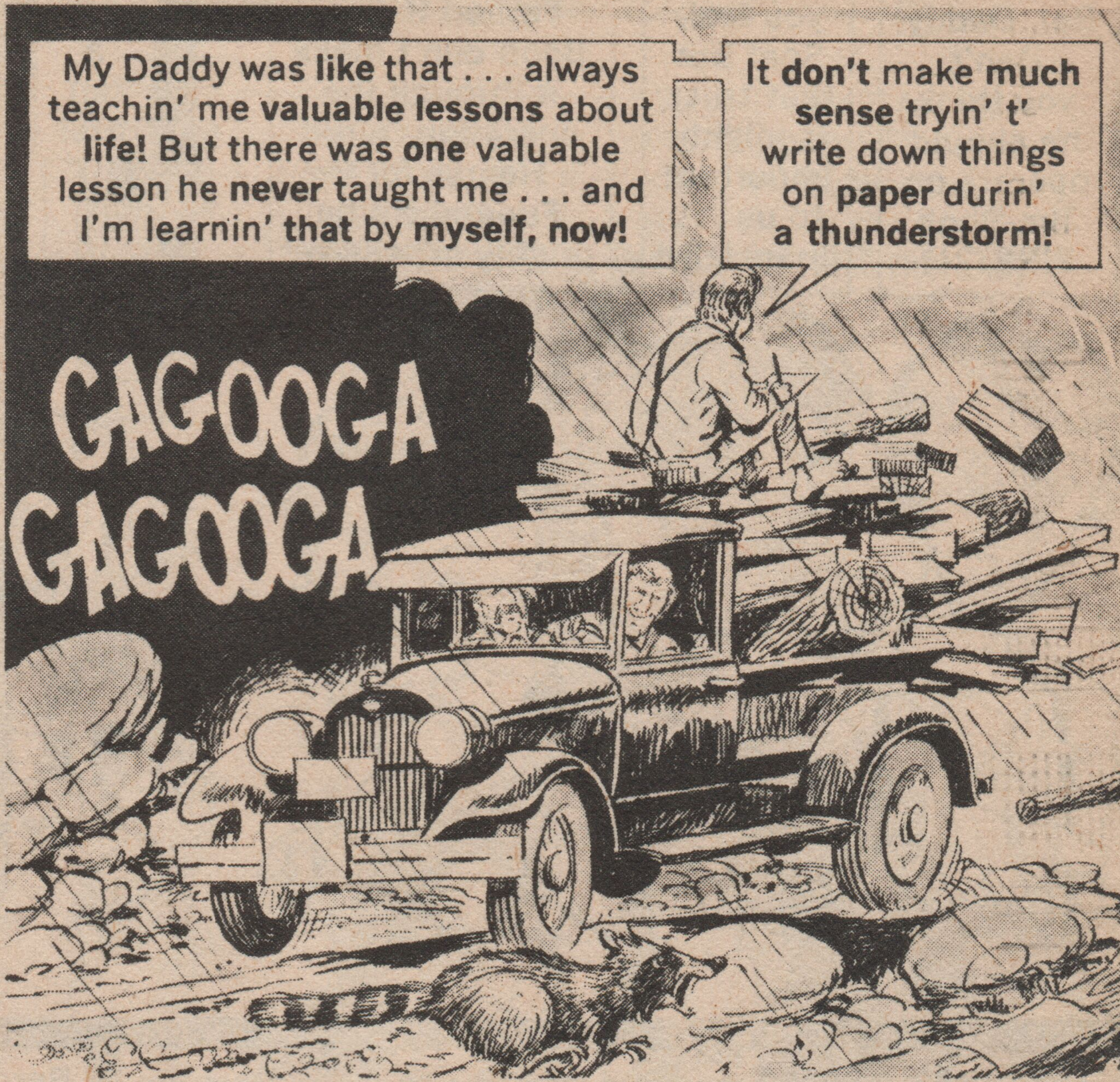

The trouble with **you,** John-Mop, is . . . you **think too much!**
That's **right!** If you spend too **much** time **THINKIN'** . . . you'll never **amount** t' anything **USEFUL!!**
I wanna be a **writer!**
That's what I **mean!** There's nothin' more **useless** than a **writer** . . . 'cept maybe an **artist!**

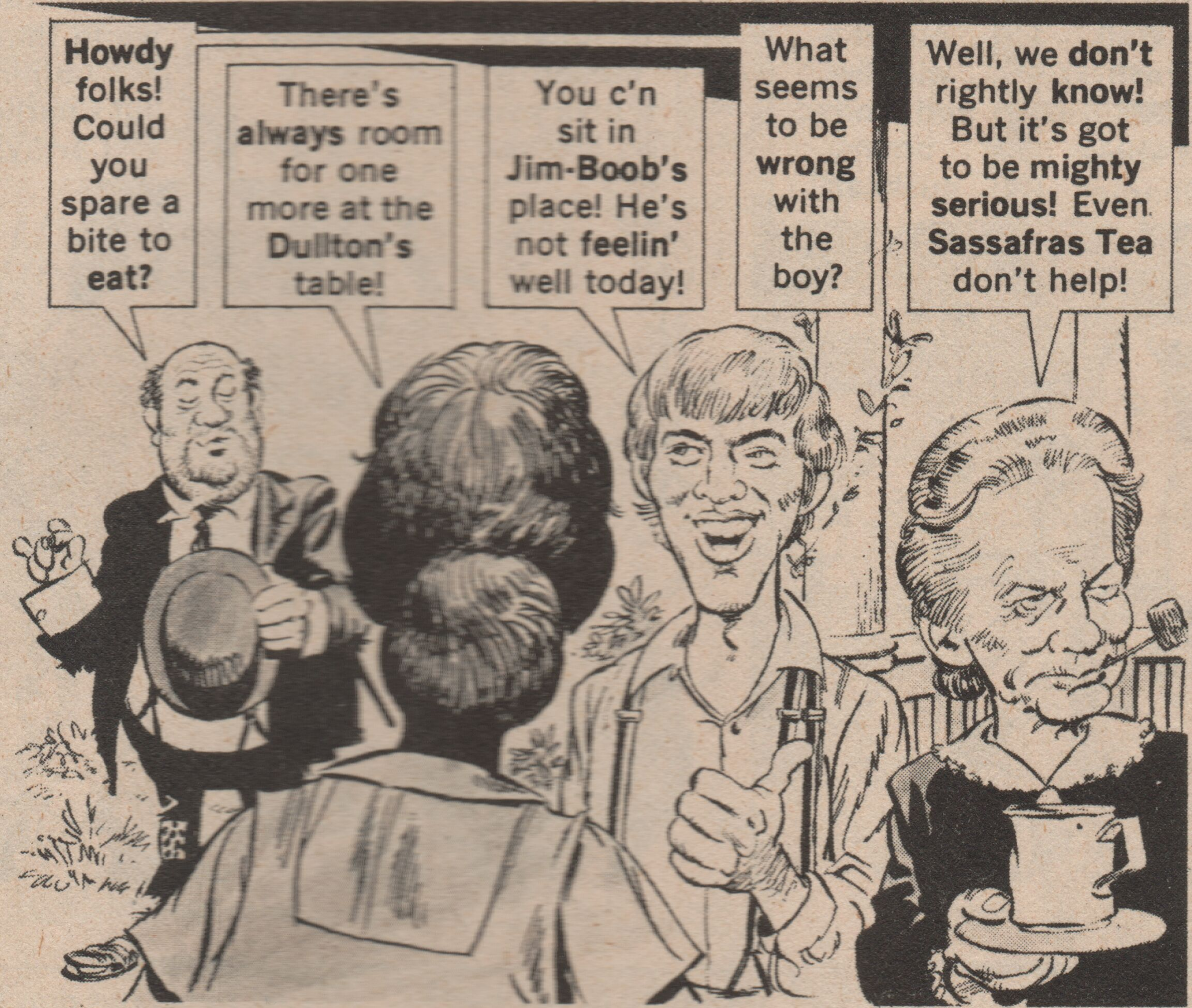

Daddy . . . if I'm gonna be a **successful** writer, I'm gonna need a **Dictionary!** I saw one at the store for **$2.75!**
Well, John-Mop, you'll just have t' get a job an' **pay** for it **yourself!**
Jobs are **mighty scarce!** Why, I haven't worked since **1919!**
But, Grandpa! The Depression didn't **start** until **1929!**
That's **true!** But I knew it was **comin'** . . . an' I wanted to be **prepared** for it!
torres
Kellogg's
GRUEL

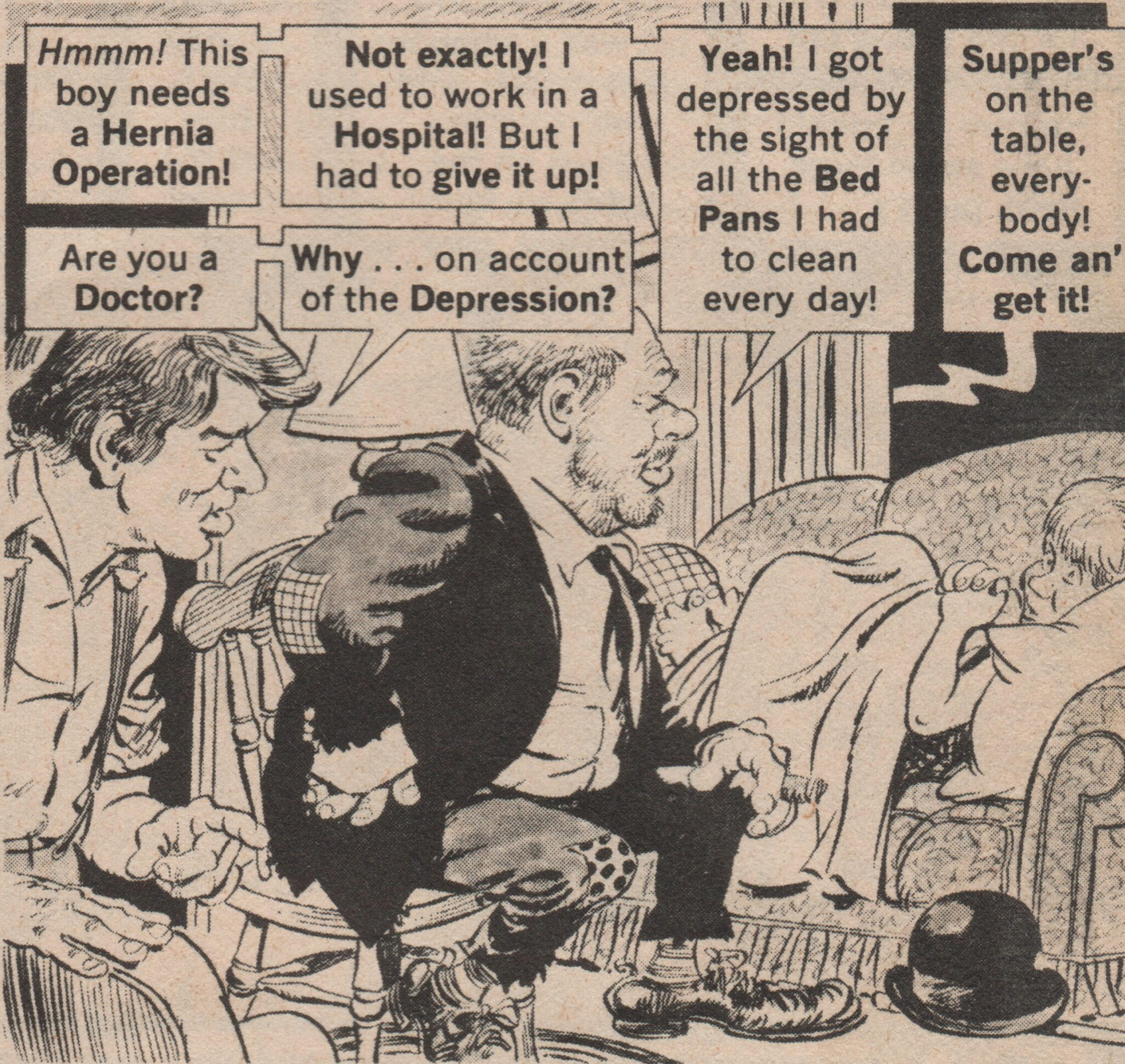
Howdy folks! John-Mop . . . lightnin' struck my barn last night! I'll pay you $2.75 t'help me rebuild it!
It's amazin'! Ten million people out of work . . . an' John-Mop manages t' get a job almost every week!
I owe it all t' honesty . . . virtuous livin' . . . and an accomodatin' script writer!
Don't be too long John-Mop! We're goin' shoppin'!
Be right back, Mama! How long can it take t' rebuild a barn?!?
ZAP COMICS
APPLES 5¢
Good morning, Mr. Gatsby! Five cents worth of eggs, please!
They're three cents each, Mrs. Dullton! Tell you what! I'll give you a special price . . . two for five!
Sorry! I only take what I c'n pay for! Five cents worth of eggs, please!
Okay . . . that'll be one an' a half eggs! Uh . . . which half of the egg do you want . . . the white, or the—*yecch*—yolk?
Get the white, Mama!
I like the yoke!
SALE
Uh—how much are your jawbreakers?
Why—a penny apiece! How much money have you got!
One penny between the seven of us!
Well, I'm runnin' a "Special" today . . . seven jawbreakers for a penny!
Sorry, Mr. Gatsby! We Dulltons may be poor, but we're proud! We don't take charity!
Please take them as a favor to me!
Sorry, no!
Okay, but next time, would you mind buyin' a licorice stick? It's MURDER tryin' t' bust a jawbreaker into seven pieces!
We're a little short of cash this week, Mr. Gatsby, an' . . .
That's okay, Mr. Joad! You can have anythin' you want! It sure is a pleasure dealin' with a miserable old Movie Depression Family! I can't stand these new TV Depression "Virtue Freak" Families . . . like the Dulltons!
THE GRAPES OF WRATH
Daddy, what was it like before the Depression?
Folks had money, and they traveled to places like Paris, and had these wild parties where they drank Champagne from slippers—
How'd YOU drink Champagne out of Mama's slipper? It's got that hole in the side she cut out for her bunion!
Actually, we weren't drinkin' Champagne, or anything else! Times were hard in Apalachia even BEFORE the Depression!
An' what do you figure it'll be like here AFTER the Depression?
'Bout the same as now . . . or WORSE!
Then why do we stay?
PLANT A TREE 4H CLUBS
Us Dulltons have always lived down here at the foot of Dullton Mountain!
Yes, but WHY . . . ?
Because it's FLAT down here! Use your head, boy! If we tried livin' up on the slopes, we'd probably fall off!

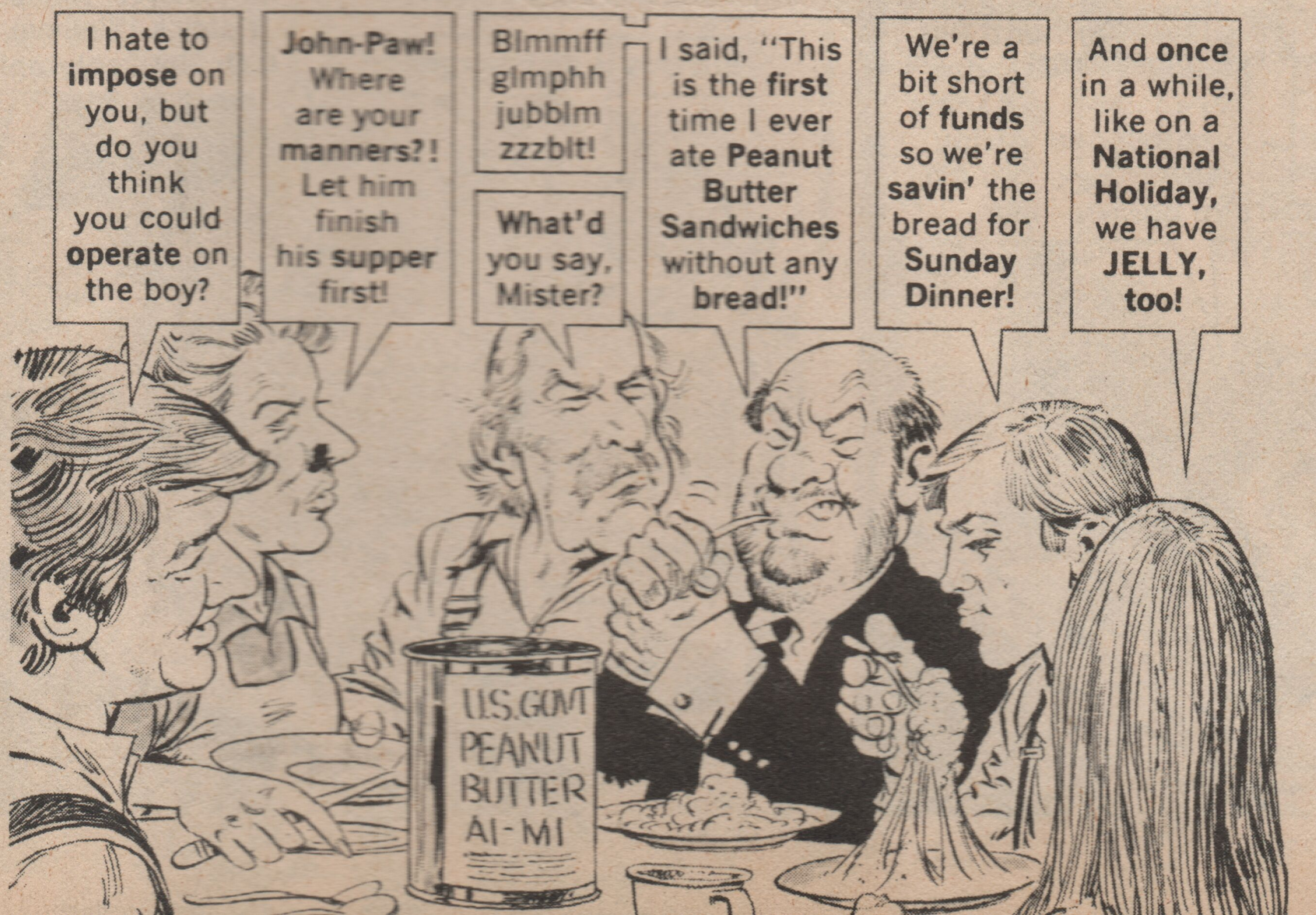


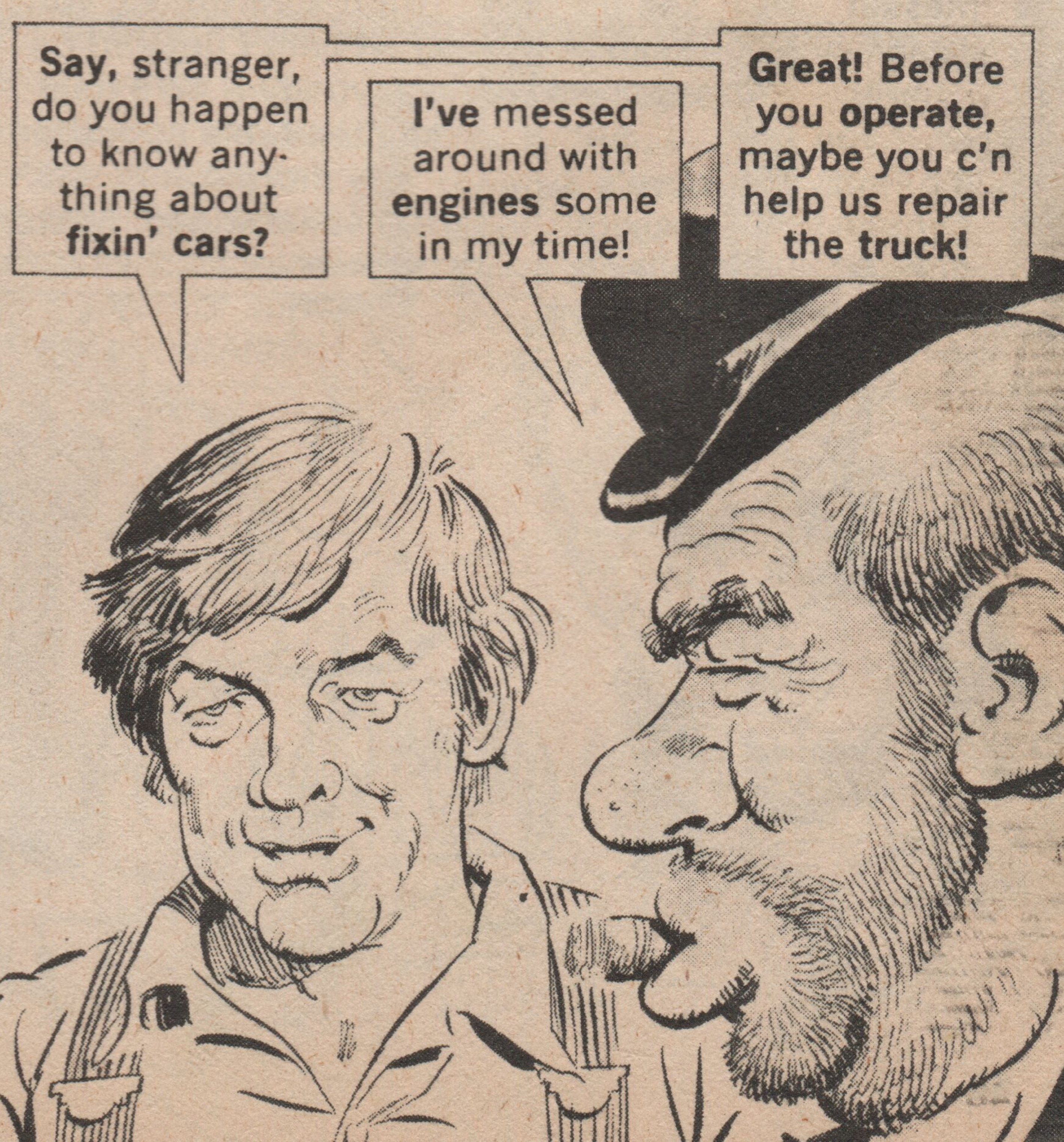

Daddy, since nobody's buildin' any houses any more on account of the Depression, I was just wonderin' . . . who buys all the lumber we're always cuttin'?
The BANKS!! They use it t' board up the house after they foreclose on the mortgages!
Let's go! It looks like rain!

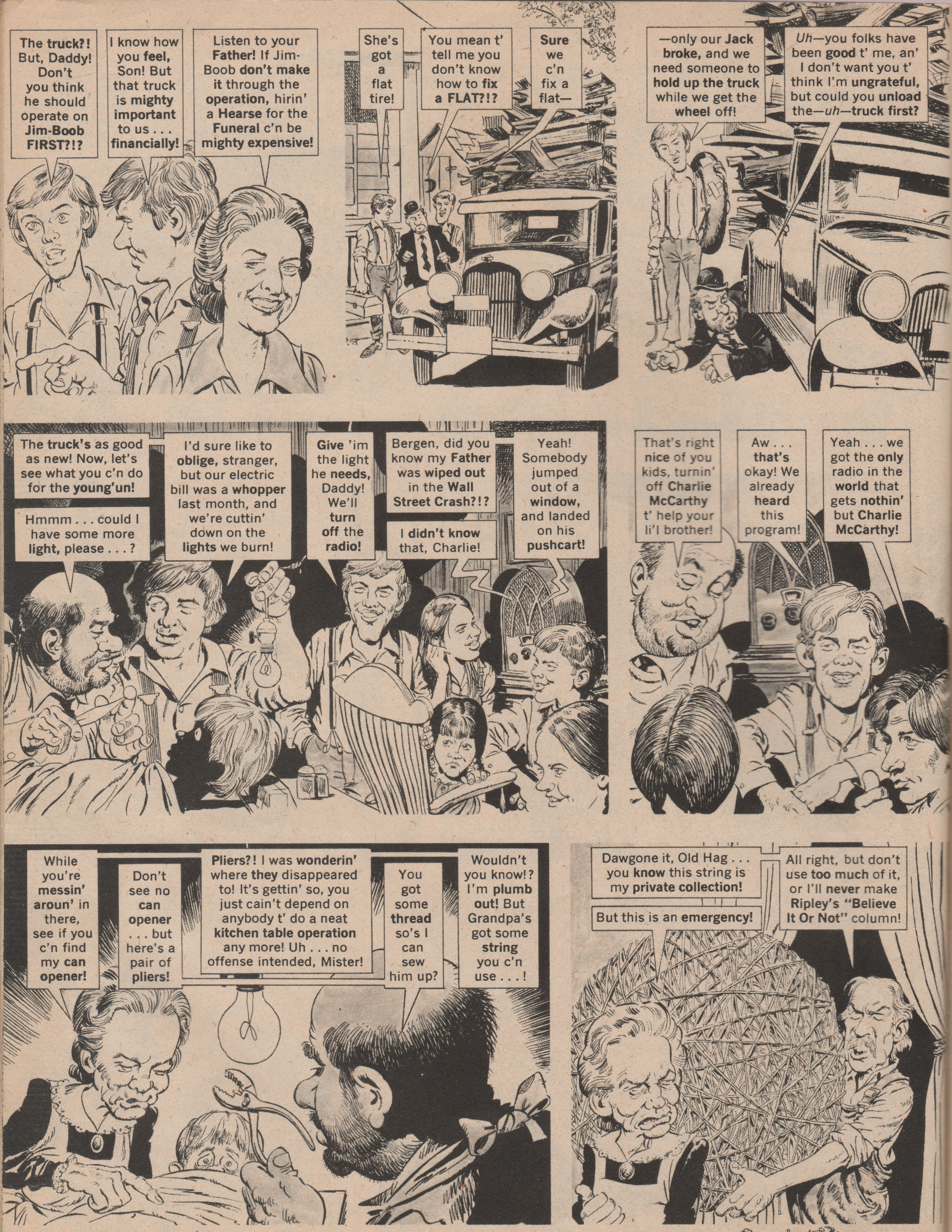

My Daddy was like that . . . always teachin' me valuable lessons about life! But there was one valuable lesson he never taught me . . . and I'm learnin' that by myself, now!
It don't make much sense tryin' t' write down things on paper durin' a thunderstorm!
GAGOOGA GAGOOGA


Howdy folks! Could you spare a bite to eat?
There's always room for one more at the Dullton's table!
You c'n sit in Jim-Boob's place! He's not feelin' well today!
What seems to be wrong with the boy?
Well, we don't rightly know! But it's got to be mighty serious! Even Sassafras Tea don't help!

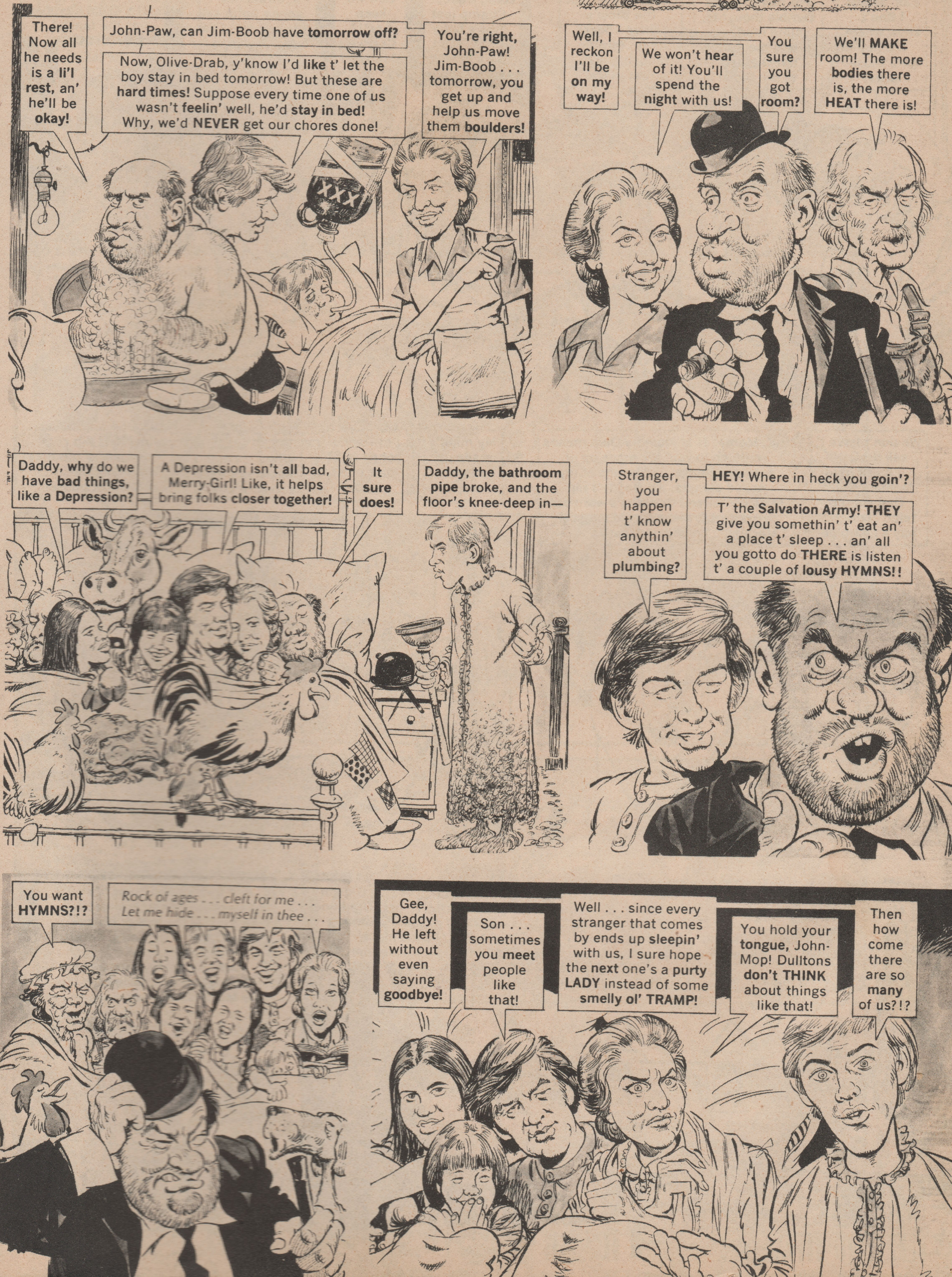

Hmmm! This boy needs a Hernia Operation!
Are you a Doctor?
Not exactly! I used to work in a Hospital! But I had to give it up!
Why . . . on account of the Depression?
Yeah! I got depressed by the sight of all the Bed Pans I had to clean every day!
Supper's on the table, every-body! Come an' get it!


I hate to impose on you, but do you think you could operate on the boy?
John-Paw! Where are your manners?! Let him finish his supper first!
Blmmff glmphh jubblm zzzblt!
What'd you say, Mister?
I said, "This is the first time I ever ate Peanut Butter Sandwiches without any bread!"
We're a bit short of funds so we're savin' the bread for Sunday Dinner!
And once in a while, like on a National Holiday, we have JELLY, too!
U.S. GOV'T PEANUT BUTTER AI-MI


Say, stranger, do you happen to know any-thing about fixin' cars?
I've messed around with engines some in my time!
Great! Before you operate, maybe you c'n help us repair the truck!

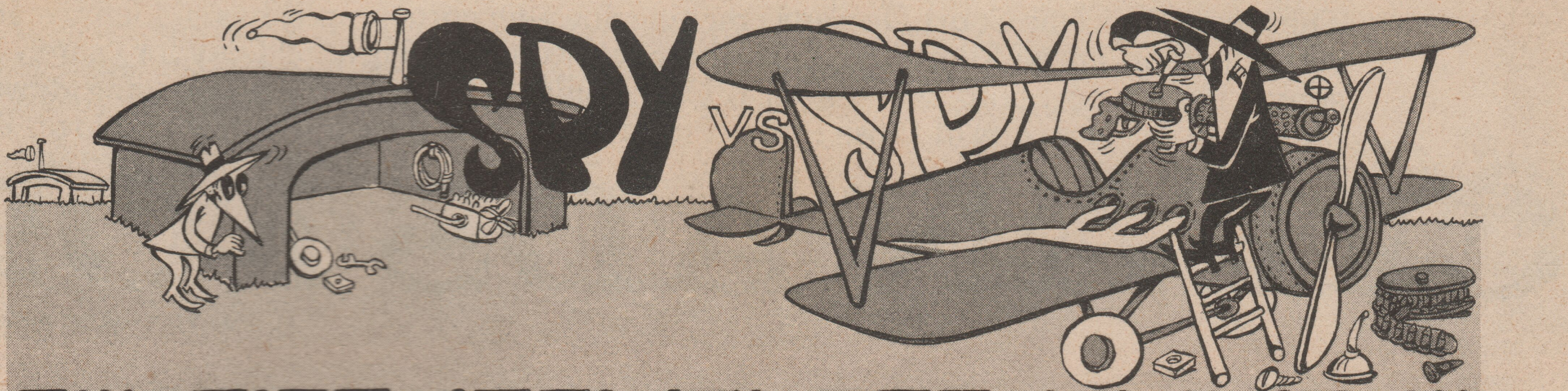

The truck?! But, Daddy! Don't you think he should operate on Jim-Boob FIRST?!?
I know how you feel, Son! But that truck is mighty important to us . . . financially!
Listen to your Father! If Jim-Boob don't make it through the operation, hirin' a Hearse for the Funeral c'n be mighty expensive!
She's got a flat tire!
You mean t' tell me you don't know how to fix a FLAT?!?
Sure we c'n fix a flat—
—only our Jack broke, and we need someone to hold up the truck while we get the wheel off!
Uh—you folks have been good t' me, an' I don't want you t' think I'm ungrateful, but could you unload the—uh—truck first?
The truck's as good as new! Now, let's see what you c'n do for the young'un!
Hmmm . . . could I have some more light, please . . . ?
I'd sure like to oblige, stranger, but our electric bill was a whopper last month, and we're cuttin' down on the lights we burn!
Give 'im the light he needs, Daddy! We'll turn off the radio!
Bergen, did you know my Father was wiped out in the Wall Street Crash?!?
I didn't know that, Charlie!
Yeah! Somebody jumped out of a window, and landed on his pushcart!
That's right nice of you kids, turnin' off Charlie McCarthy t' help your li'l brother!
Aw . . . that's okay! We already heard this program!
Yeah . . . we got the only radio in the world that gets nothin' but Charlie McCarthy!
While you're messin' aroun' in there, see if you c'n find my can opener!
Don't see no can opener . . . but here's a pair of pliers!
Pliers?! I was wonderin' where they disappeared to! It's gettin' so, you just cain't depend on anybody t' do a neat kitchen table operation any more! Uh . . . no offense intended, Mister!
You got some thread so's I can sew him up?
Wouldn't you know!? I'm plumb out! But Grandpa's got some string you c'n use . . . !
Dawgone it, Old Hag . . . you know this string is my private collection!
But this is an emergency!
All right, but don't use too much of it, or I'll never make Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column!

BROMO-SELTZER

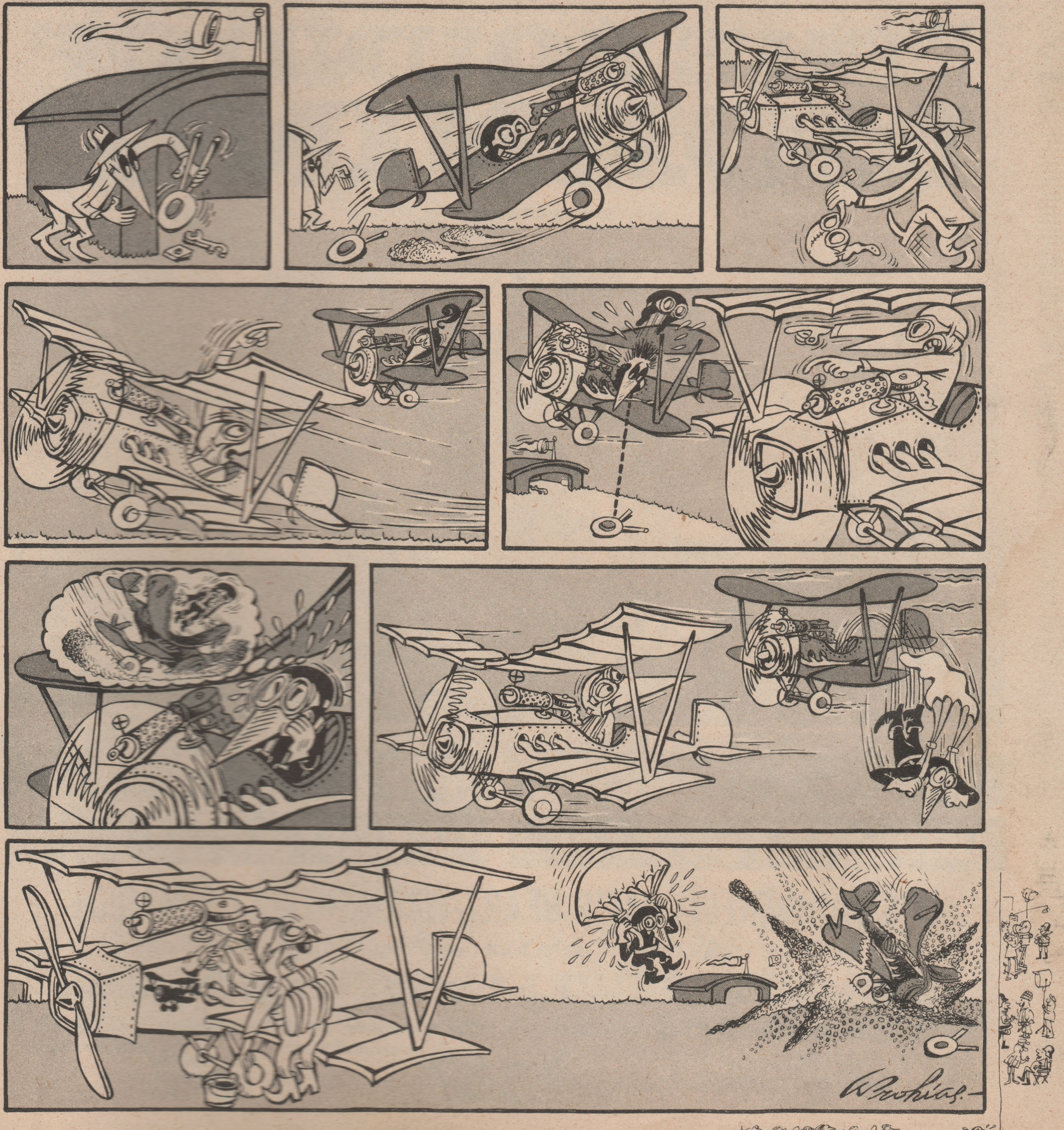

There! Now all he needs is a li'l rest, an' he'll be okay!
John-Paw, can Jim-Boob have tomorrow off?
Now, Olive-Drab, y'know I'd like t' let the boy stay in bed tomorrow! But these are hard times! Suppose every time one of us wasn't feelin' well, he'd stay in bed! Why, we'd NEVER get our chores done!
You're right, John-Paw! Jim-Boob . . . tomorrow, you get up and help us move them boulders!
XXX
Well, I reckon I'll be on my way!
We won't hear of it! You'll spend the night with us!
You sure you got room?
We'll MAKE room! The more bodies there is, the more HEAT there is!
Daddy, why do we have bad things, like a Depression?
A Depression isn't all bad, Merry-Girl! Like, it helps bring folks closer together!
It sure does!
Daddy, the bathroom pipe broke, and the floor's knee-deep in—
Stranger, you happen t' know anythin' about plumbing?
HEY! Where in heck you goin'?
T' the Salvation Army! THEY give you somethin' t' eat an' a place t' sleep . . . an' all you gotto do THERE is listen t' a couple of lousy HYMNS!!
You want HYMNS?!?
Rock of ages . . . cleft for me . . . Let me hide . . . myself in thee . . .
Gee, Daddy! He left without even saying goodbye!
Son . . . sometimes you meet people like that!
Well . . . since every stranger that comes by ends up sleepin' with us, I sure hope the next one's a purty LADY instead of some smelly ol' TRAMP!
You hold your tongue, John-Mop! Dulltons don't THINK about things like that!
Then how come there are so many of us?!?

Lan' sakes! I don't know where the boy gets those ideas!
For havin' those terrible thoughts, young man, you are to memorize ten chapters of the Bible!
Okay, Mama! But the Bible's where I begat them terrible thoughts in the first place!
Look, Daddy! Champ just had a baby CALF, right here in bed!
Can we keep her?!? Can we, Daddy?!?
I'm afraid not! I'm gonna hafta sell the calf so's I can buy a new pipe for the toilet!
But, John-Paw! That calf's like a member of the family!
So's the toilet!
We don't have t' sell the calf! I'll sell my Memory Quilt! That should fetch enough t' buy a new pipe!
But, Mama! That Memory Quilt means so much to you! It's made up of precious things . . . like one of my soiled diapers, an' Daddy's old work socks, and Grandpa's worn-out truss, an' Grandma's old surgical stockings, an' old underwear, an'—
My mind's made up! I'm selling the quilt!
I'm—sniff—gonna MISS that quilt! —sniff—
Why . . . I didn't know you were so sentimental!
I'm NOT! I'm cold! That quilt is the only warm blanket we got in the house!
G'night, Mama!
G'night, Papa!
G'night, Grandpa!
G'night, John-Paw!
G'night, Ben-Boy!
G'night, John-Mop!
G'night, Olive-Drab!
G'night, Liz-Girl!
G'night, Jim-Boob!
G'night, Errand-Girl!
G'night, Charlie!
G'night, Merry-Girl!
G'night, Masonmint!
G'night, Bergen!
G'night, Grandma!
DULLTON MTN.
And that's what it was like on a typical, sickeningly-sweet day, livin' at the foot of Dullton Mountain! Sometimes, I'd wish we weren't so polite to each other! By the time we'd all get through sayin' "G'night!", it'd be MORNIN' already . . . yawn . . .

JOKE & DAGGER DEPT.



-... -.-- .--. .-. --- ....- ...



PORN FREE DEPT.

The recent Supreme Court Decision cracking down on pornography has suddenly made it very tough on Porno Film Producers who have been enjoying a field day for years. Nowadays, there's no telling when a local Censorship Board will come swooping down to put out of business one of those Porno Pictures we've all grown to know and love. Well,

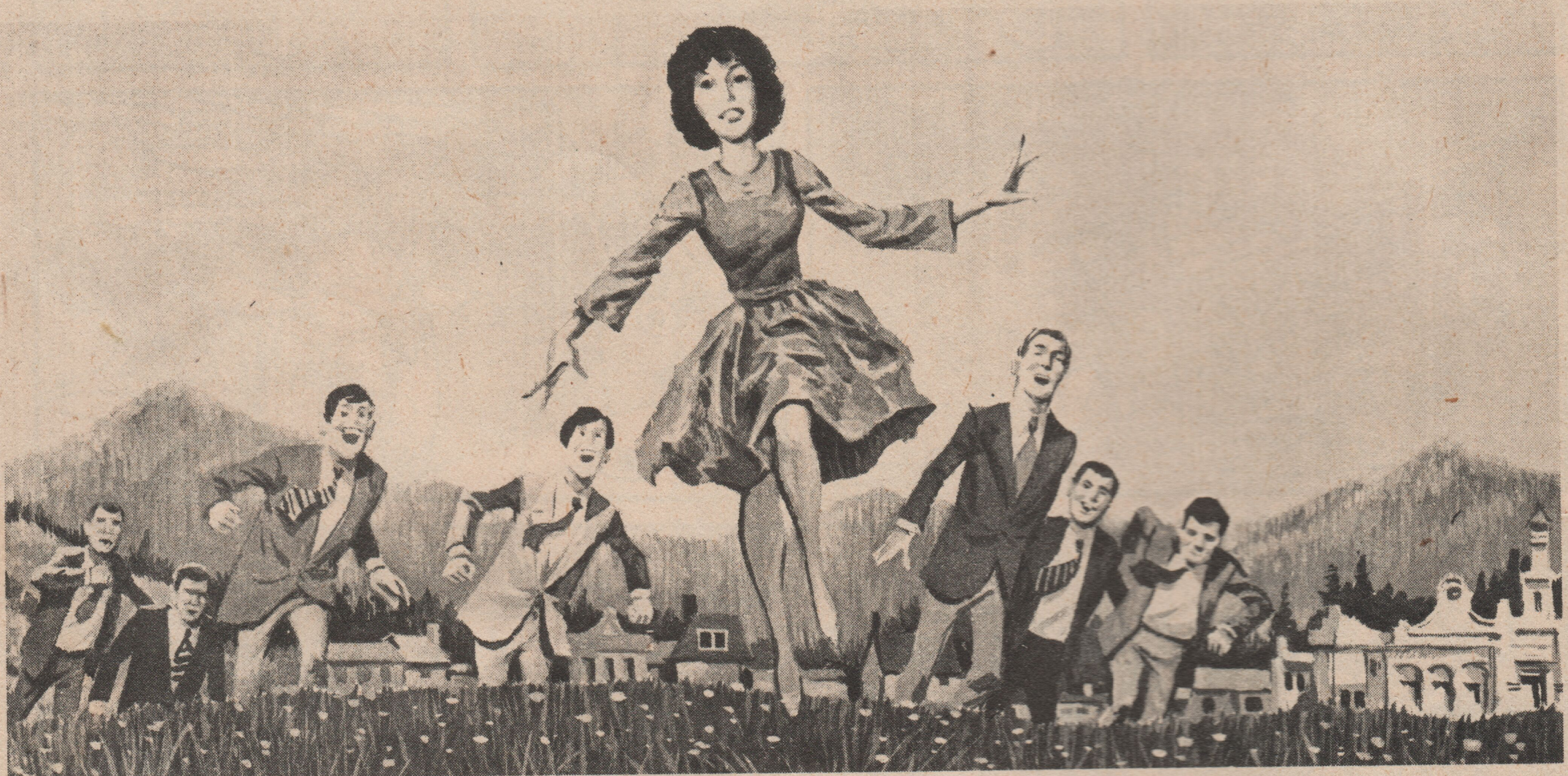
CLEAN ADS FOR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

YOU'LL SIGH, YOU'LL TINGLE, YOU'LL LEAVE THE THEATER DANCING TO THE ROLLICKING RHYTHMS OF...

"THE SOUND OF MOANING"

(formerly entitled "Deep Throat")



MEET... A Bright New Star Who'll Tug At Your Heart And Make You Feel Warm All Over

CHEER... A Gang Of Lovable Nuts Who Are Looking For Peace Of Mind—Among Other Things

LISTEN... To A Fantastic Sound Track As The Hills Come Alive With The Sound Of Breathing

LEARN... A Whole New Set Of Meanings To Our Old, Accepted "American Way Of Life"

IT'S WONDERFUL...IT'S HEART-WARMING...IT'S MAGIC!

You'll See Tricks That Will Make Your Eyes Pop... Among Other Things!

Starring LINDA LOVELACE...America's Newest Sweetheart

(Also Canada's, England's, Sweden's, Japan's, and The Teamster's Union's!)

"SHE'S THE GREATEST THING SINCE MOTHER!"
—Pat Boone

"SHE MAKES ME FORGET ANNETTE FUNICELLO!"
—Frankie Avalon

"WHO'S ANNETTE FUNICELLO?"
—Annette Funicello

MAD has come up with a solution . . . a fiendishly ingenious way to throw those Censors off the track and keep them at bay! Don't change the movies, change the ads! In other words, camouflage those notorious X-Rated films with advertisements that are full of wholesome G-Rated copy. We'll show you just what we mean with these examples of . . .

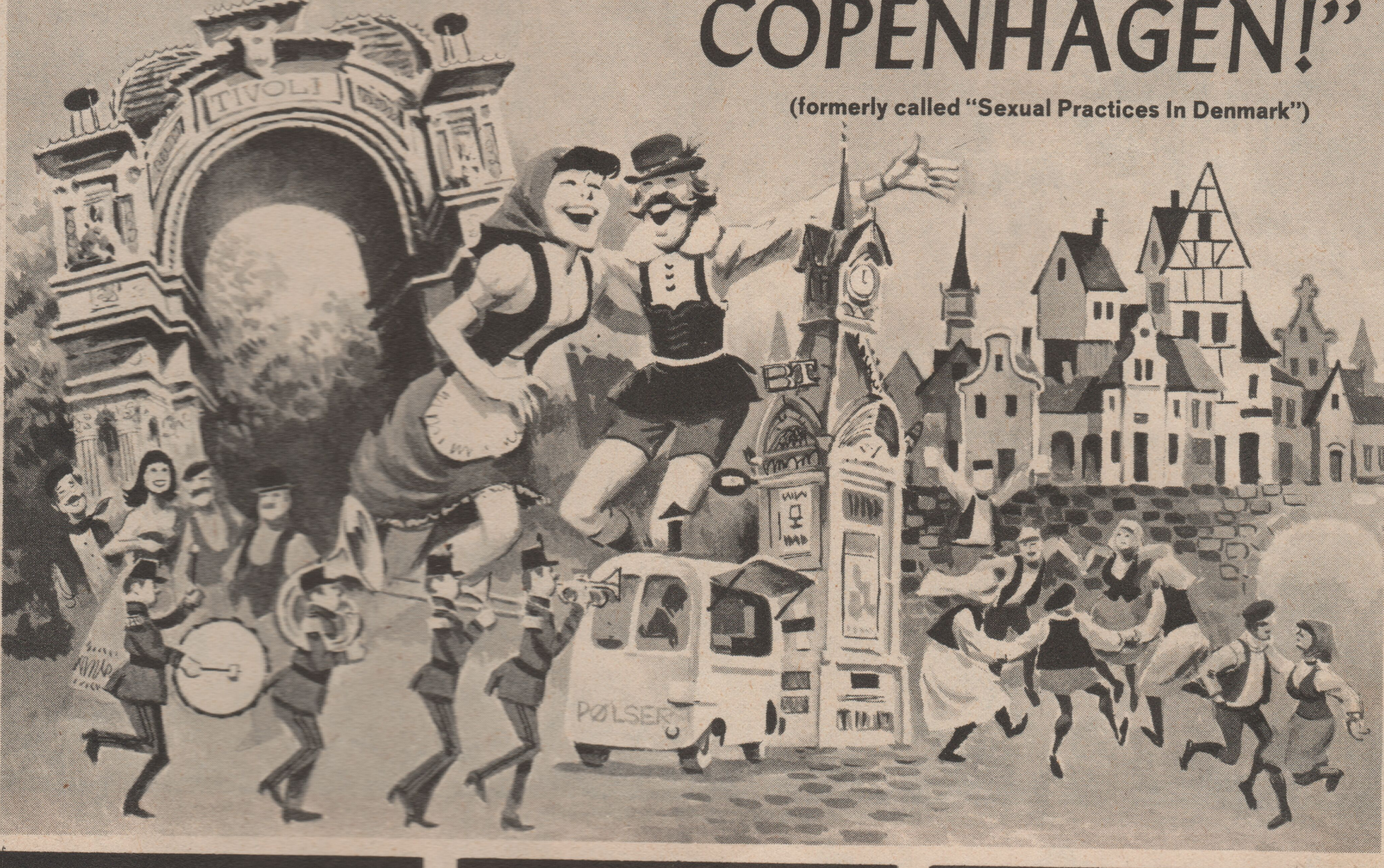
DIRTY MOVIES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

IT'S A WONDERWORLD OF ENCHANTMENT . . . IT'S AN EDUCATIONAL MIRACLE . . . IT'S A TRAVELOGUE THAT BROADENS THE MIND AND DAZZLES THE SENSES . . . IT'S . . .

"WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN!"

(formerly called "Sexual Practices In Denmark")

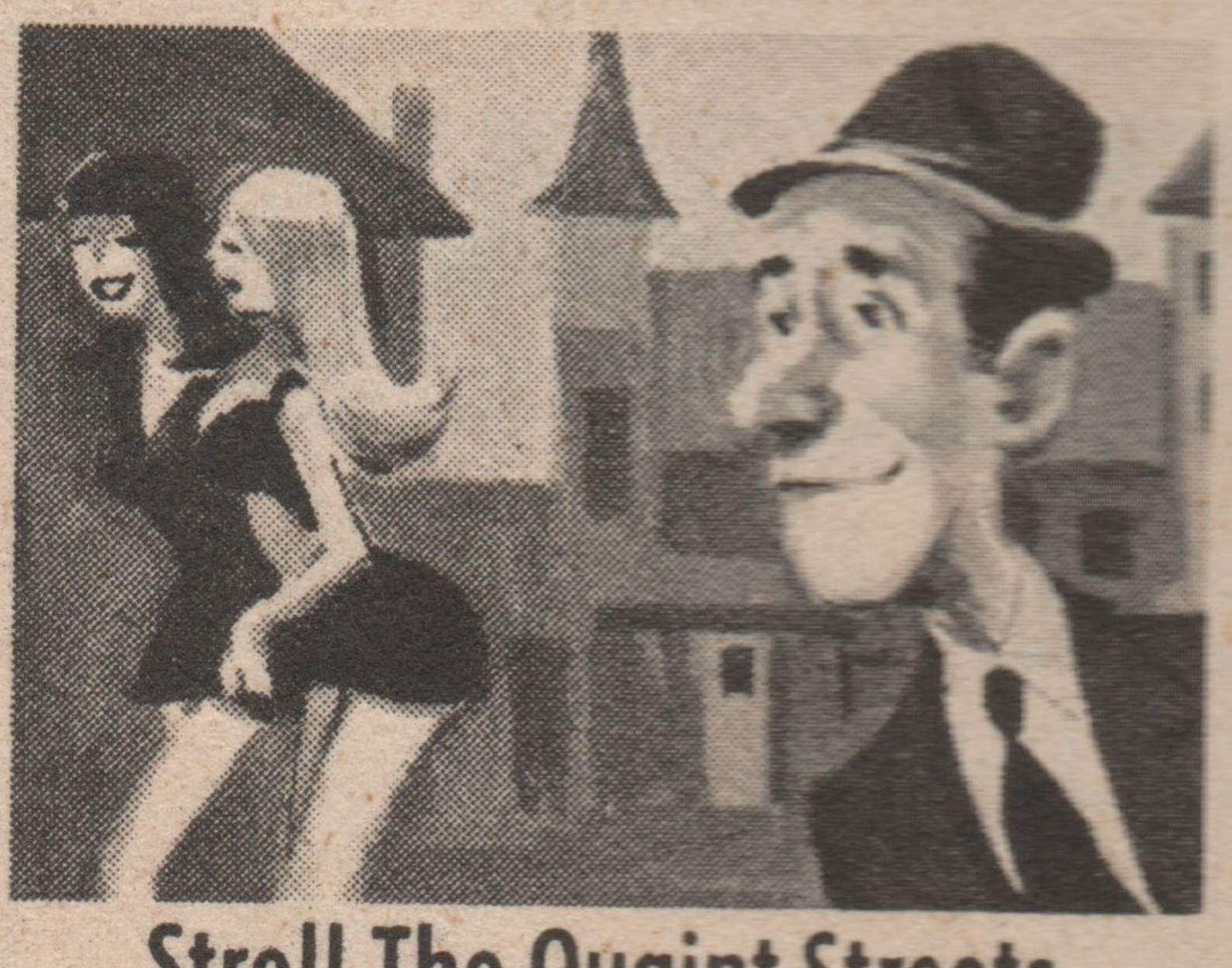


SEE A Carefree Land Where Your Wildest Fantasies Come True, And New Ones Are Born Every Minute

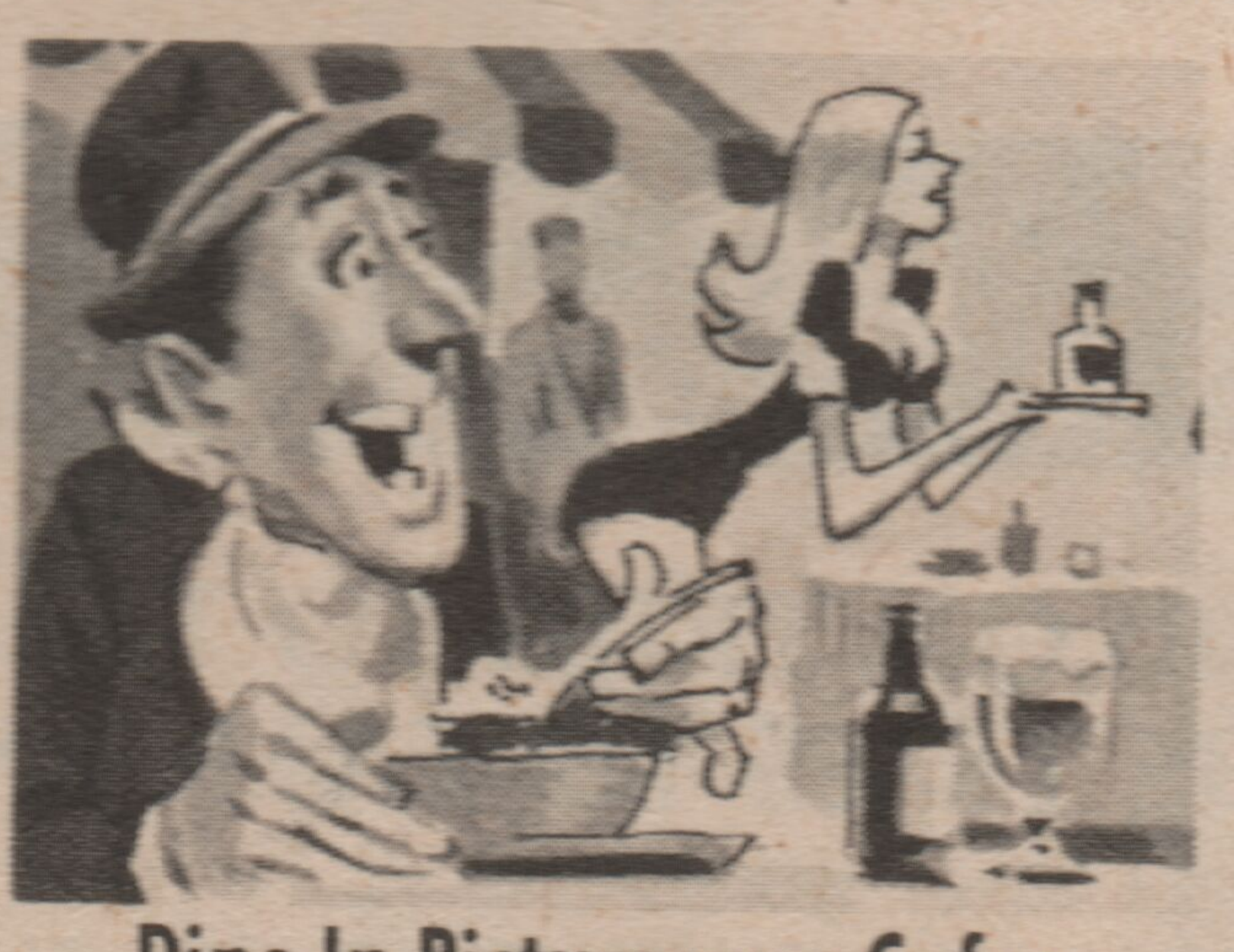
SEE The Magic World Of Hans Christian Anderson, Where Fairy Tales Come To Life In The Parks And Streets

SEE History In The Making . . . In This Close-Up Study Of The Ups And Downs Of A Plucky, Fun-Loving People

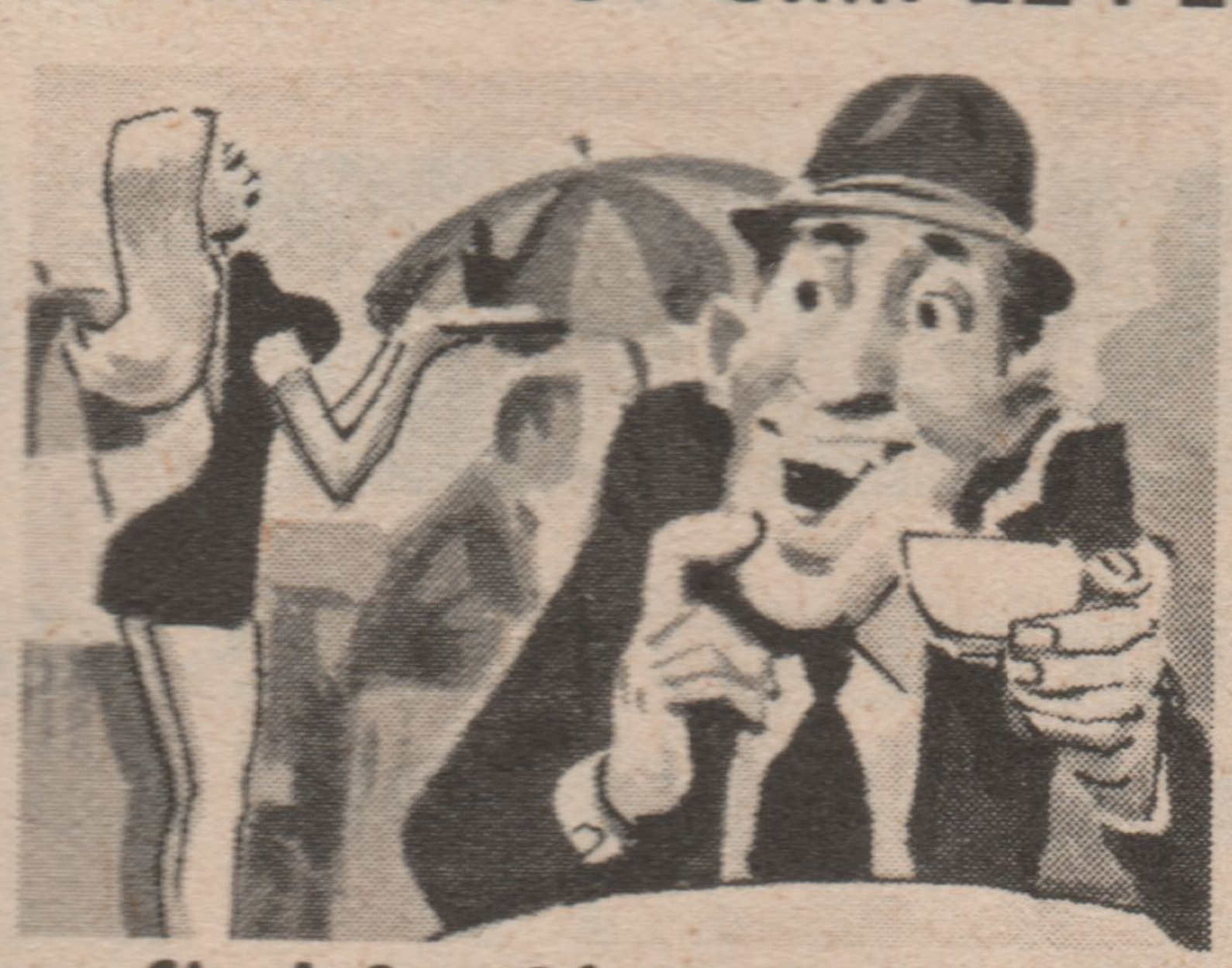
FASCINATING, FANTASTIC COPENHAGEN! JOIN A PEOPLE OF SIMPLE PLEASURES AS THEY:



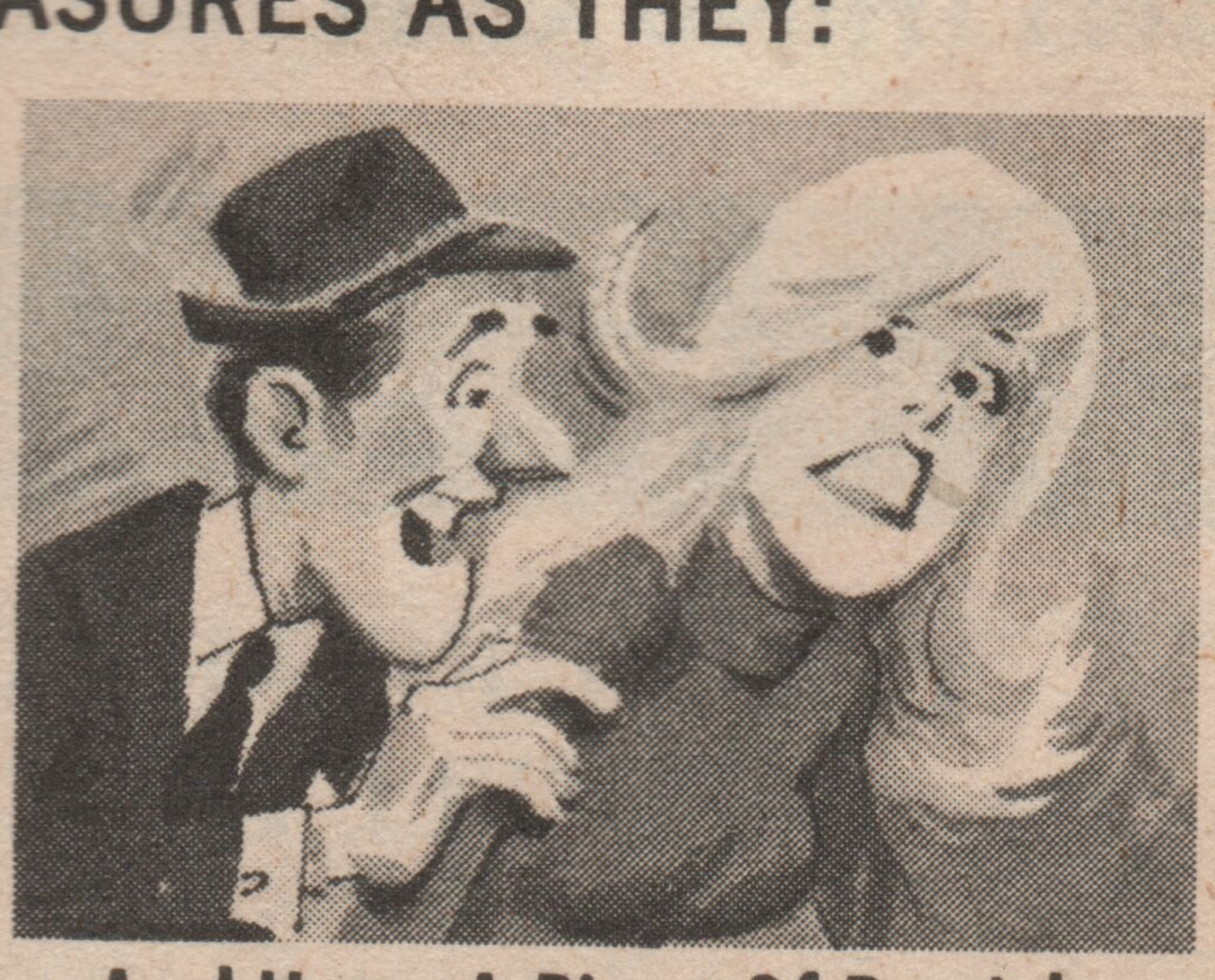
Stroll The Quaint Streets



Dine In Picturesque Cafes



Sip A Cup Of Hot Coffee—



And Have A Piece Of Danish

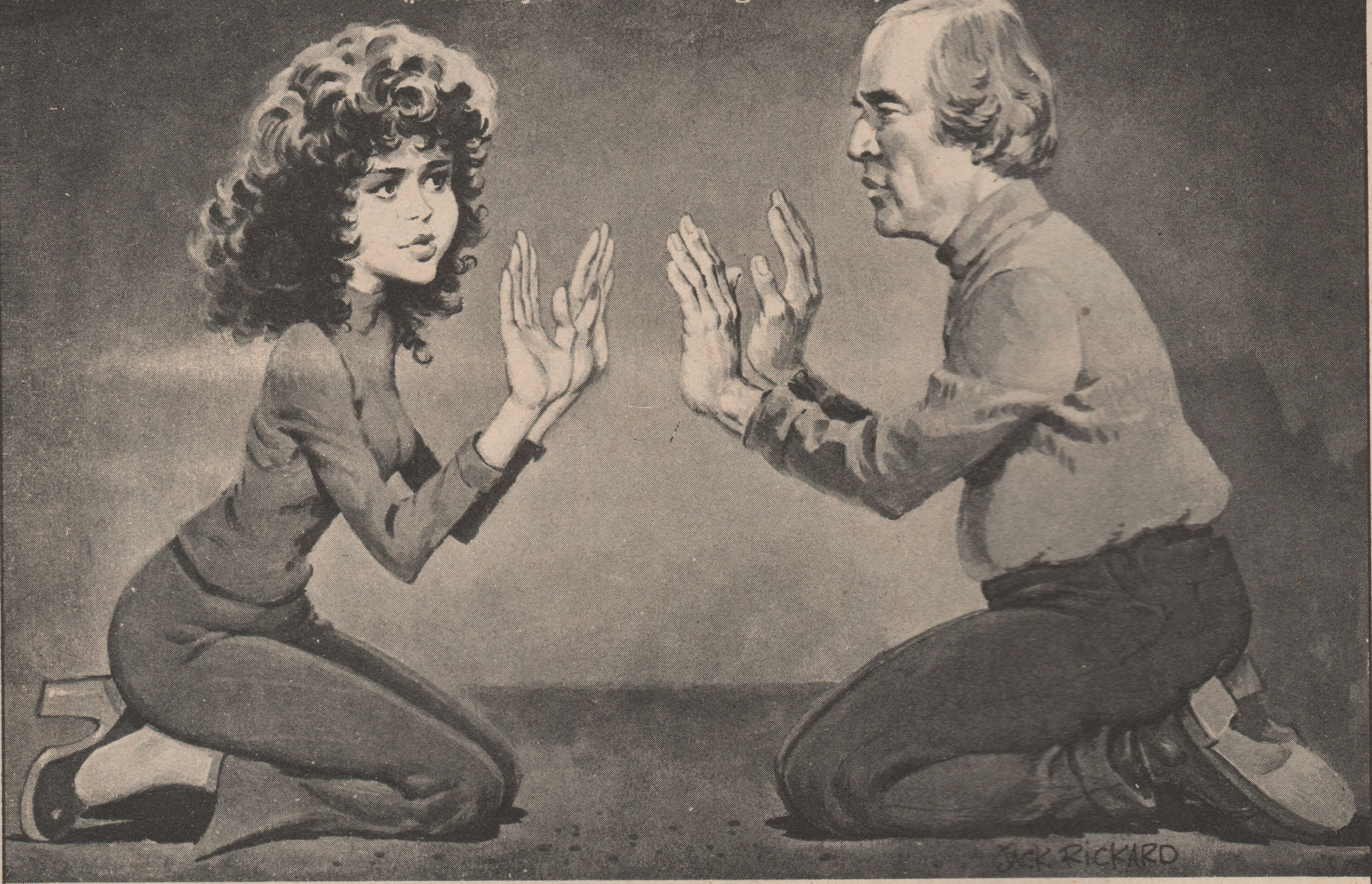
"FUN FOR KIDS FROM SIX TO SIXTY! MAINLY DANISH KIDS!!"——National Geographic

She Was The Little Girl He Always Wanted!
He Was The Loving Father She Never Had!!

IT'S FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS BEST!!

"VIVE LA DANCE"

(previously titled "Last Tango In Paris")



Starring . . . .
MARLON BRANDO

And Introducing "Cute-As-A-Button" MARIA SCHNEIDER . . .
Who Sneaks Her Way Into His Heart . . . Among Other Things!

WHEN A HOMELESS FRENCH KOOK IS TAKEN IN BY A GRUMPY AMERICAN WIDOWER, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN . . . AND IT DOES! . . . IN A MIRTHQUAKE OF CRAZY FUN!

She Was Mischievous . . . She Was Uncontrollable . . . Until He Handed Her That Old Soft Soap And Buttered Her Up!

It's Marvelous . . . It's A Million Laughs . . . It's Brando In His Most Hilarious Role Since "Mutiny On The Bounty"!

YOU'LL ROAR YOUR HEAD OFF AS MARLON TRIES TO TALK FRENCH!
YOU'LL LAUGH EVEN LOUDER AS HE TRIES TO TALK ENGLISH!

"Maria Schneider Is France's Answer To Tuesday Weld!"
—Rona Barrett

"I Never Asked France A Single Question!"
—Tuesday Weld

"The Family That Plays Together Stays Together!"
—Billy Graham

STAKING ACCLAIM DEPT.

A MAD GUIDE TO STATUS SYMBOLS

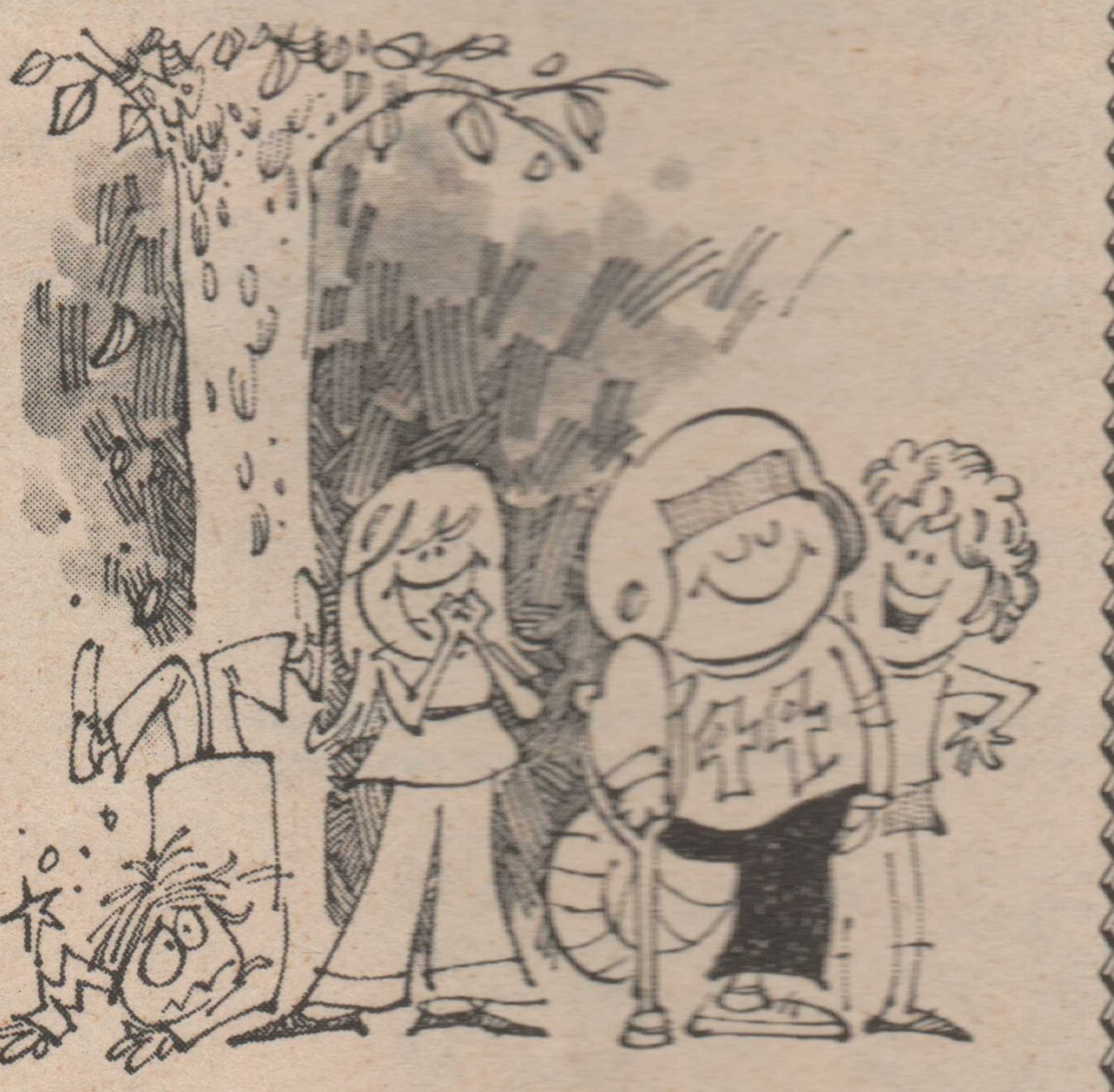
THERE SEEMS to be a basic instinct that drives us to flaunt Status Symbols so the world will know what clever and superior members of the herd we really are. And, although there has never been anything commendable about Status Symbols, at least we all knew what they were as we clawed our way up the ladder from Status Symbol Roller Skates with lots of extra ball bearings to Status Symbol limousines with lots of extra cylinders.

But recently, the marks of Status have changed in every age group. Suddenly, the whole neat orderly garish system has been upset. Today, the Status Symbols of adults are regarded as tasteless by the younger generation, whose funky treasures are in turn condemned by the small fry as being just plain icky. And so, because MAD thinks it would be a shame if its industrious readers continued lying, cheating and stealing to reach the top, only to flaunt the wrong Status Symbol after they got there, and to help all of you to become the envy of the low class peasants you are forced to associate with, we have called upon a costly imported writer and a uniquely hand-carved expensive artist to prepare this

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: TOM KOCH

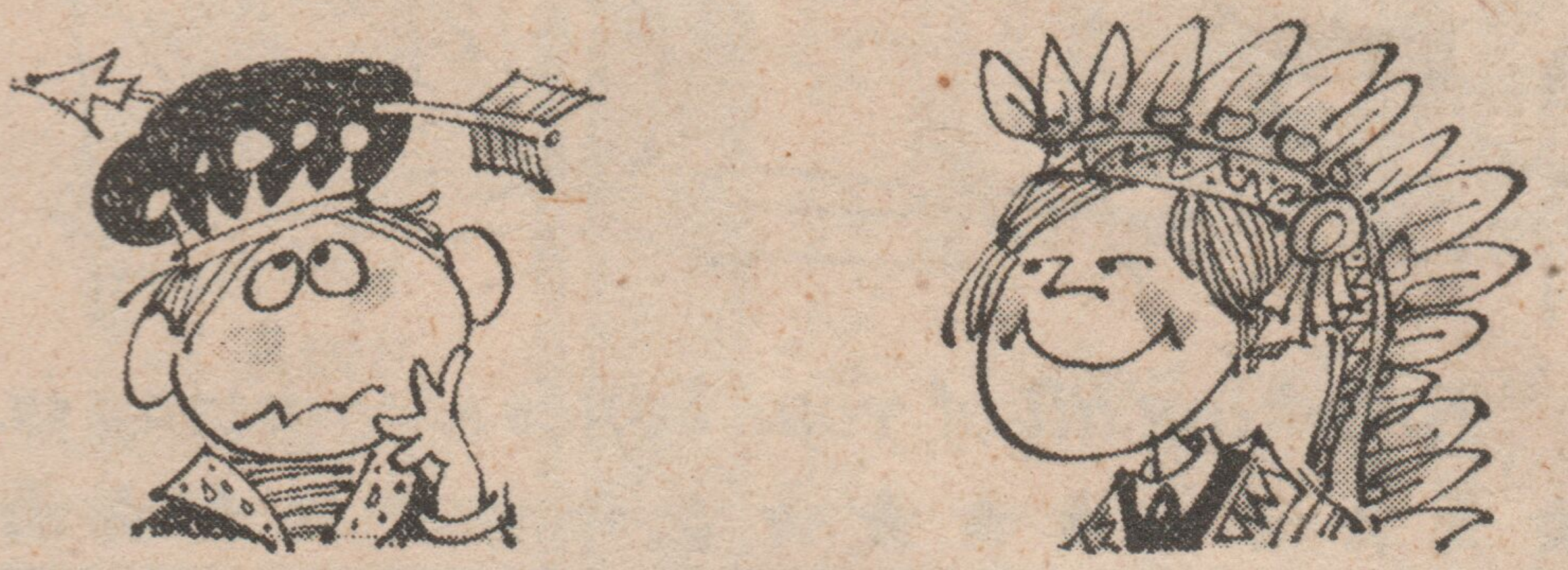
WHEN YOU'RE A LITTLE KID...

Breaking your arm climbing trees is not a Status Symbol.



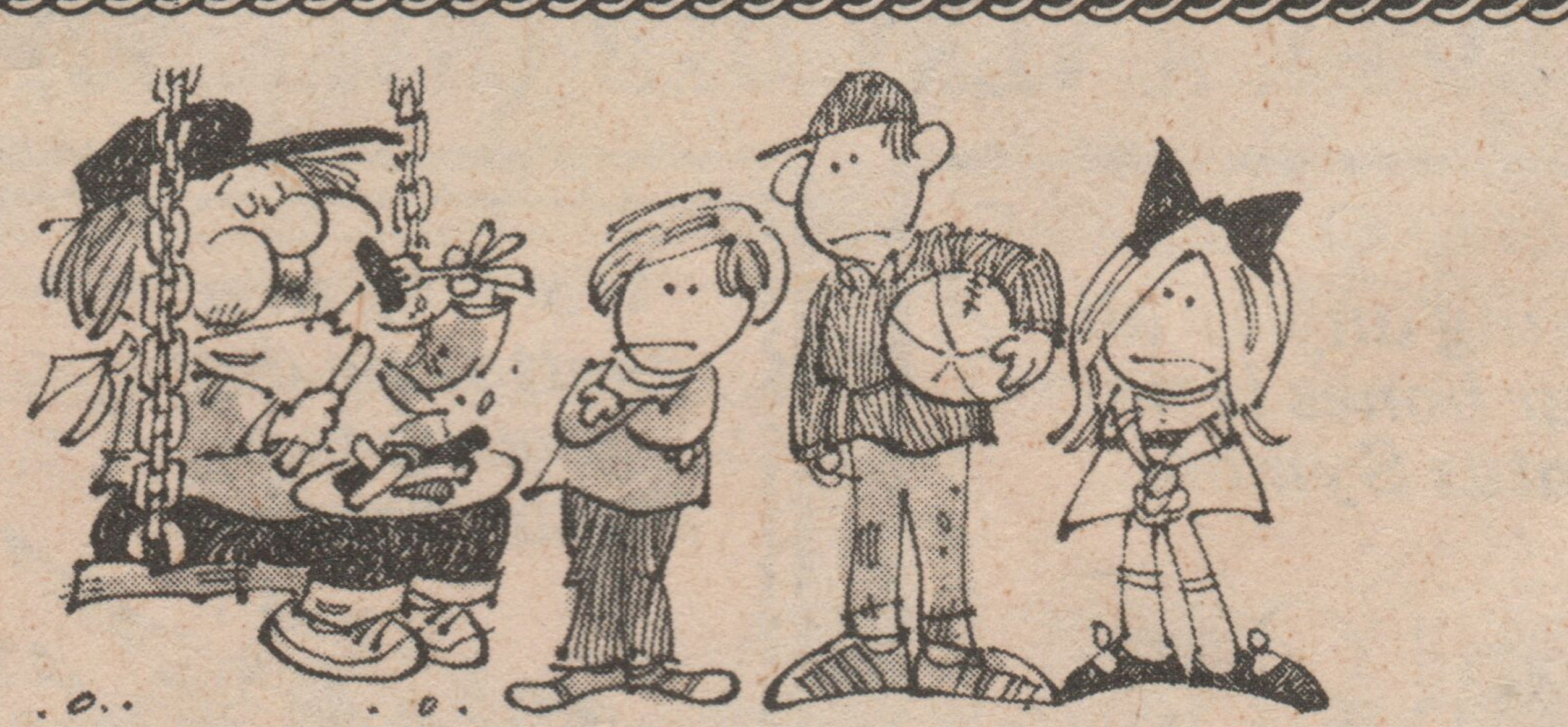
Breaking your leg playing football is.

Having an ancestor who was a British nobleman is not a Status Symbol.



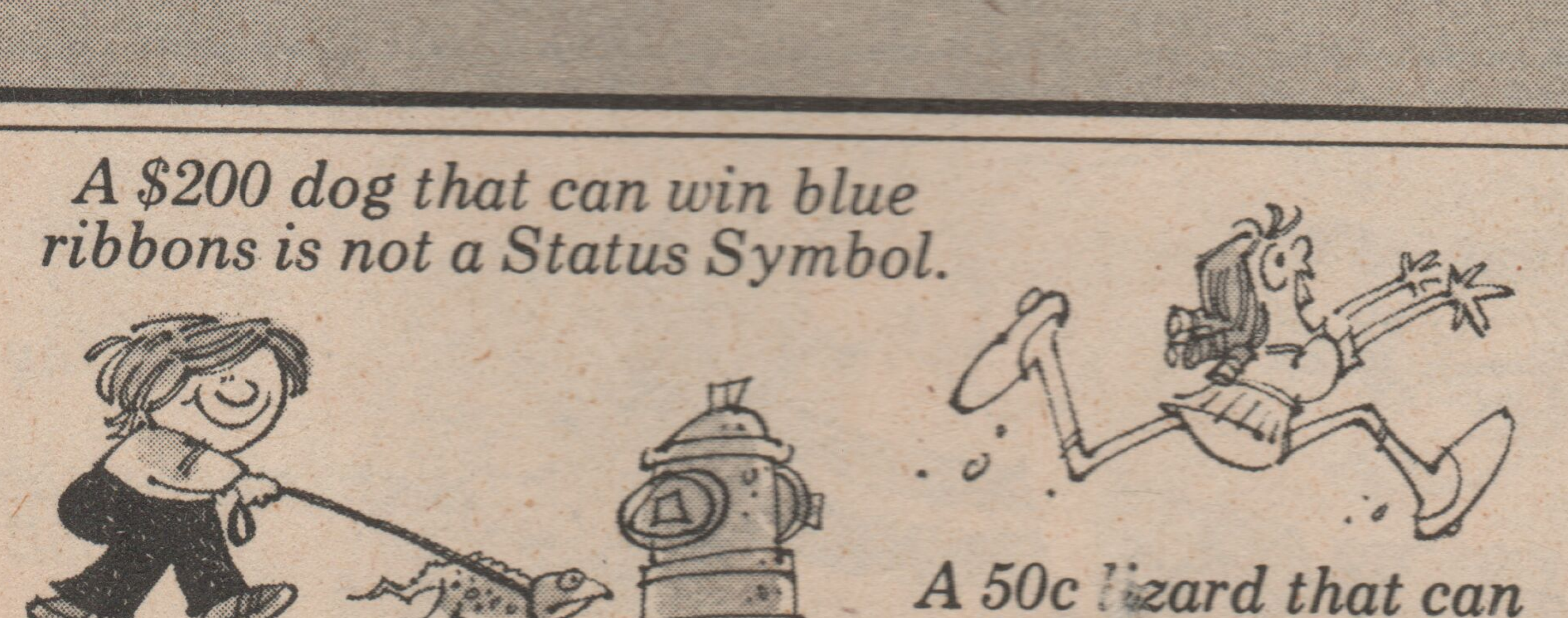
Having one who was a Blackfoot Indian Chief is.

Owning a de luxe, jumbo box of 36 crayons is not a Status Symbol.



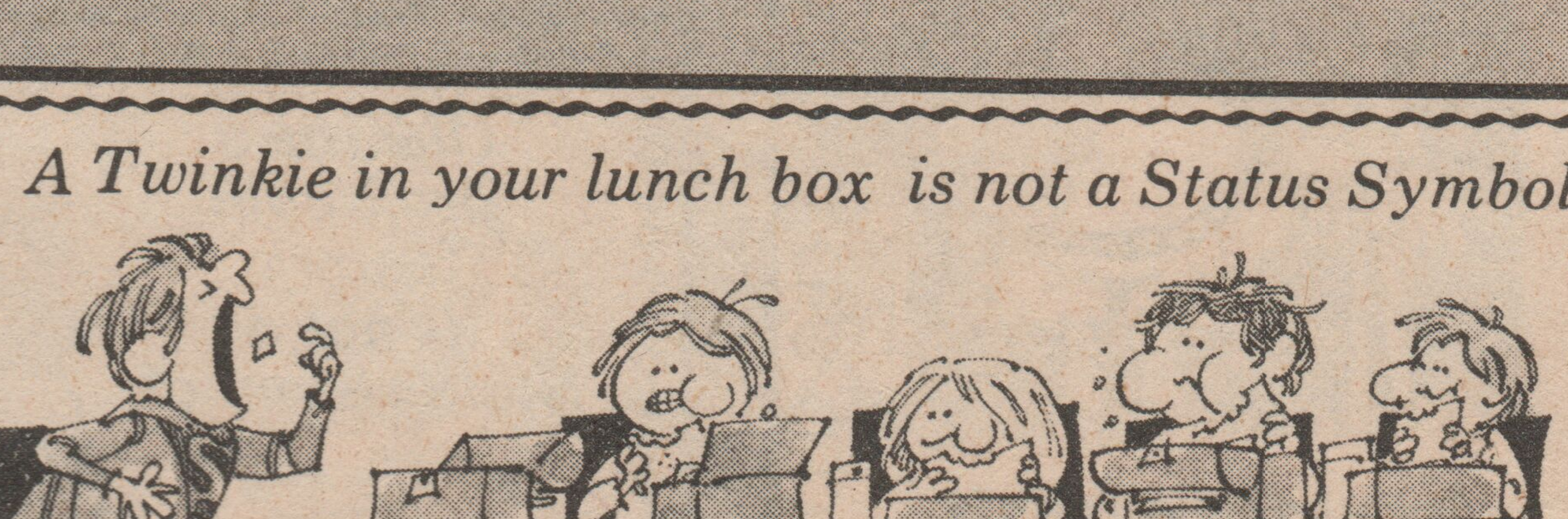
Eating all of them on a dare at recess is.

A $200 dog that can win blue ribbons is not a Status Symbol.



A 50¢ lizard that can make girls scream is.

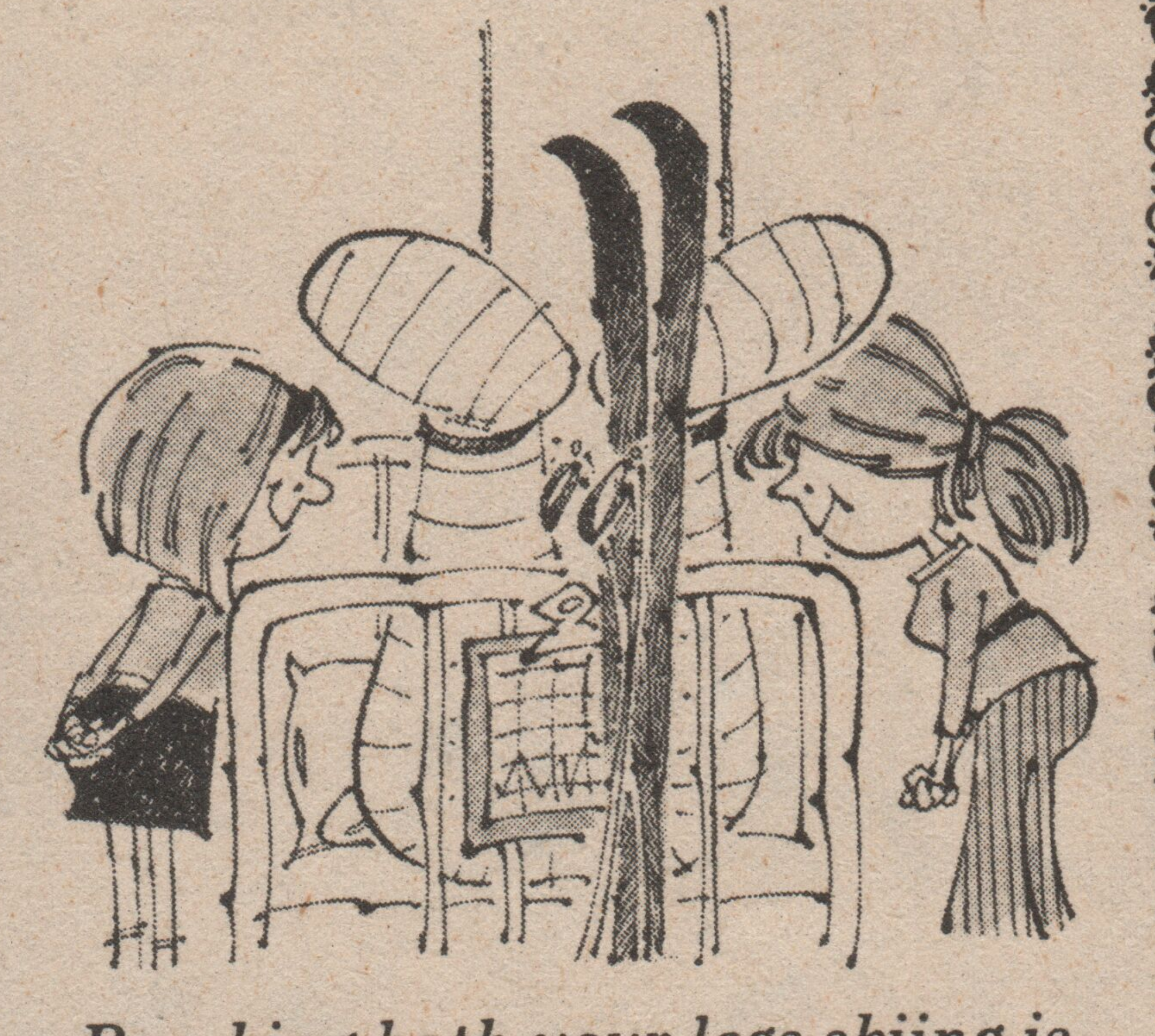
A Twinkie in your lunch box is not a Status Symbol.



An Energy Wafer like the Astronauts eat is.

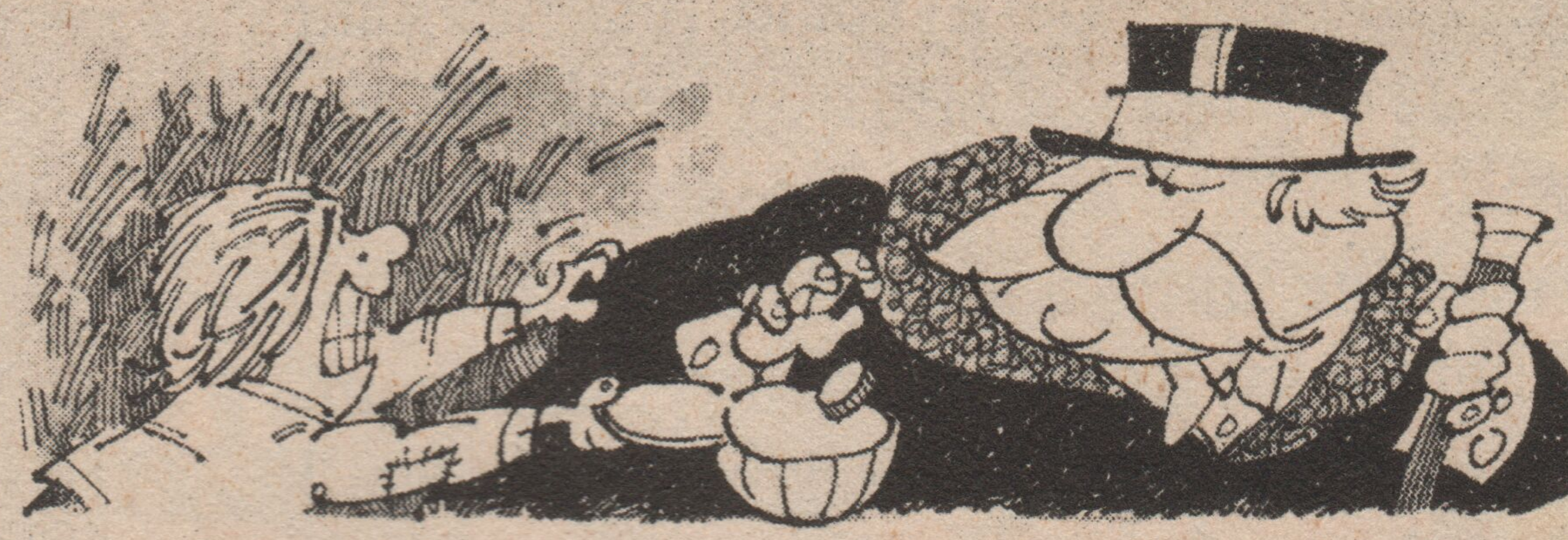
WHEN YOU'RE A BIGGER KID...

Breaking your leg playing football is no longer a Status Symbol.



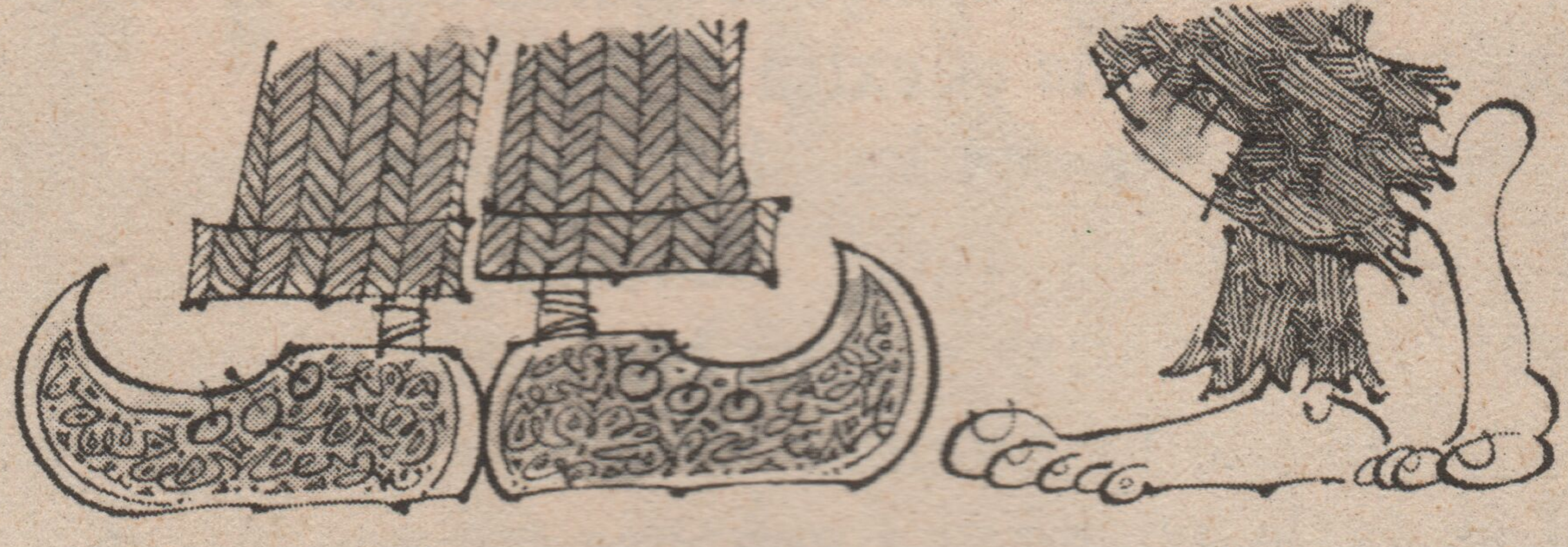
Breaking both your legs skiing is.

Being able to buy lunch for friends is not a Status Symbol.



Being able to scrounge lunch from strangers is.

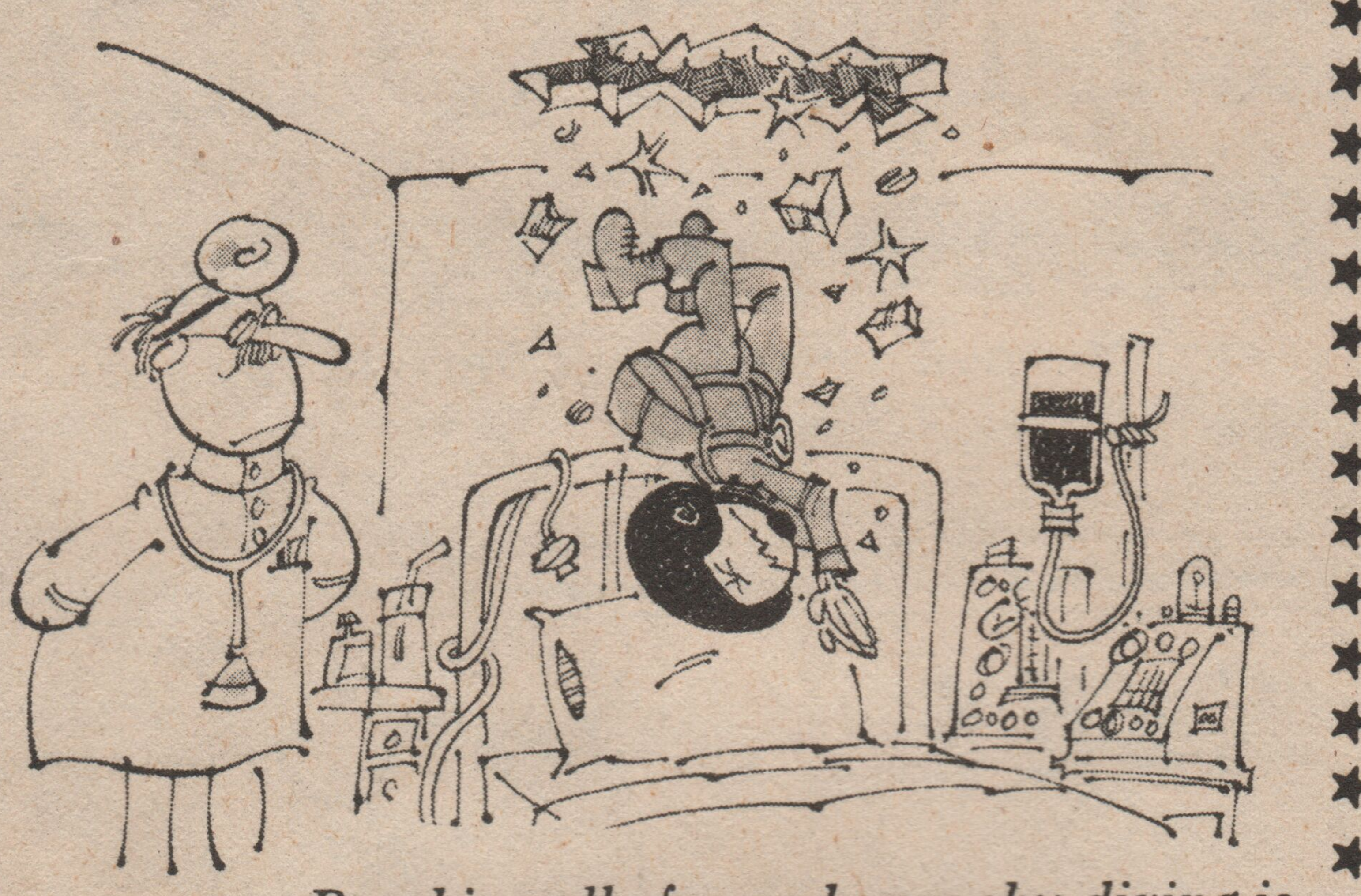
Imported shoes are not a Status Symbol.



Bare feet, either imported or domestic, are.

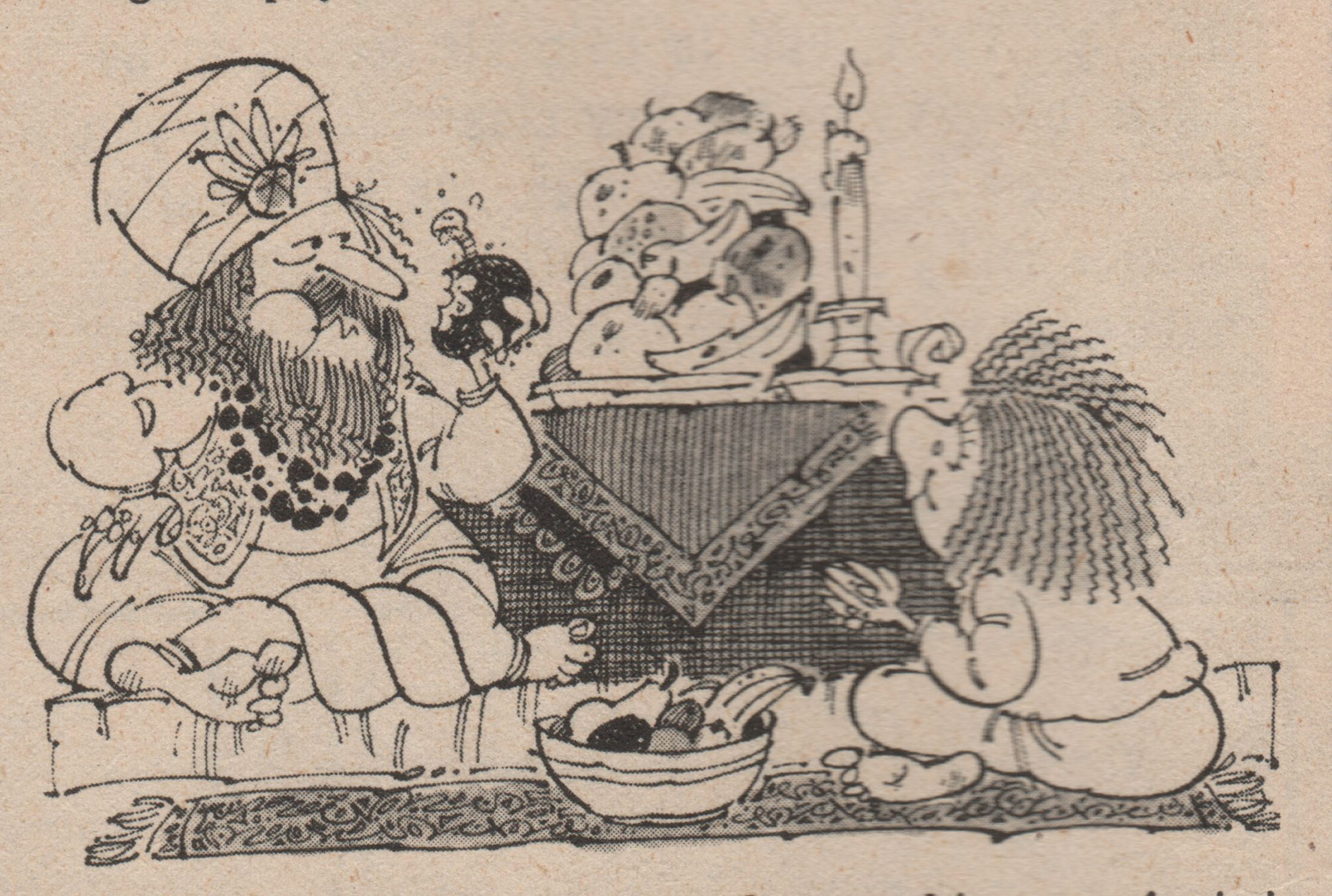
WHEN YOU'RE A YOUNG ADULT...

Breaking one or two bones in some juvenile pastime is not a Status Symbol.



Breaking all of your bones sky-diving is.

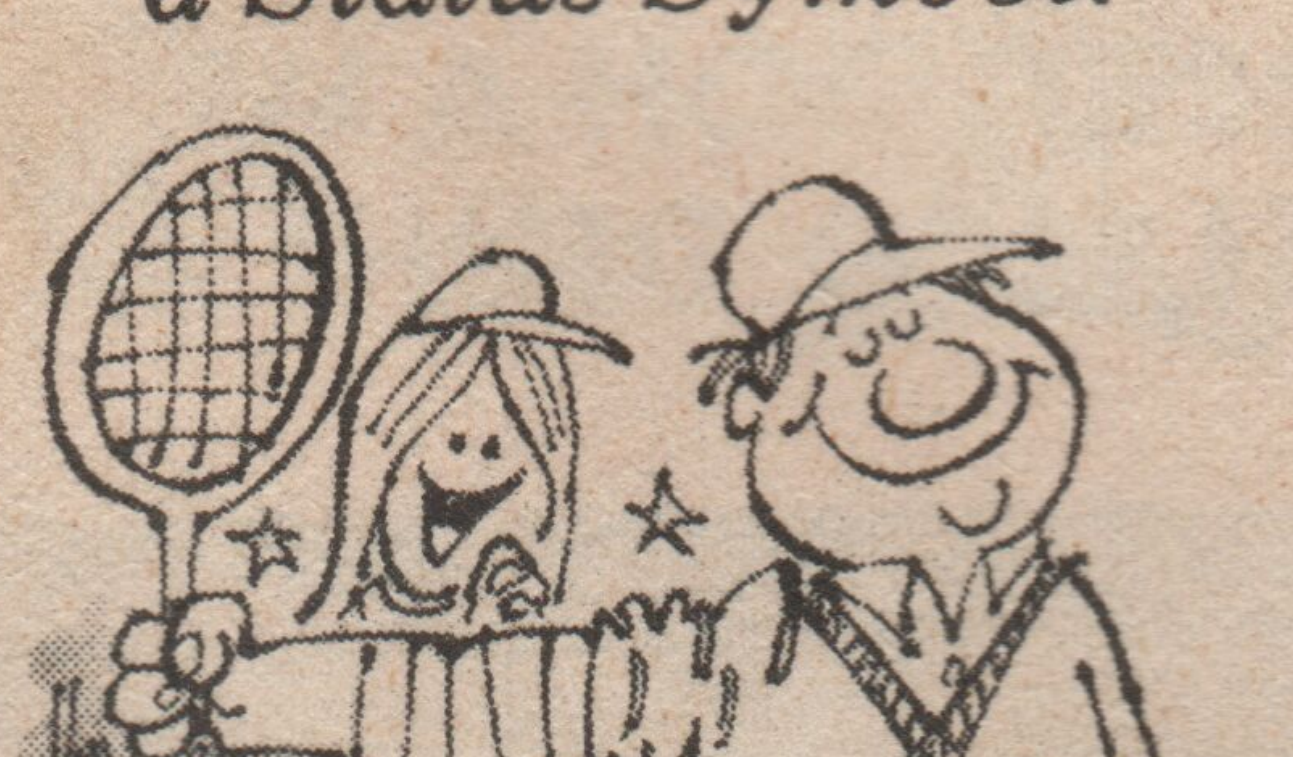
Going to a psychiatrist is not a Status Symbol.



Going to a guru who worships wax fruit is.

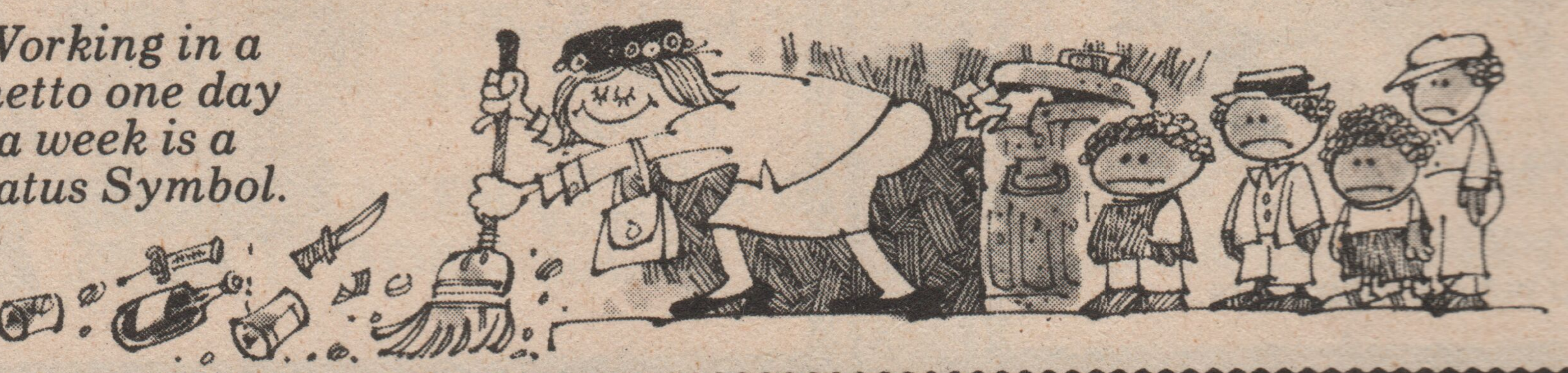
WHEN YOU'RE A VERY OLD (OVER 30) ADULT...

Breaking any or all of your bones is not a Status Symbol.



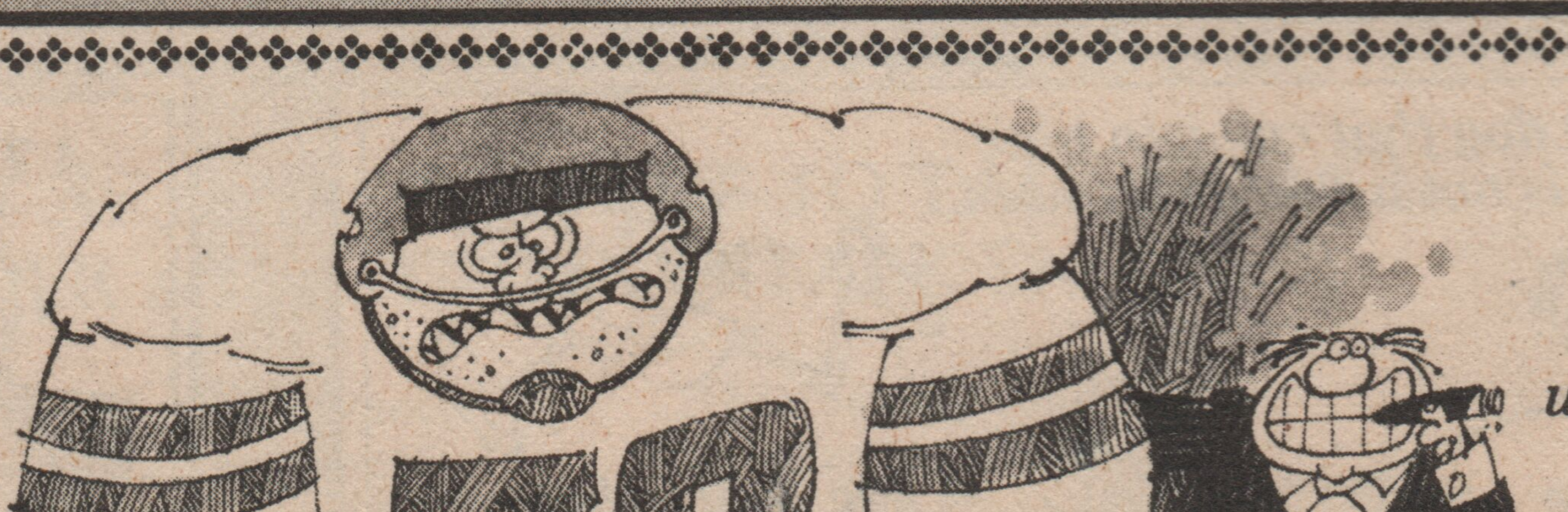
Acquiring a tennis elbow is.

Working in a ghetto one day a week is a Status Symbol.



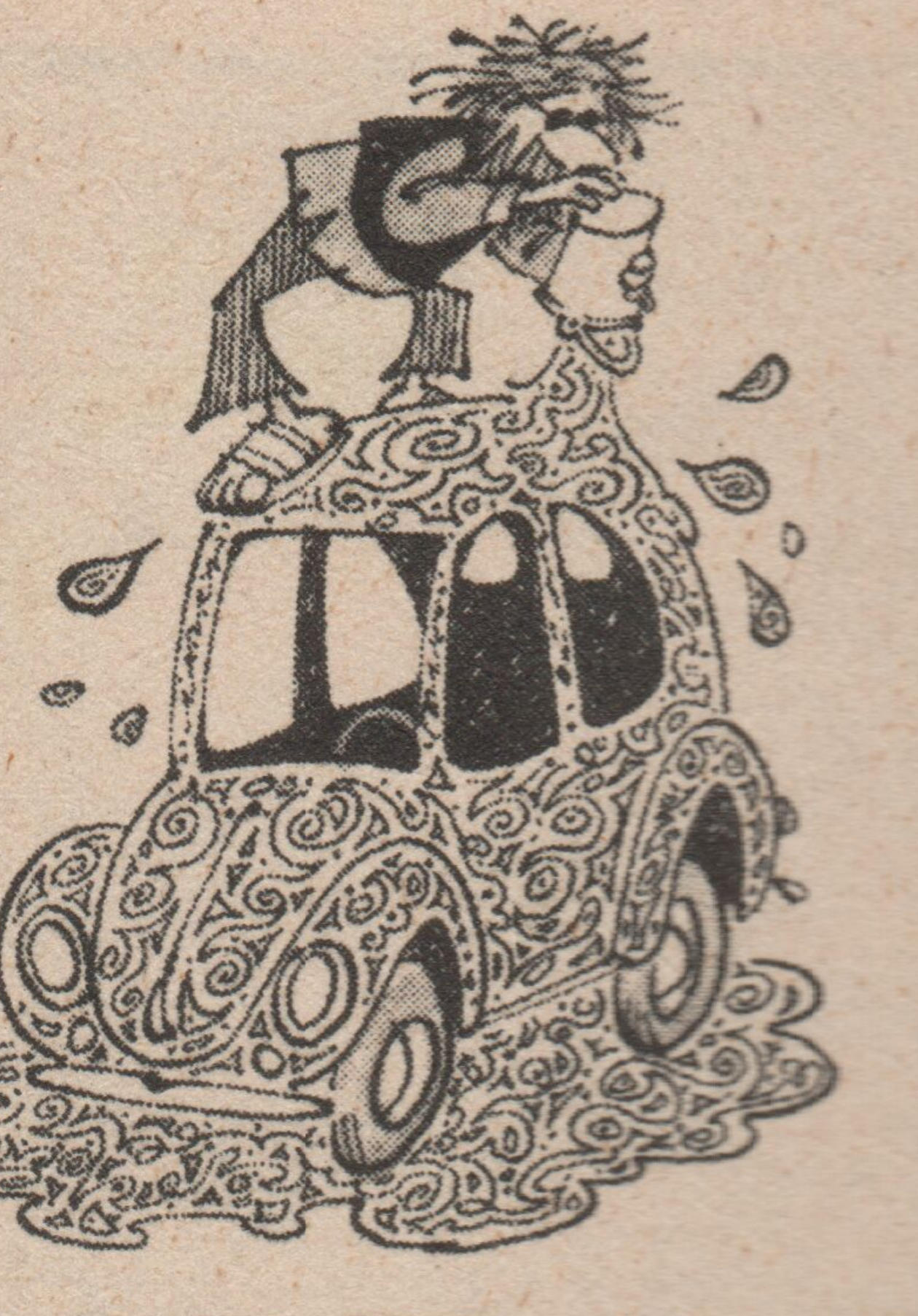
Living there seven days a week is not.

Owning a profitable factory is not a Status Symbol.



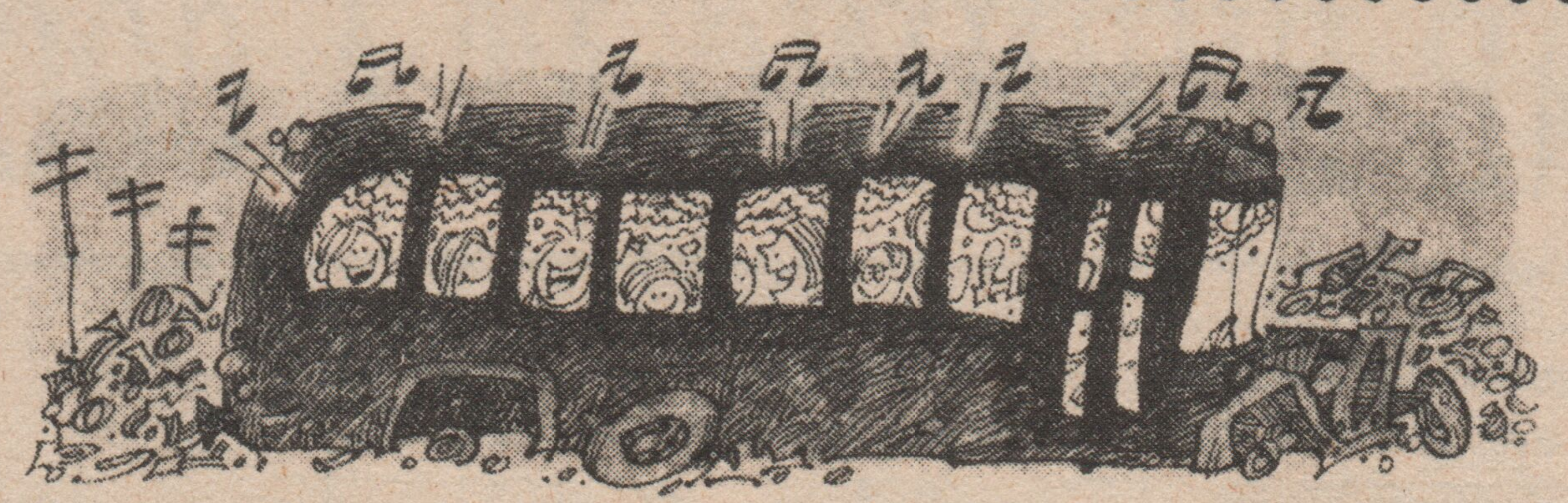
Owning an unprofitable football team is.

A 1974 VW with automatic shift is not a Status Symbol.



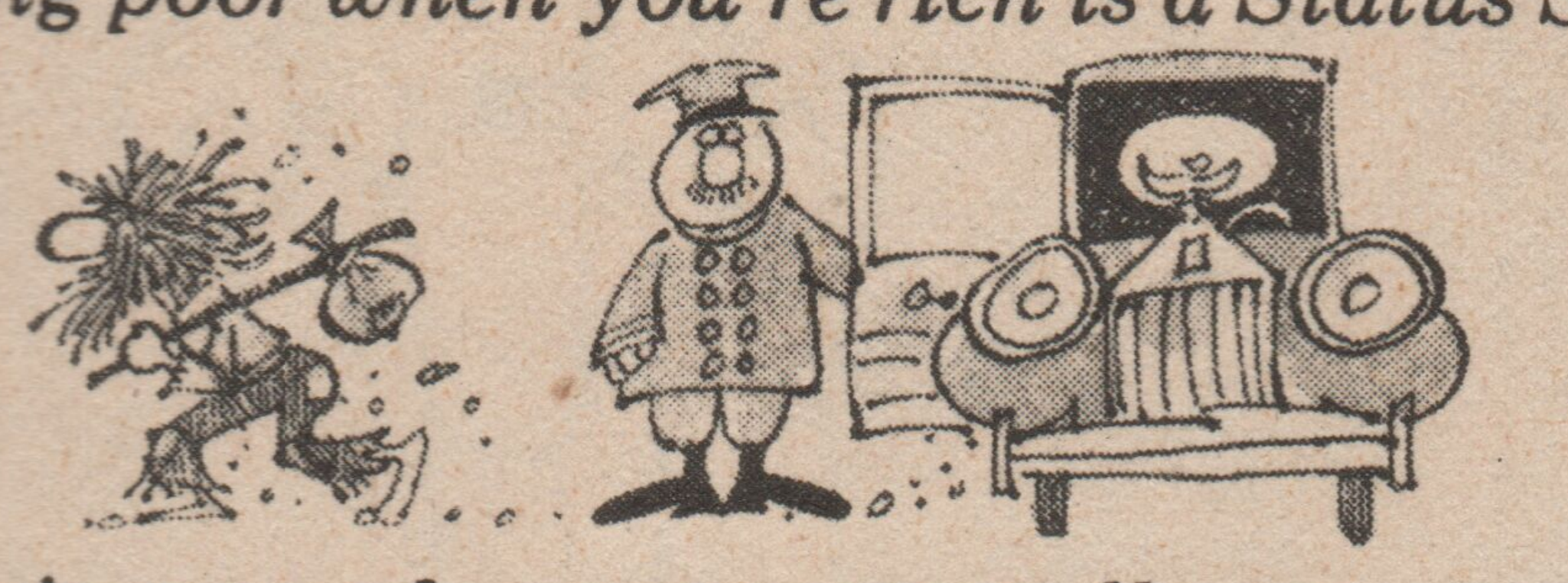
A 1954 VW with psychedelic paint is.

Holding your Sweet Sixteen Party in a hotel ballroom is not a Status Symbol.



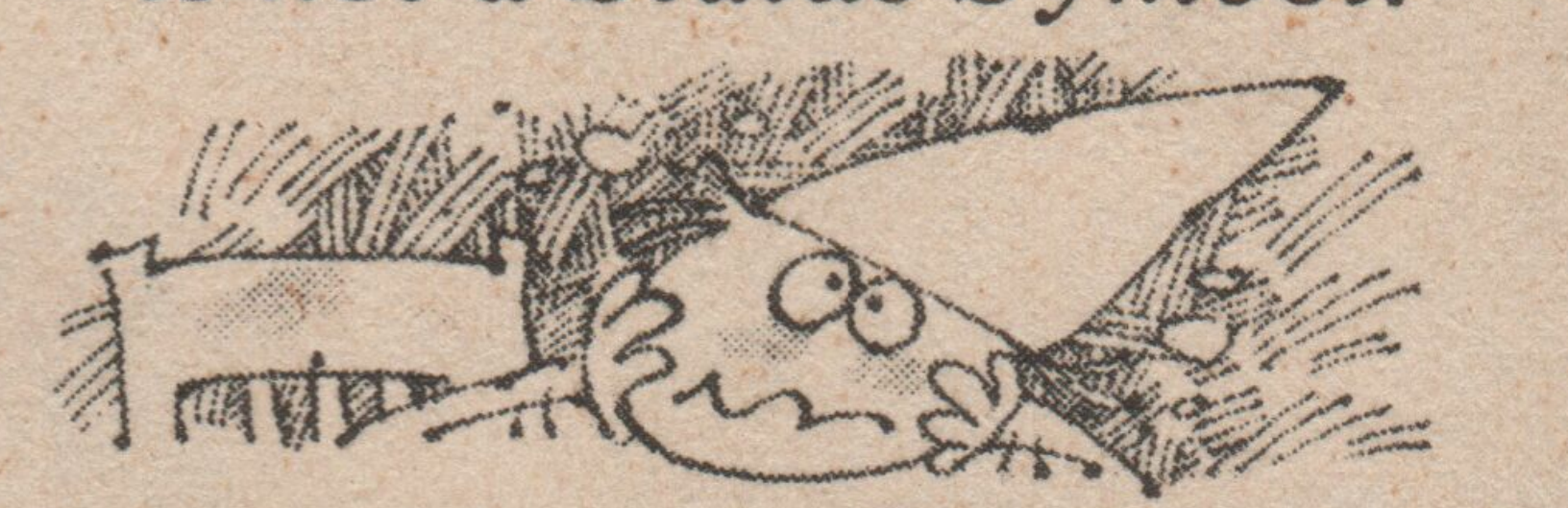
Holding it in a condemned warehouse or a junked bus is.

Dressing poor when you're rich is a Status Symbol.



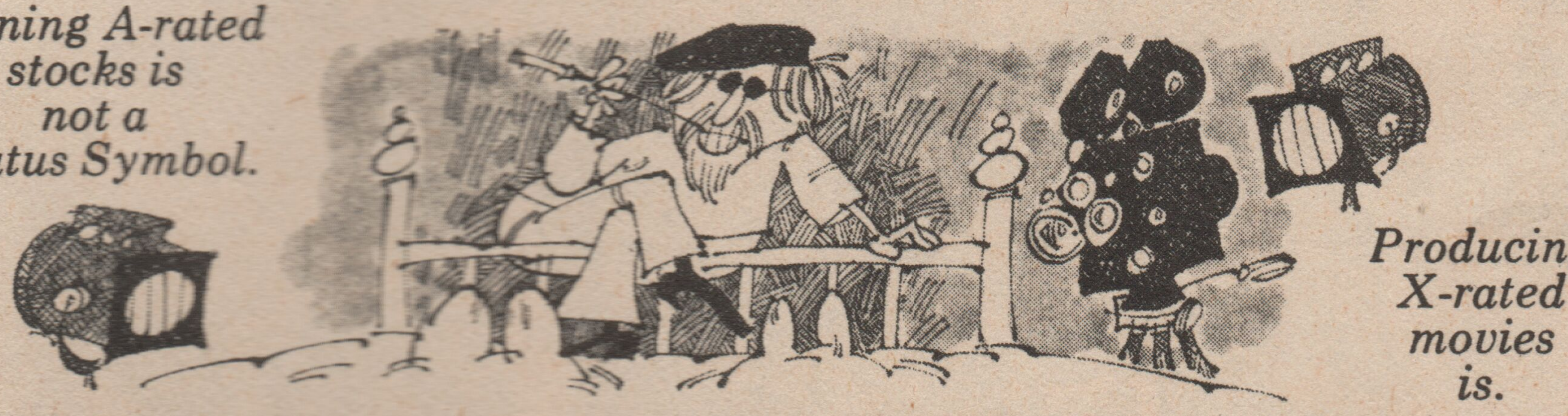
Dressing poor because you really are poor isn't.

Flunking your Algebra Test is not a Status Symbol.



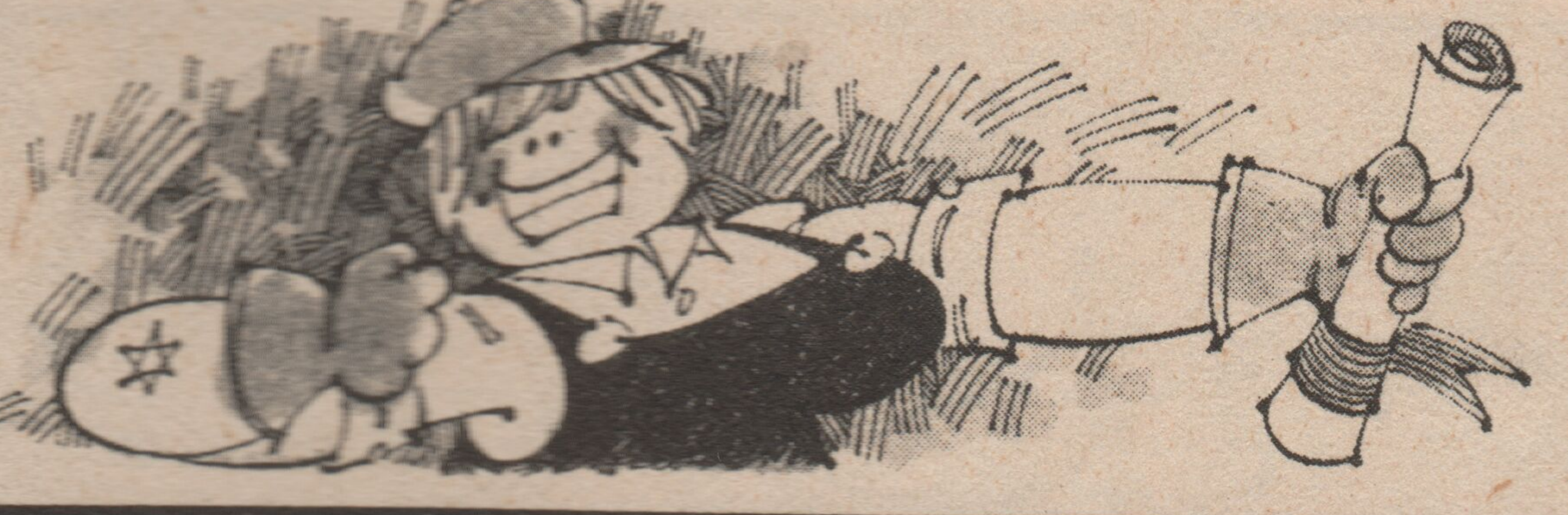
Flunking your Wasserman Test isn't one either.

Owning A-rated stocks is not a Status Symbol.



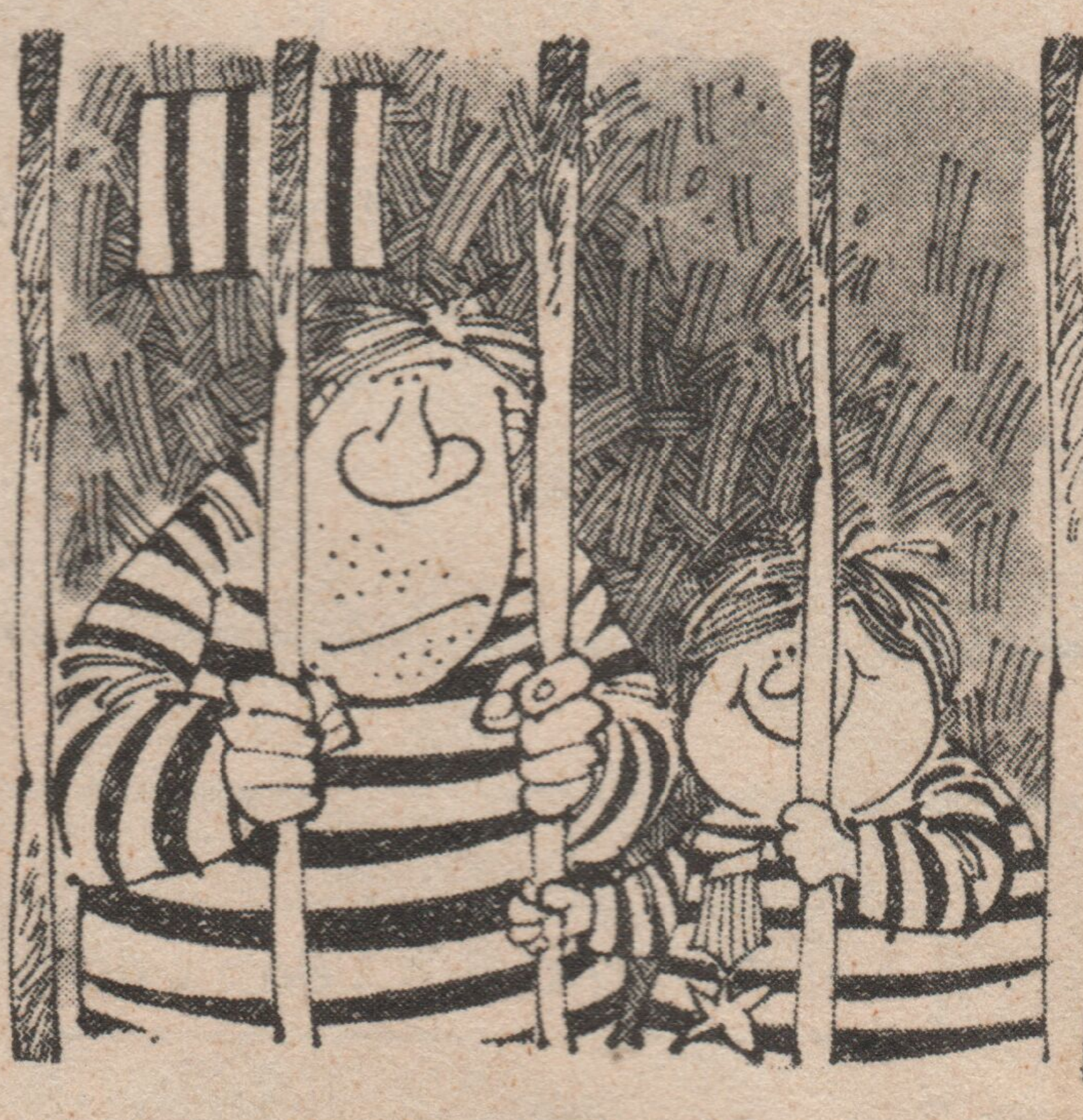
Producing X-rated movies is.

A diploma from Vassar is not a Status Symbol.



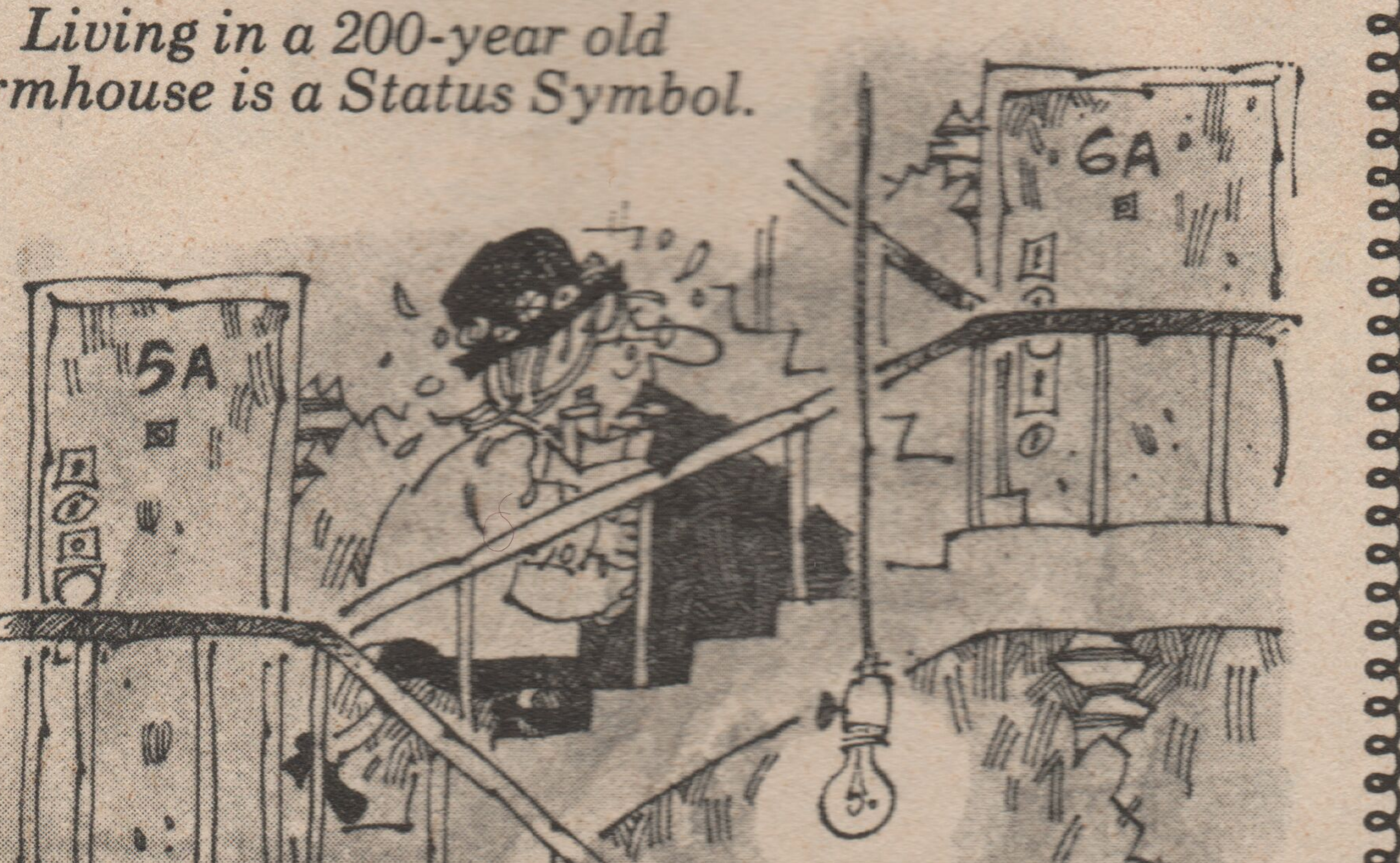
A diploma from the Tel Aviv Academy of Tractoring is.

Being jailed for slapping your wife is not a Status Symbol.



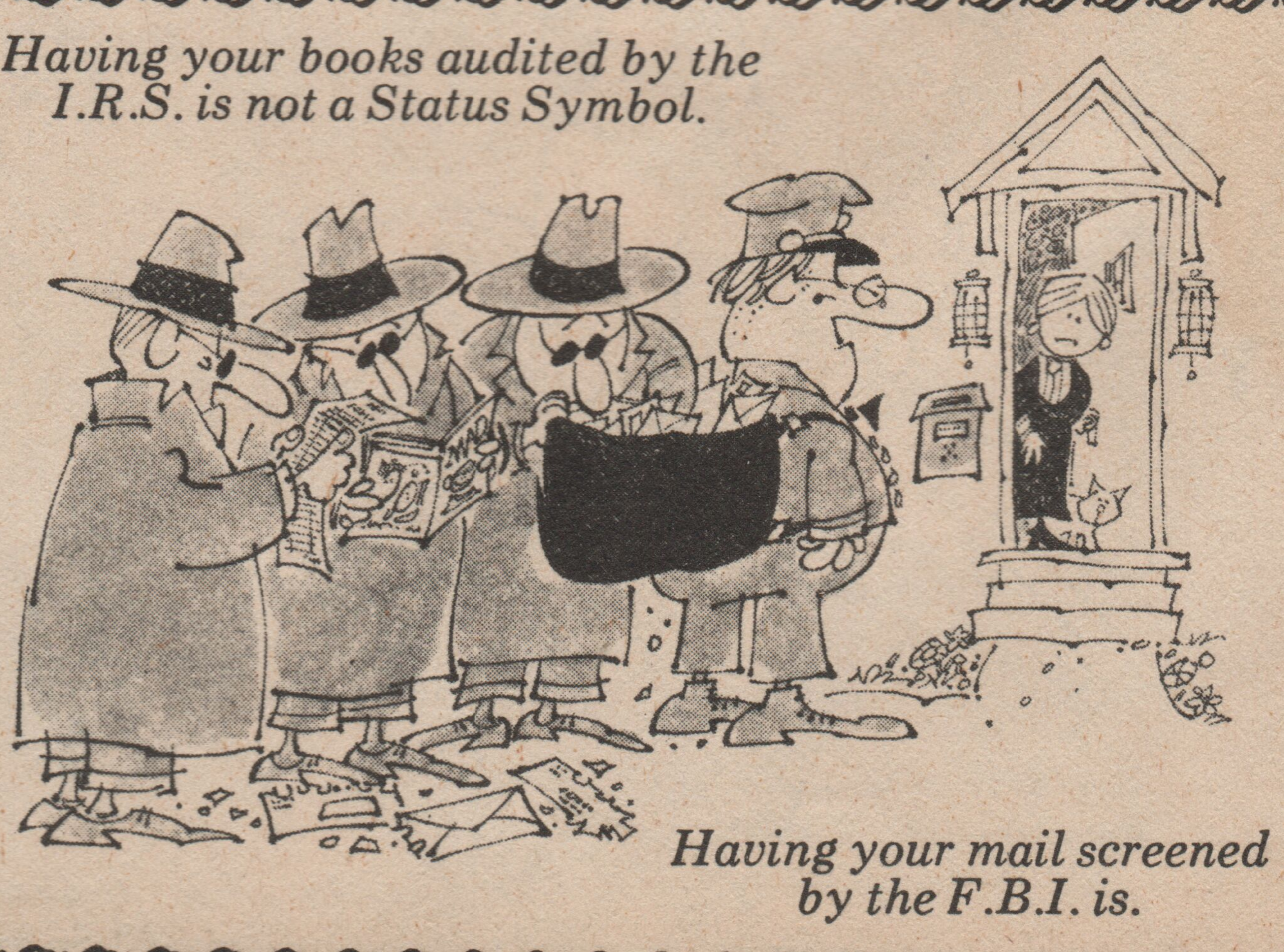
Being jailed for clubbing a lettuce grower is.

Living in a 200-year old farmhouse is a Status Symbol.



Living in a 50-year old Apartment house is not.

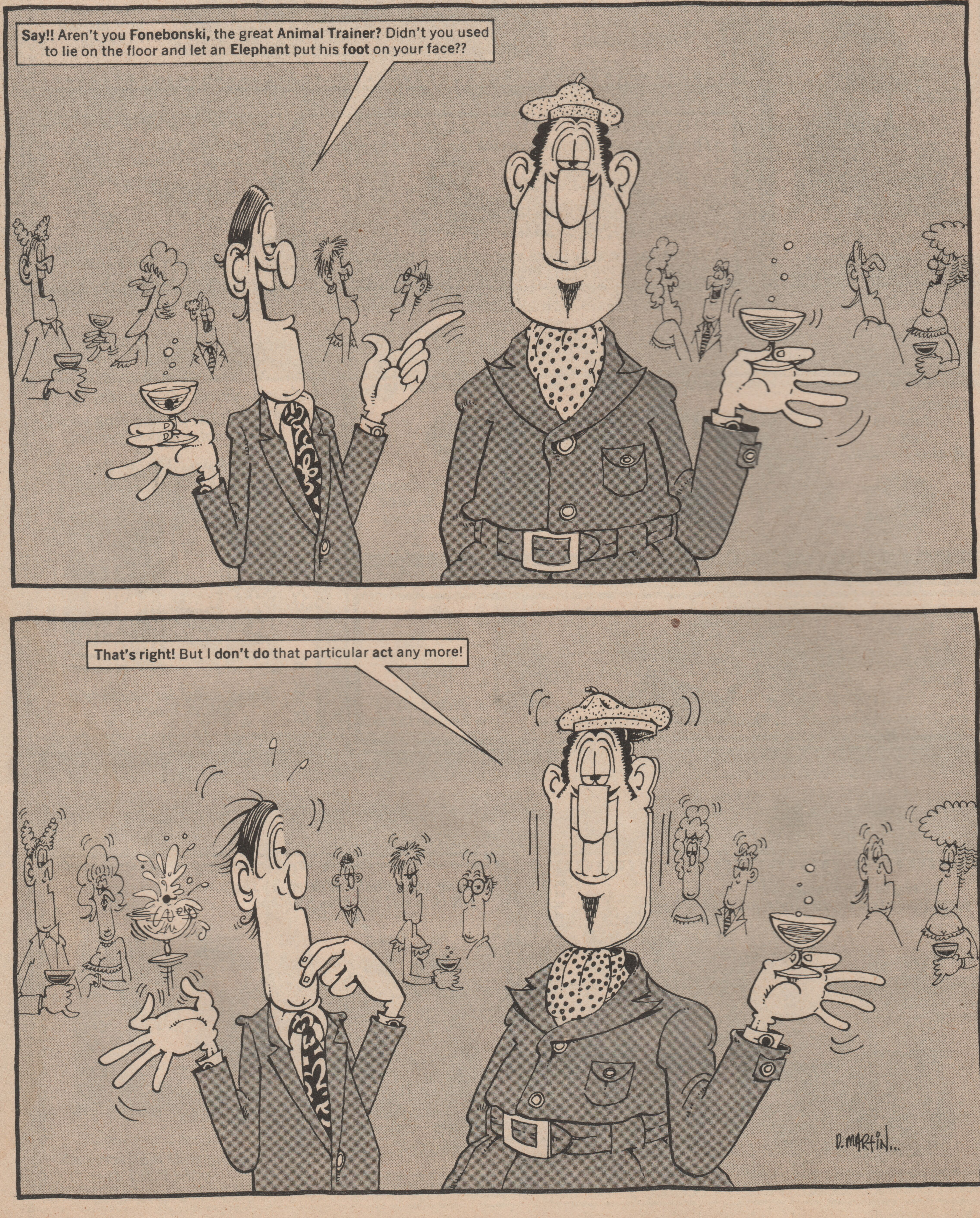
Having your books audited by the I.R.S. is not a Status Symbol.



Having your mail screened by the F.B.I. is.

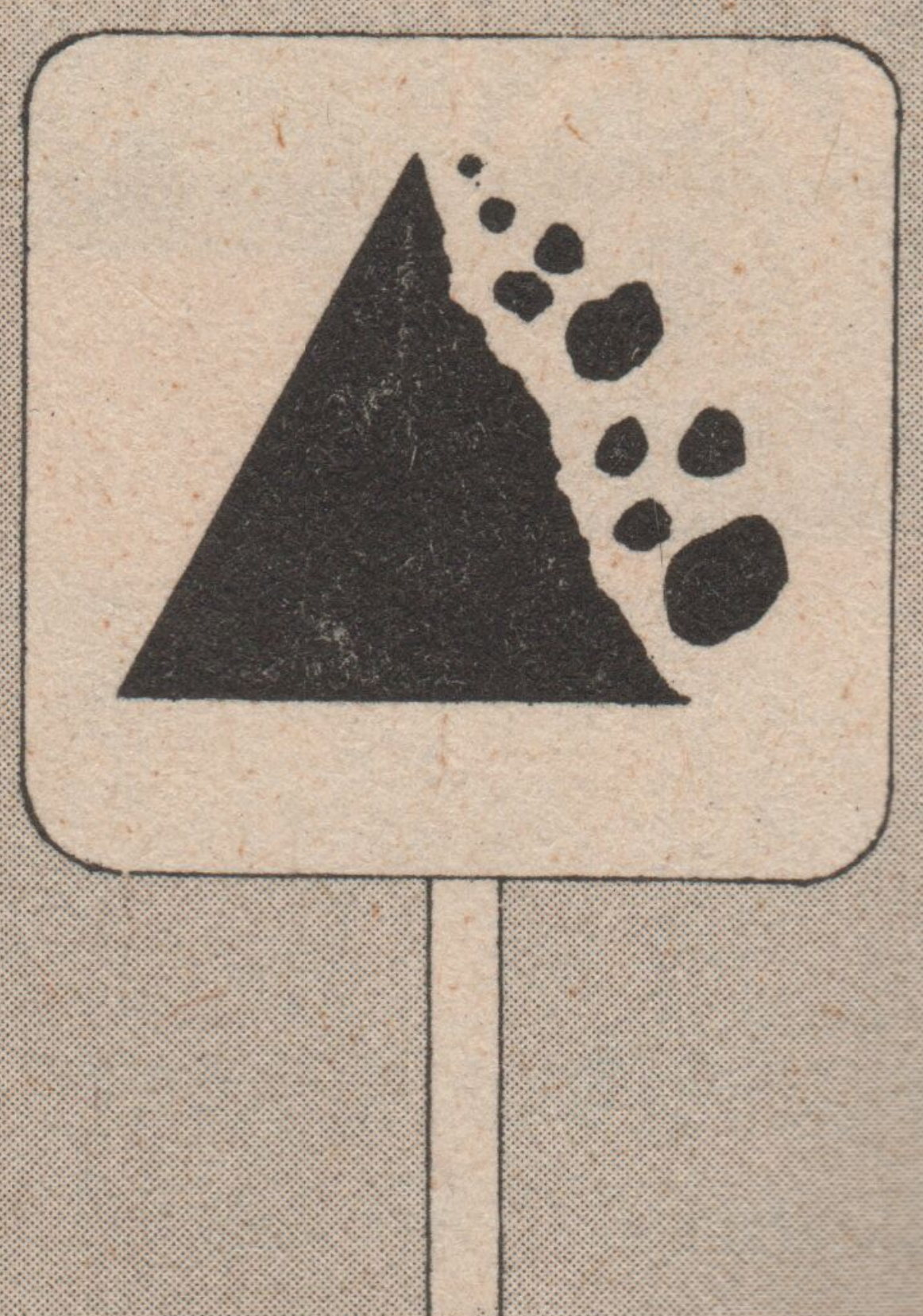
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

ONE EVENING AT A COCKTAIL PARTY

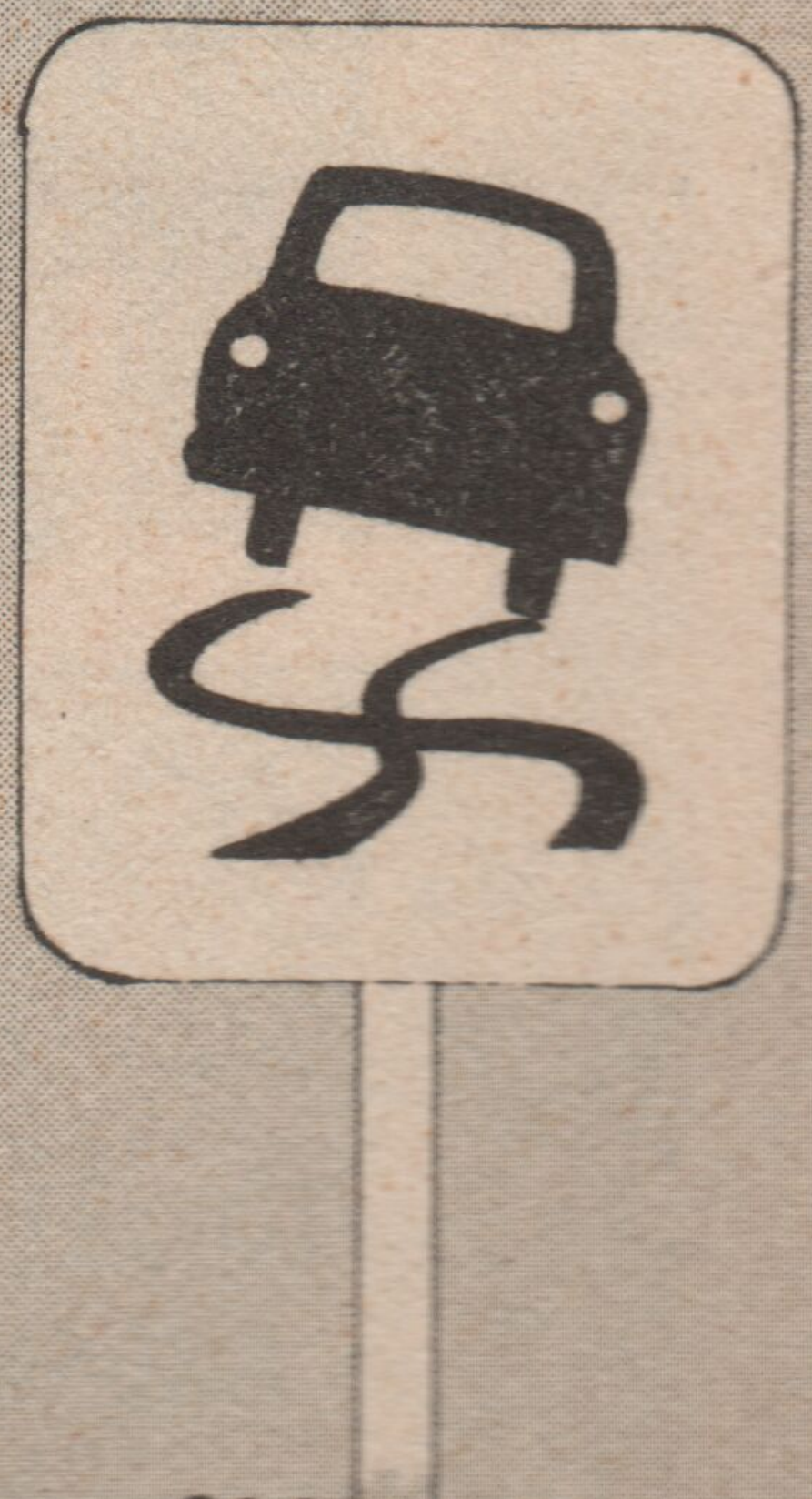

Say!! Aren't you Fonebonski, the great Animal Trainer? Didn't you used to lie on the floor and let an Elephant put his foot on your face??
That's right! But I don't do that particular act any more!
D. MARTIN...

THE SYMBOL TRUTH DEPT.

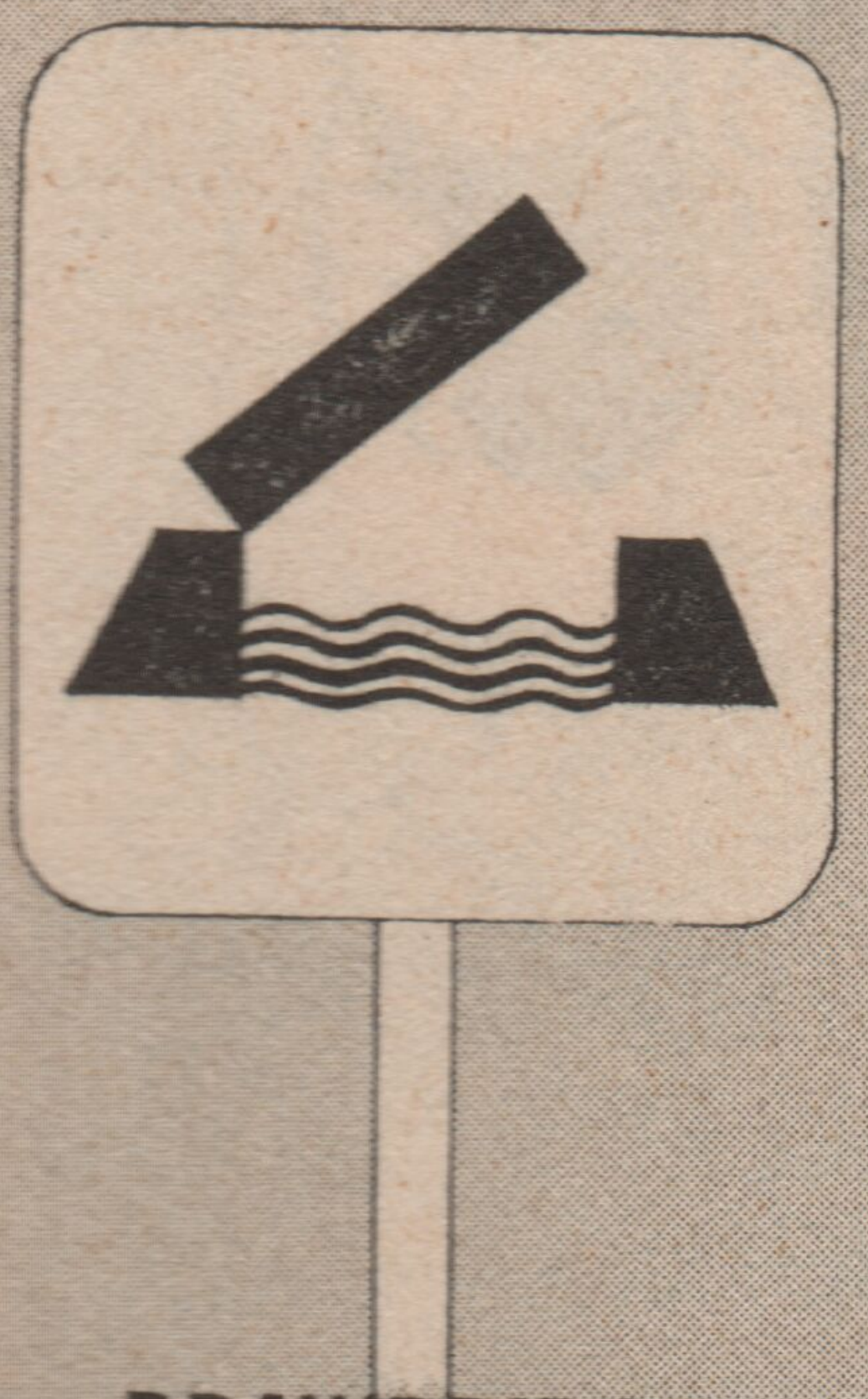
American tourists driving through foreign countries are familiar with these concise and informative "Picture Road Signs" which transmit their message without the motorist having to know the language:



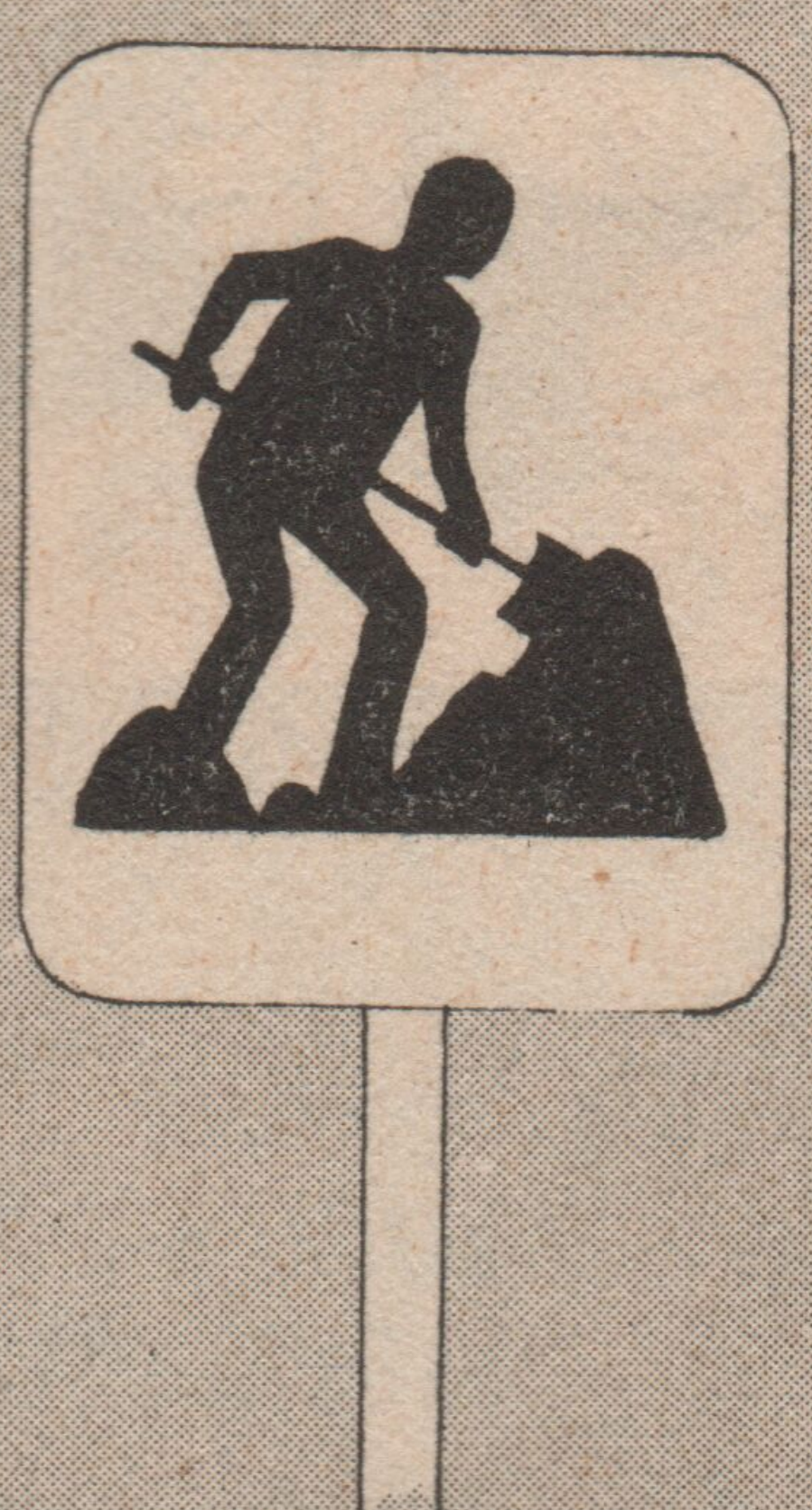
FALLING ROCK ZONE AHEAD



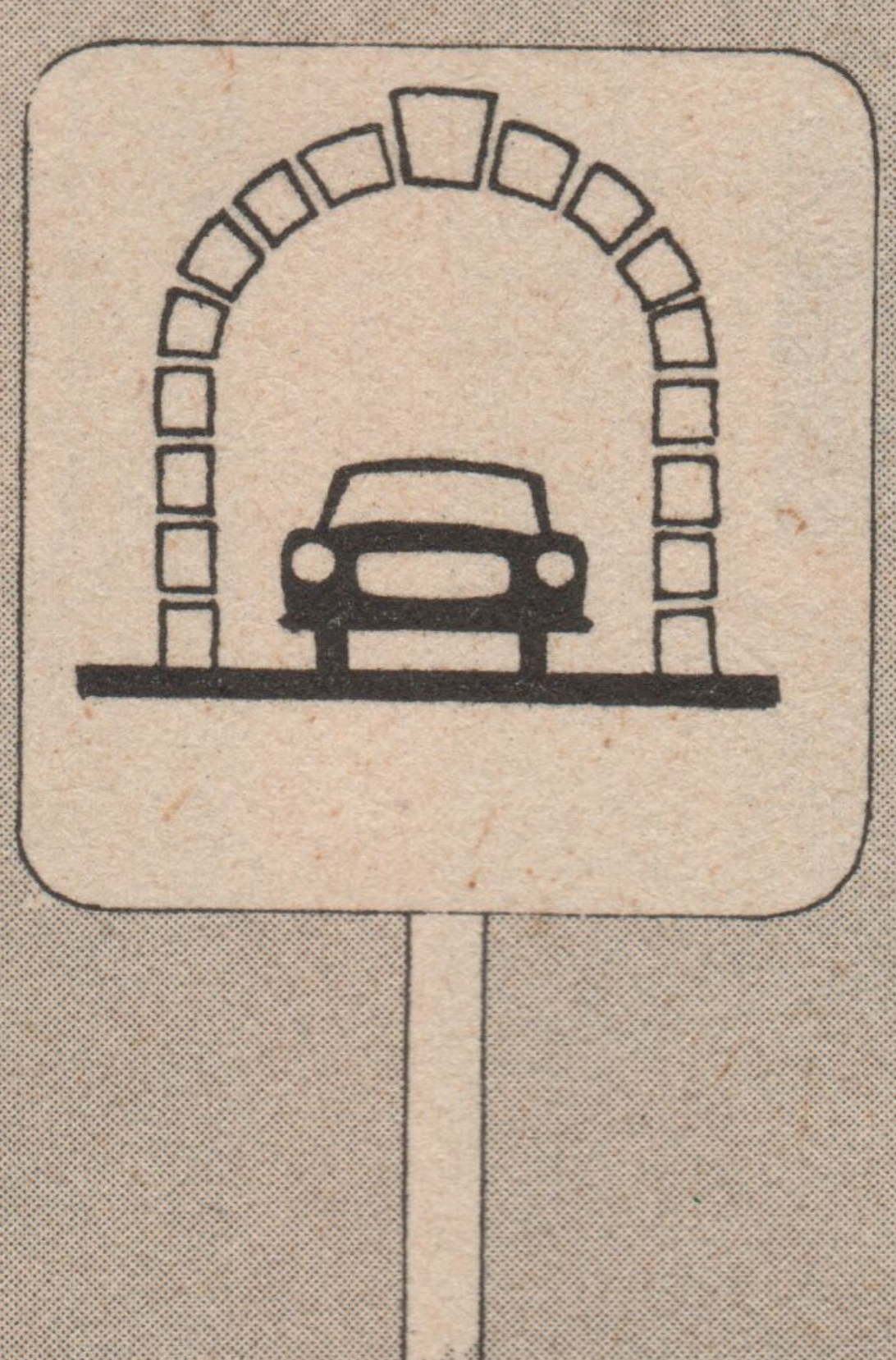
SLIPPERY ROAD AHEAD



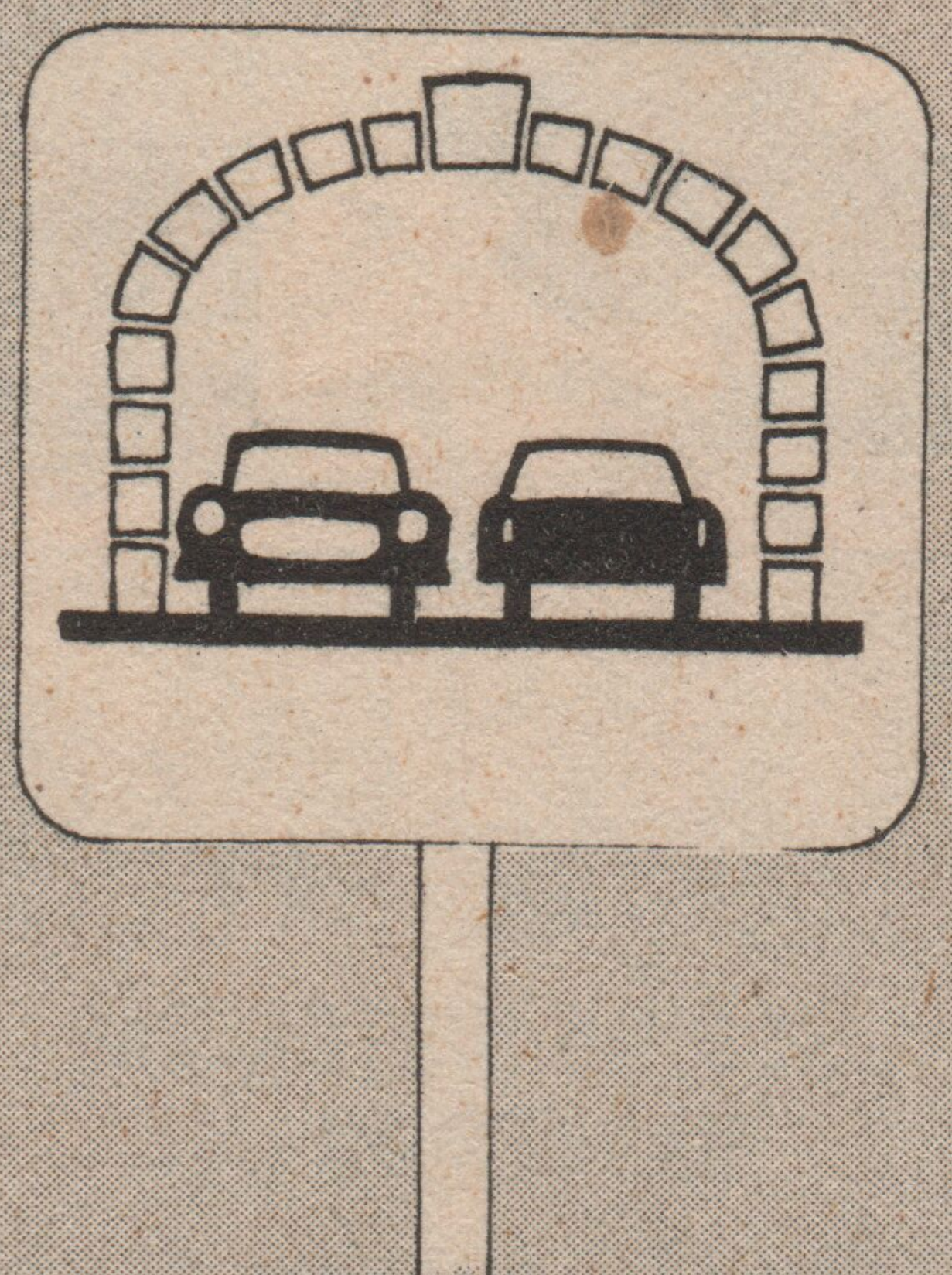
DRAWBRIDGE AHEAD



ROAD WORK AHEAD



SINGLE LANE TUNNEL AHEAD



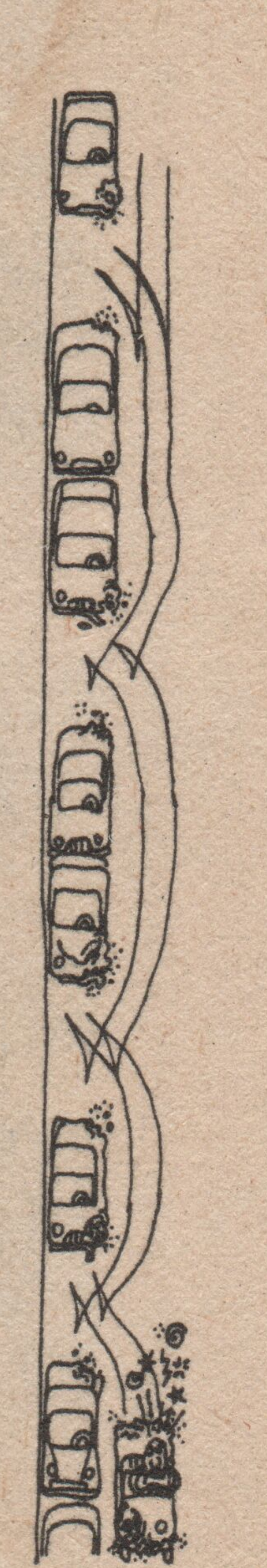
TWO-LANE TUNNEL AHEAD

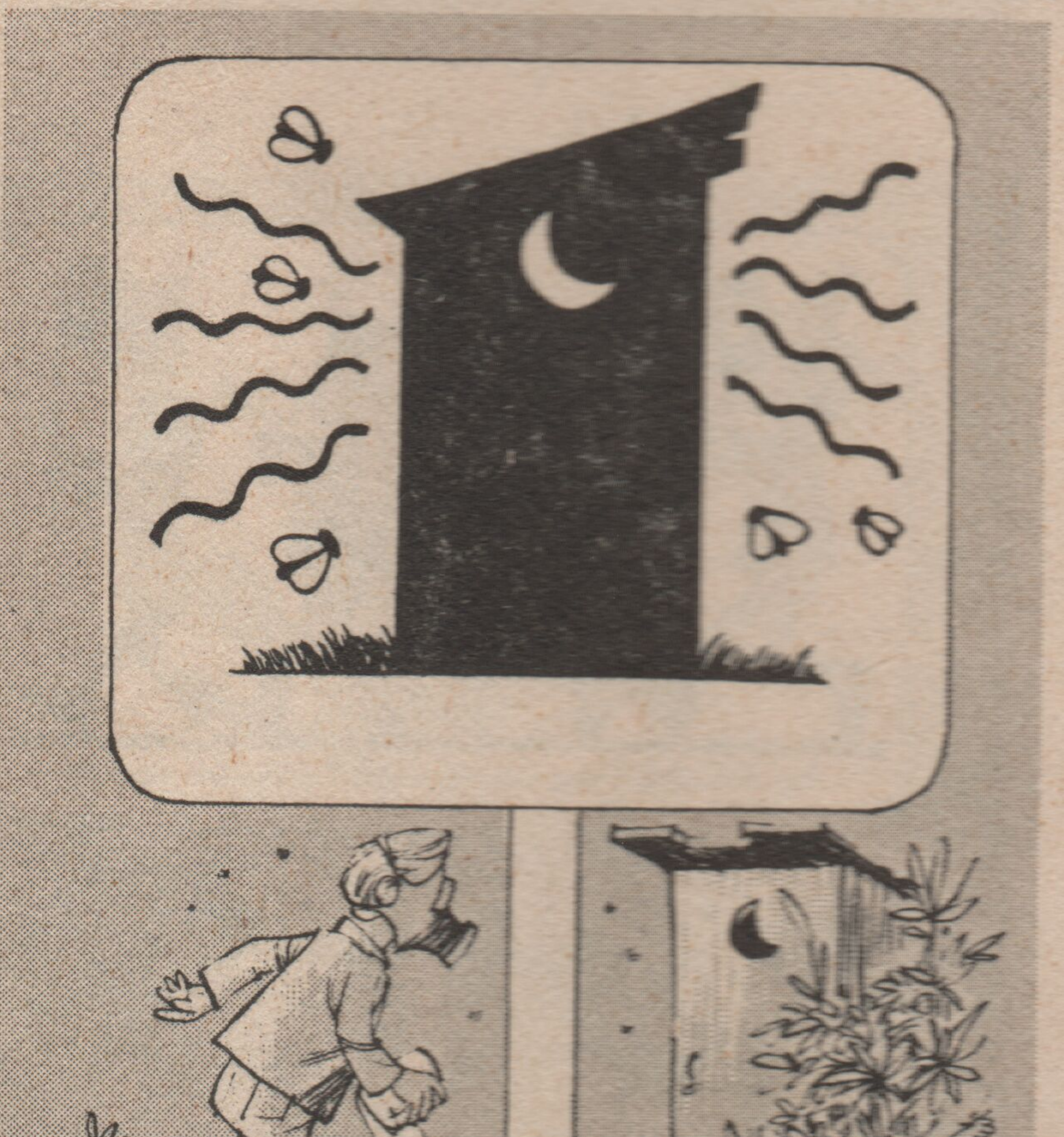
Now that foreign tourists will be touring America, we feel it's only fair that they be afforded the same convenience. And... in addition to the road hazards they are used to... foreign visitors should be warned about *peculiarly American* road hazards. In fact, even *Americans* will benefit from these

PICTURE ROAD SIGNS

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

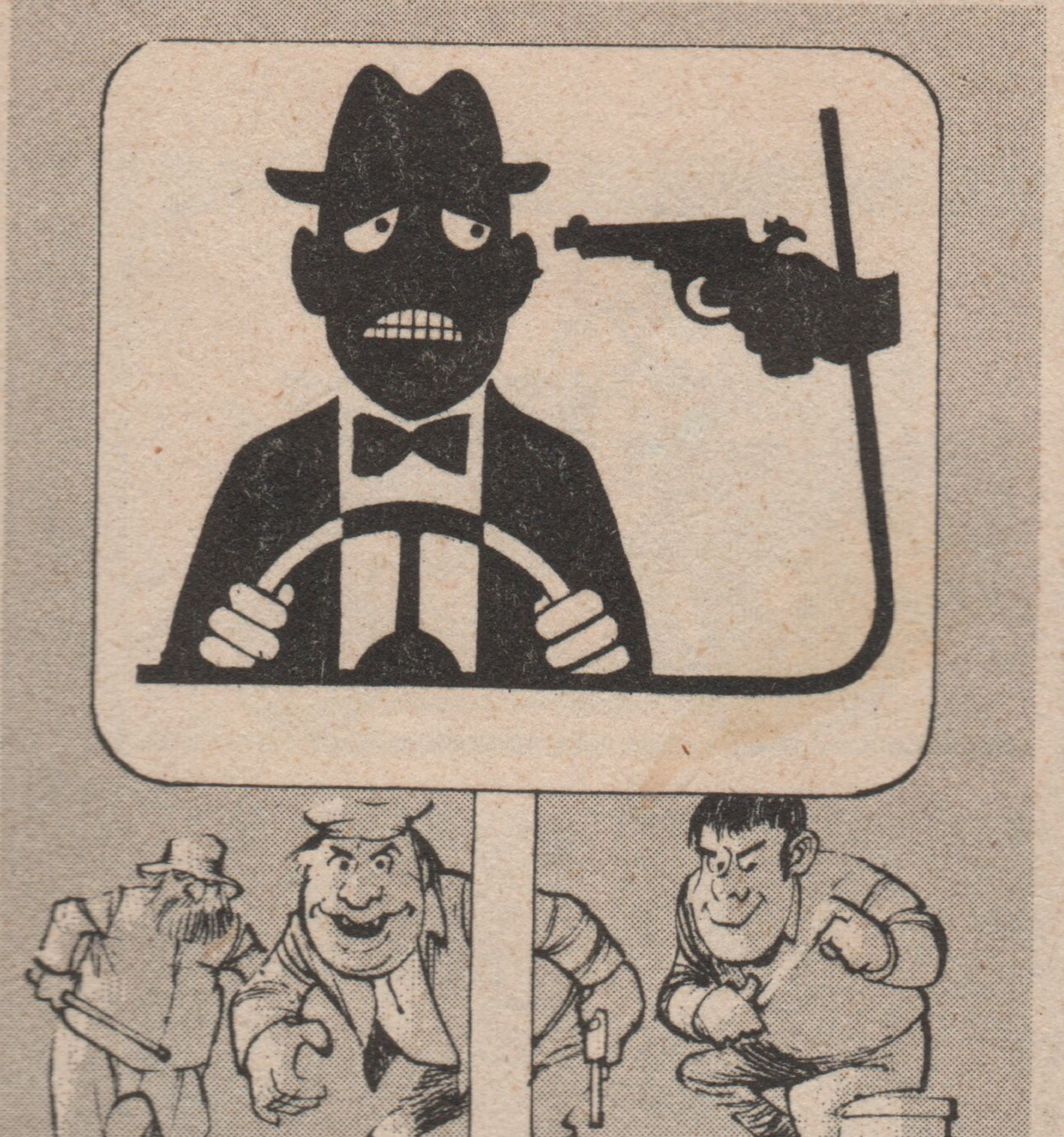
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITERS: AL JAFFEE & FRANK JACOBS





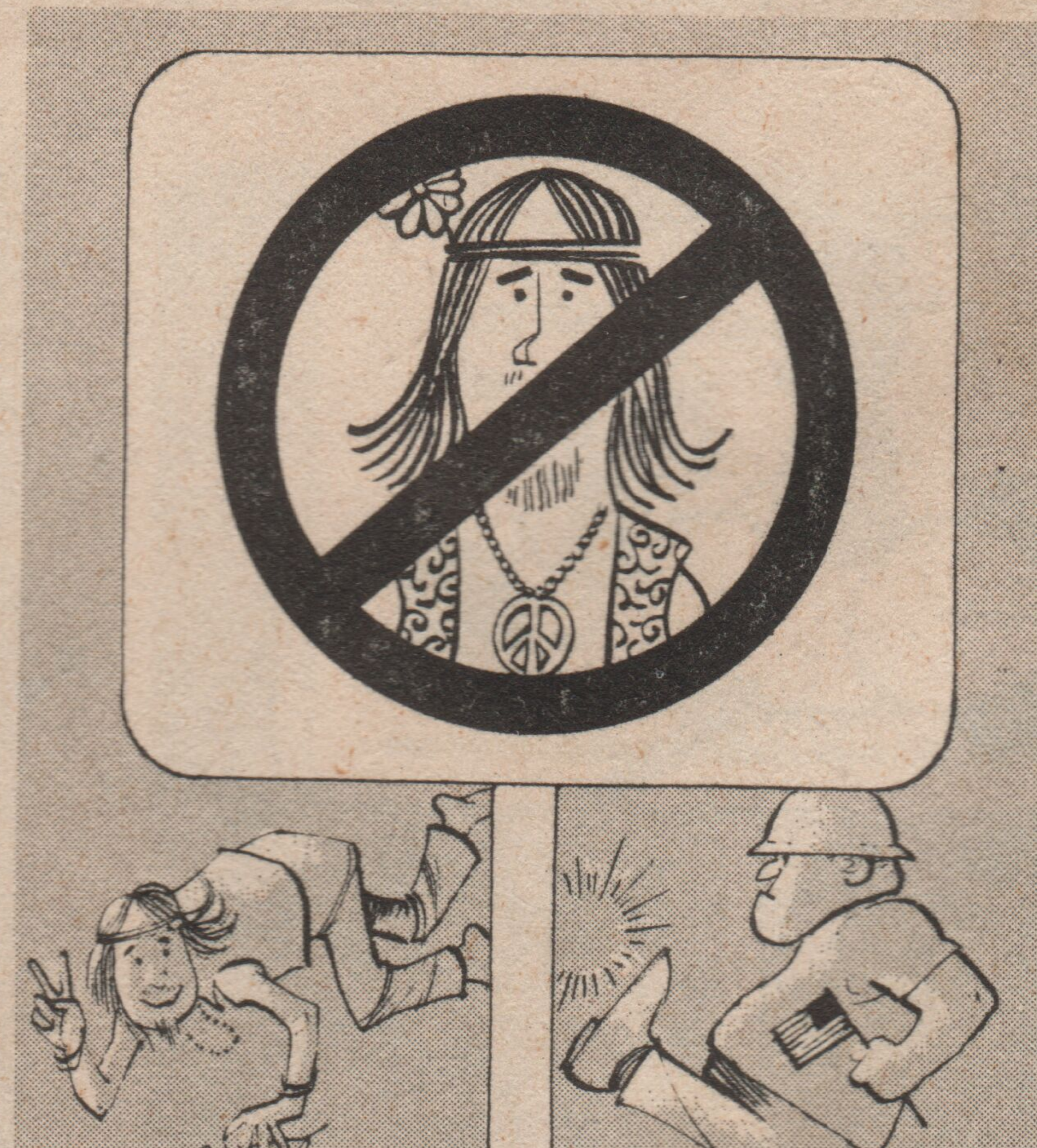
FILTHY REST AREA AHEAD

This neglected roadside rest area is garbage-cluttered and foul-smelling. Use in case of a dire emergency only!



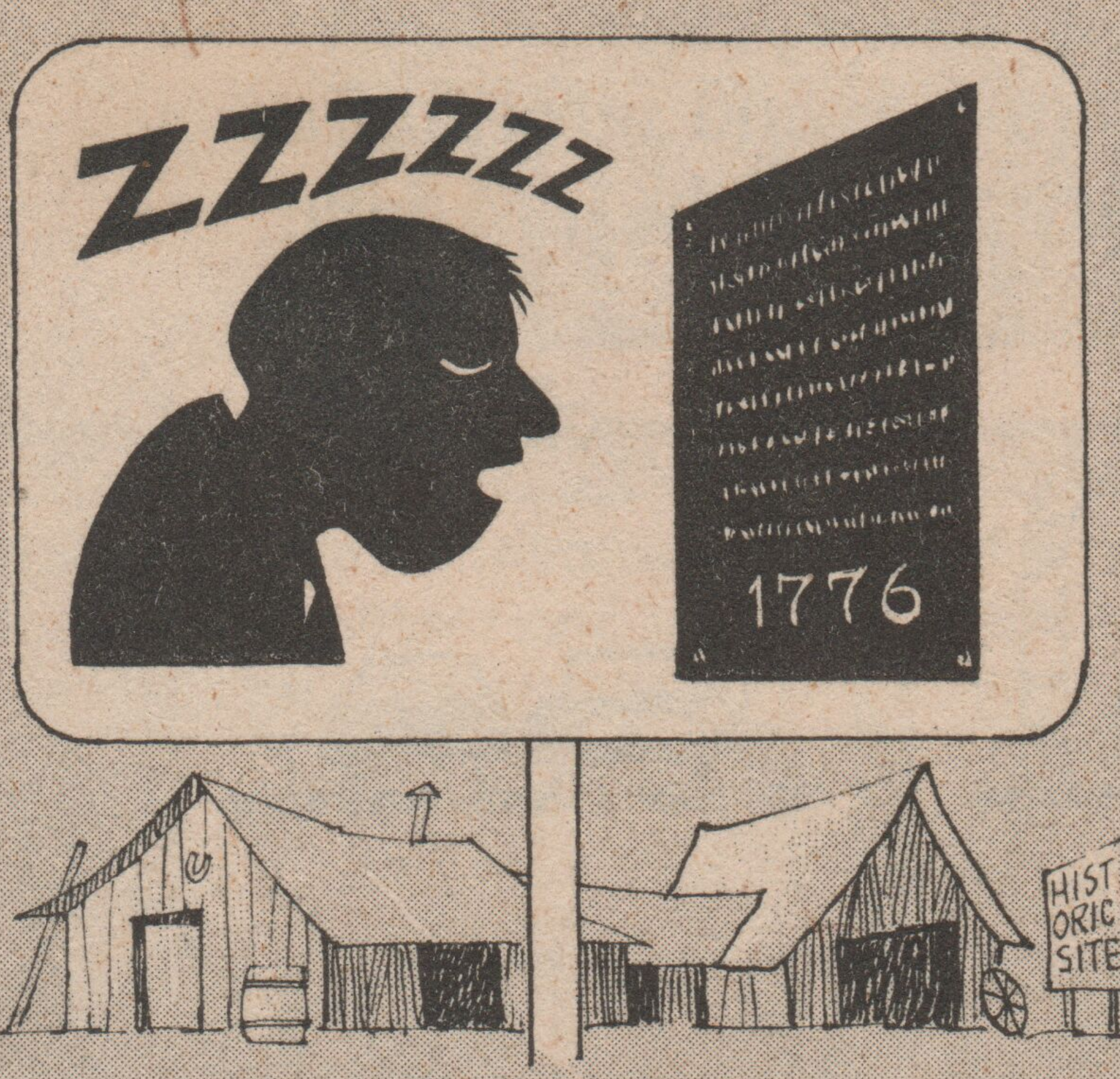
HIGH CRIME AREA AHEAD

Watch out! Raise your windows, lock your doors and, if you're driving a convertible, put the top up—or else!



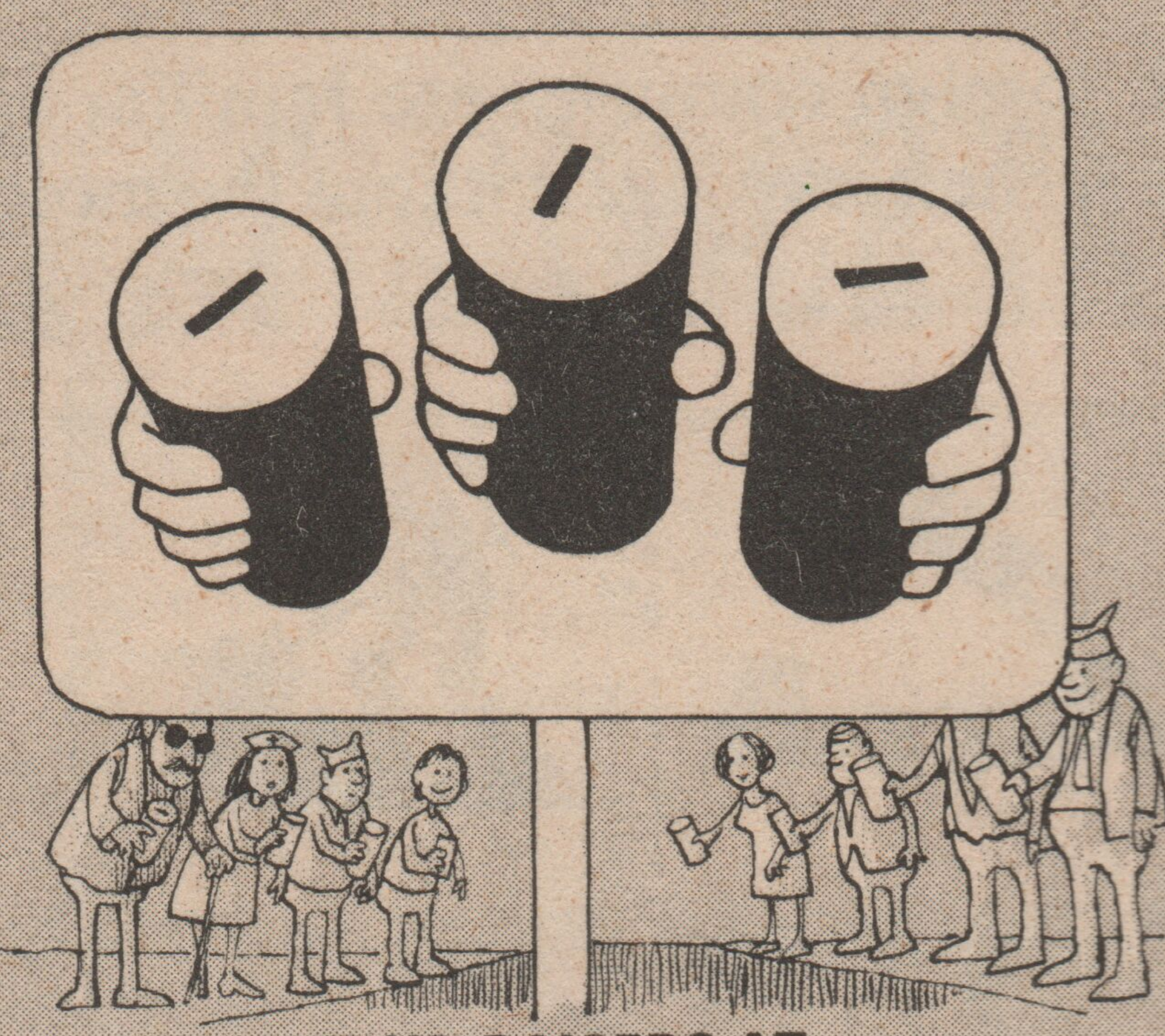
FREAKS UNWELCOME AHEAD

Long-haired, bearded, oddly dressed or other un-American-looking types should drive on through to avoid big trouble.



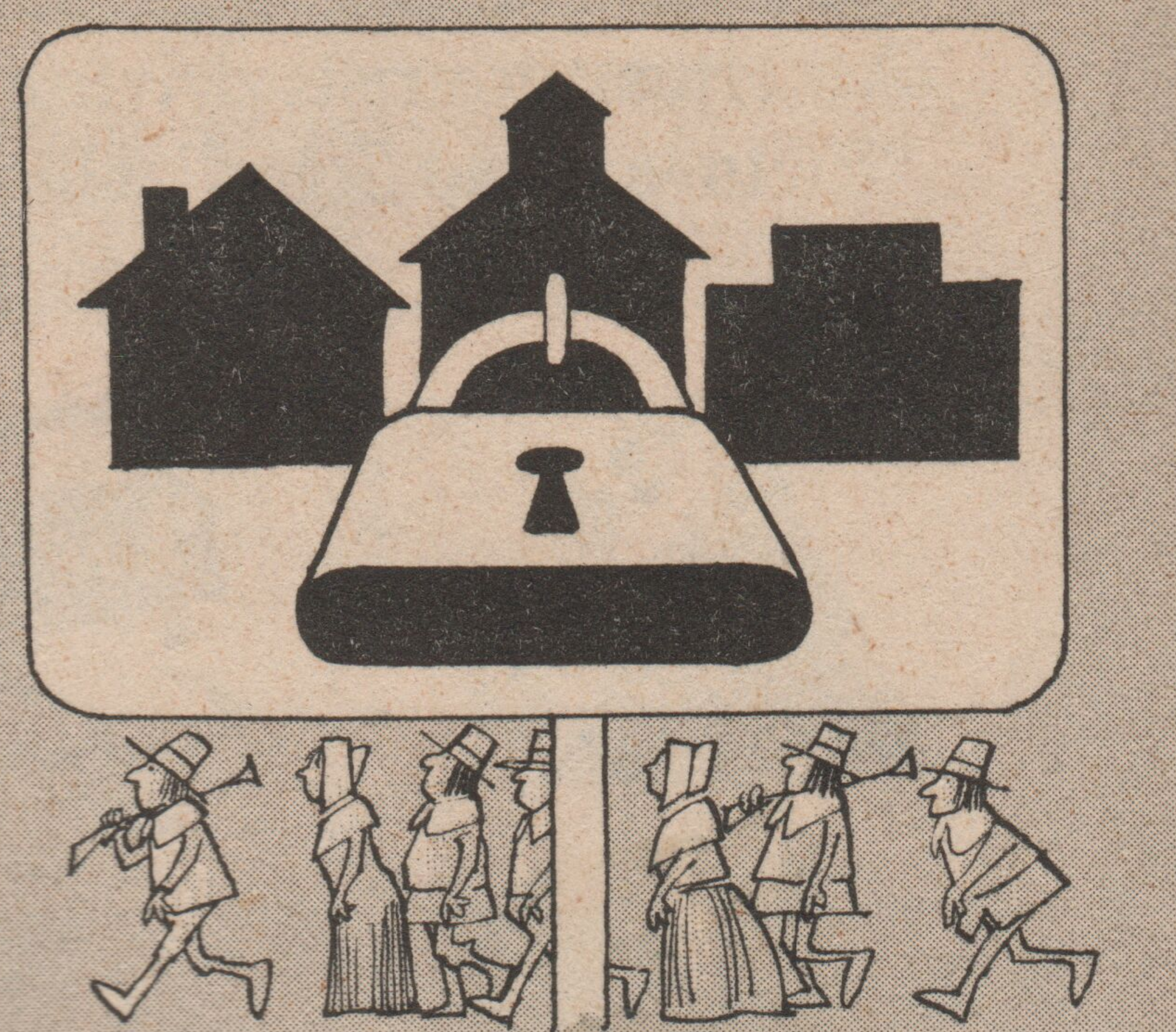
BORING HISTORICAL MARKER AHEAD

Shrines like "Barn Where Washington's Horse Was Gelded" may be great source of local pride, but $2.00 parking fee and loss of an hour's vacation time makes stopping here of dubious value.



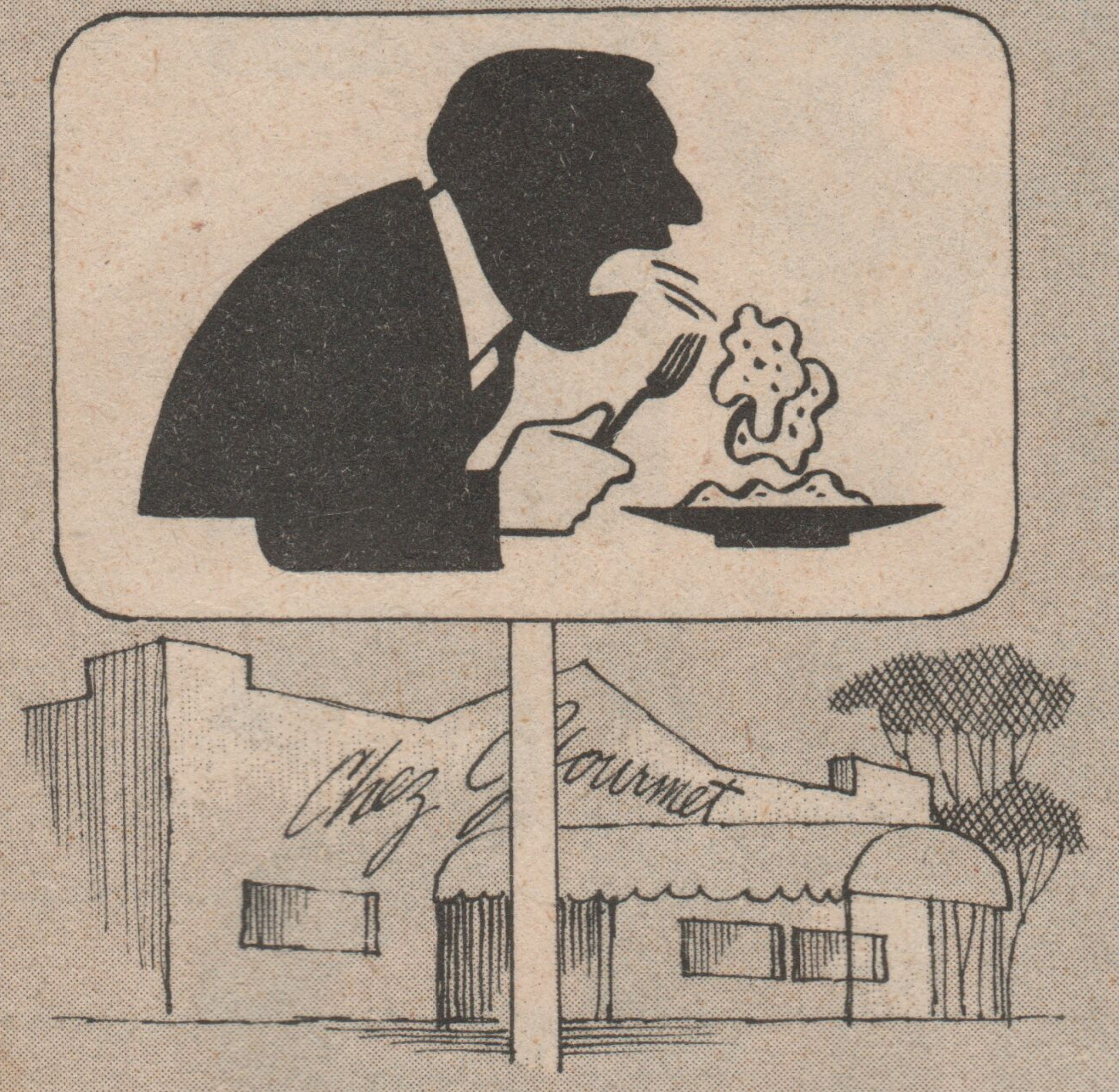
FUND-RAISERS AT STOPLIGHT AHEAD

The extra longlasting stoplight ahead has been adjusted so that flag-waving Veterans, Firemen, Little Leaguers, etc., can intimidate you into affirming your Americanism with a big donation.



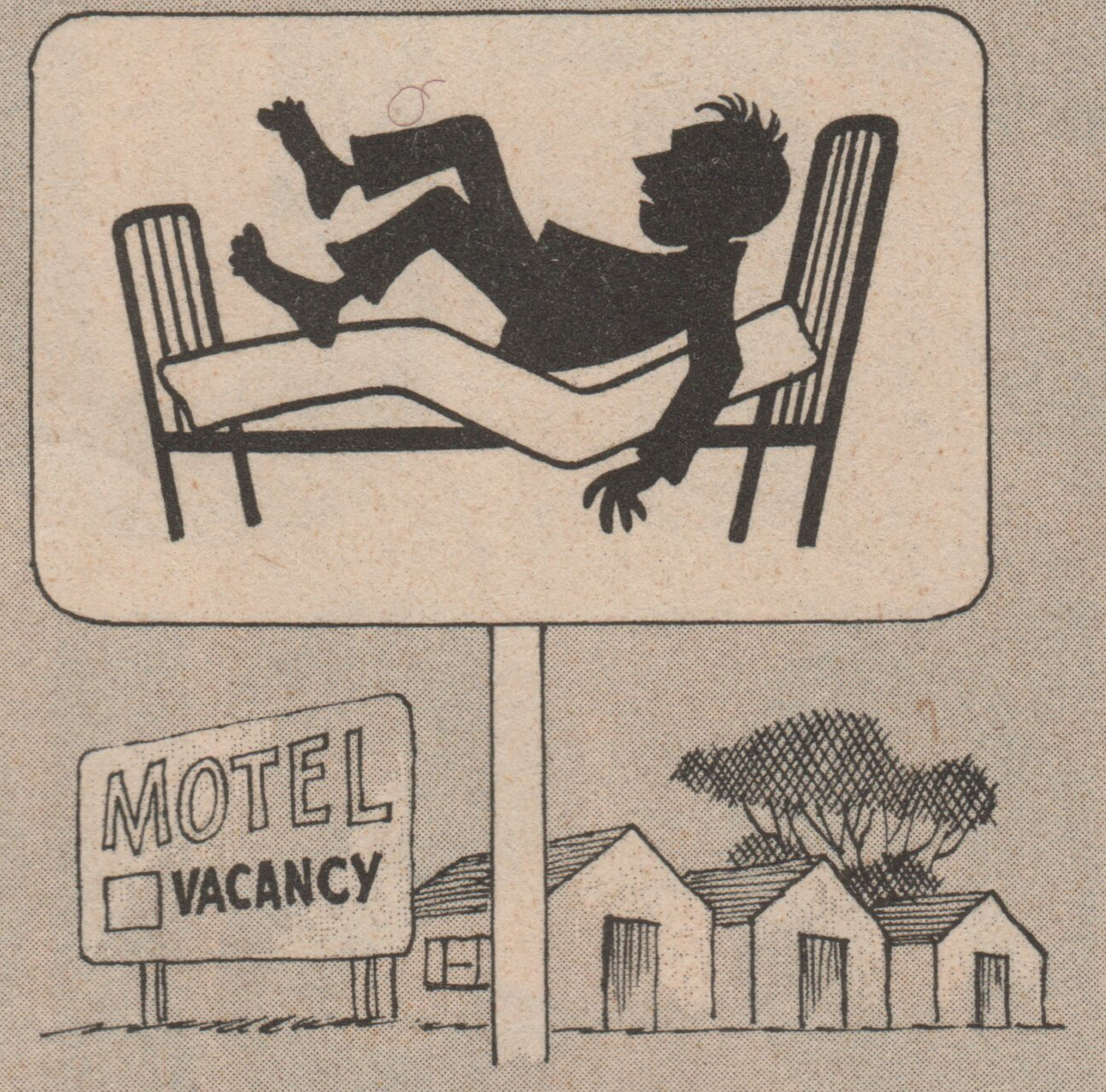
TOTALLY CLOSED ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS TOWN AHEAD

The town ahead observes all the Blue Laws ever written, which means no gas, food, shelter, toilet facilities or fun and diversion of any kind! And on Sundays and Holidays, it's even worse!



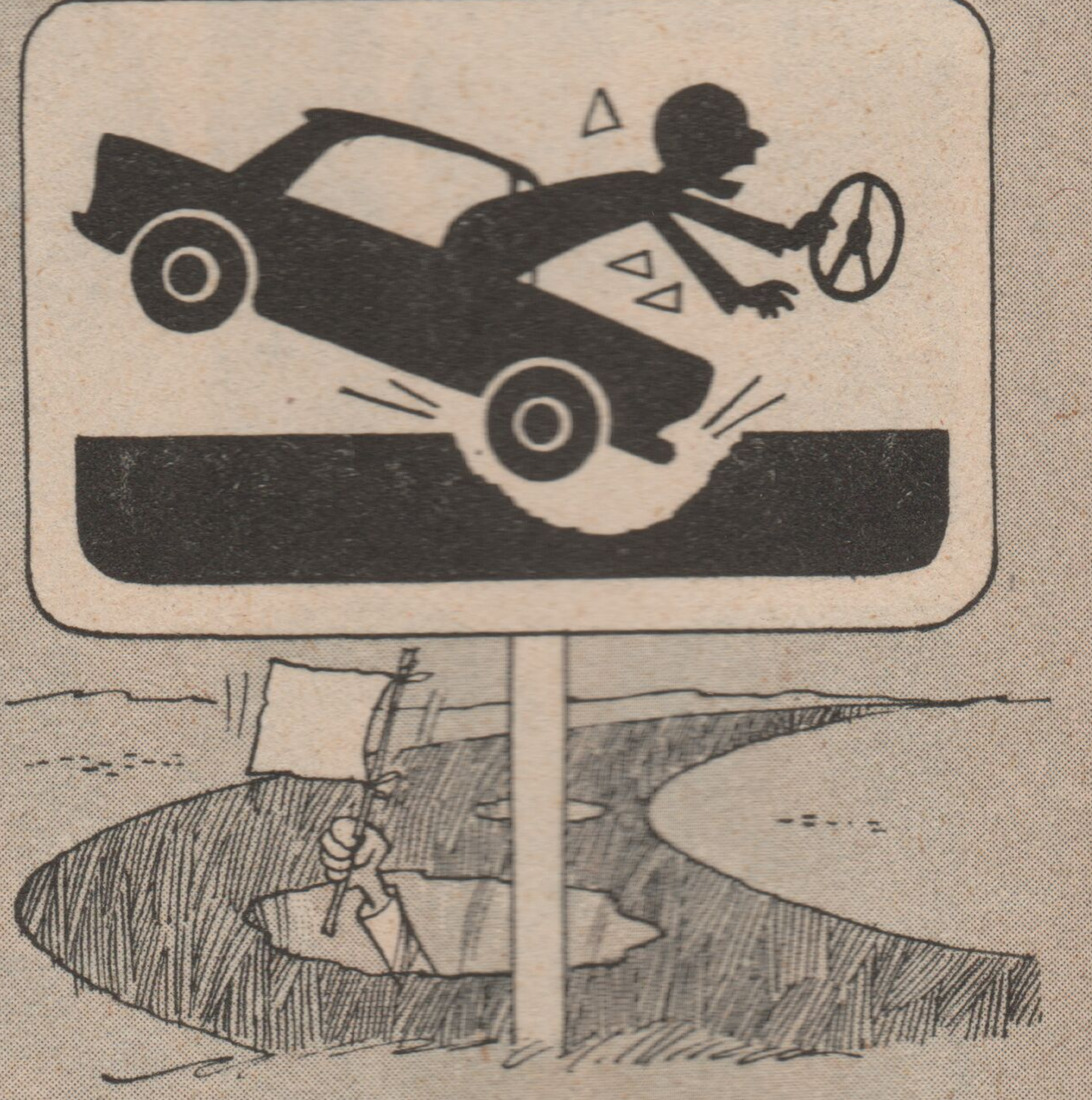
VILE RESTAURANT AHEAD

Motorist should not be misled by its quaint appearance or the "good food" signs. The Chef flunked out of the Mexican Army Cooks & Bakers School.



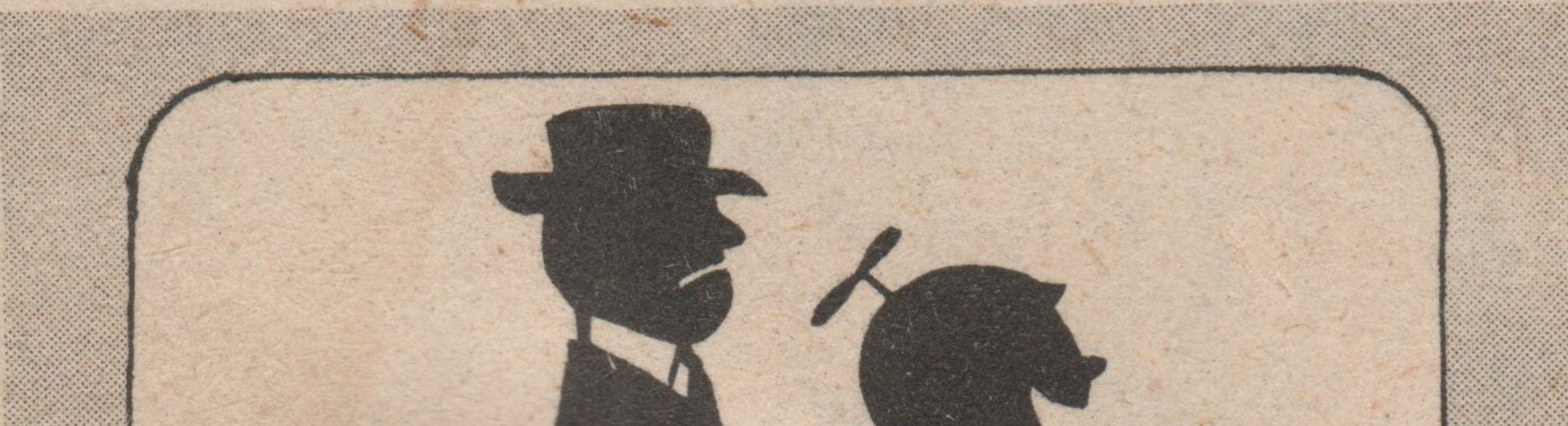
DISGUSTING MOTEL AHEAD

Keep looking! This dump is surrounded by a busy Throughway, a popular Truck Stop and an All-Night Rock Dance Club. The mattresses were installed in 1927.



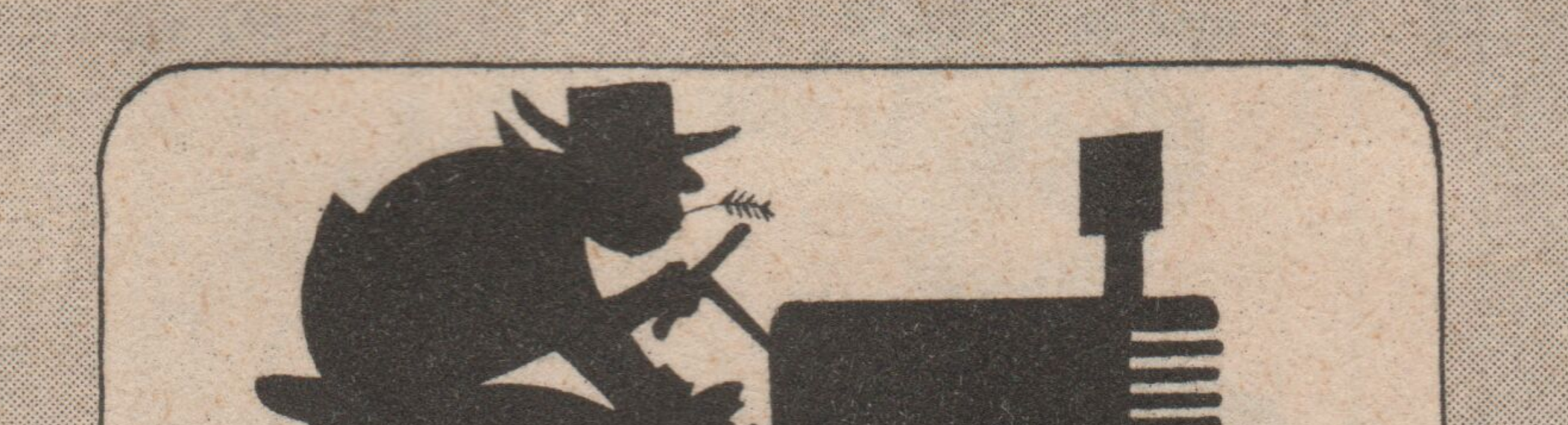
POTHOLES AHEAD

Unrepaired jagged road holes of every size can cause serious injury to car (not to mention occupants!) when hit at speeds of 4 miles an hour or more.



STUPID AND EXPENSIVE KIDDIE RIDES AHEAD

Motorist must distract kids in order to safely pass this road hazard. Toss some coins on back seat floor. It'll do job, and be cheaper than stopping.

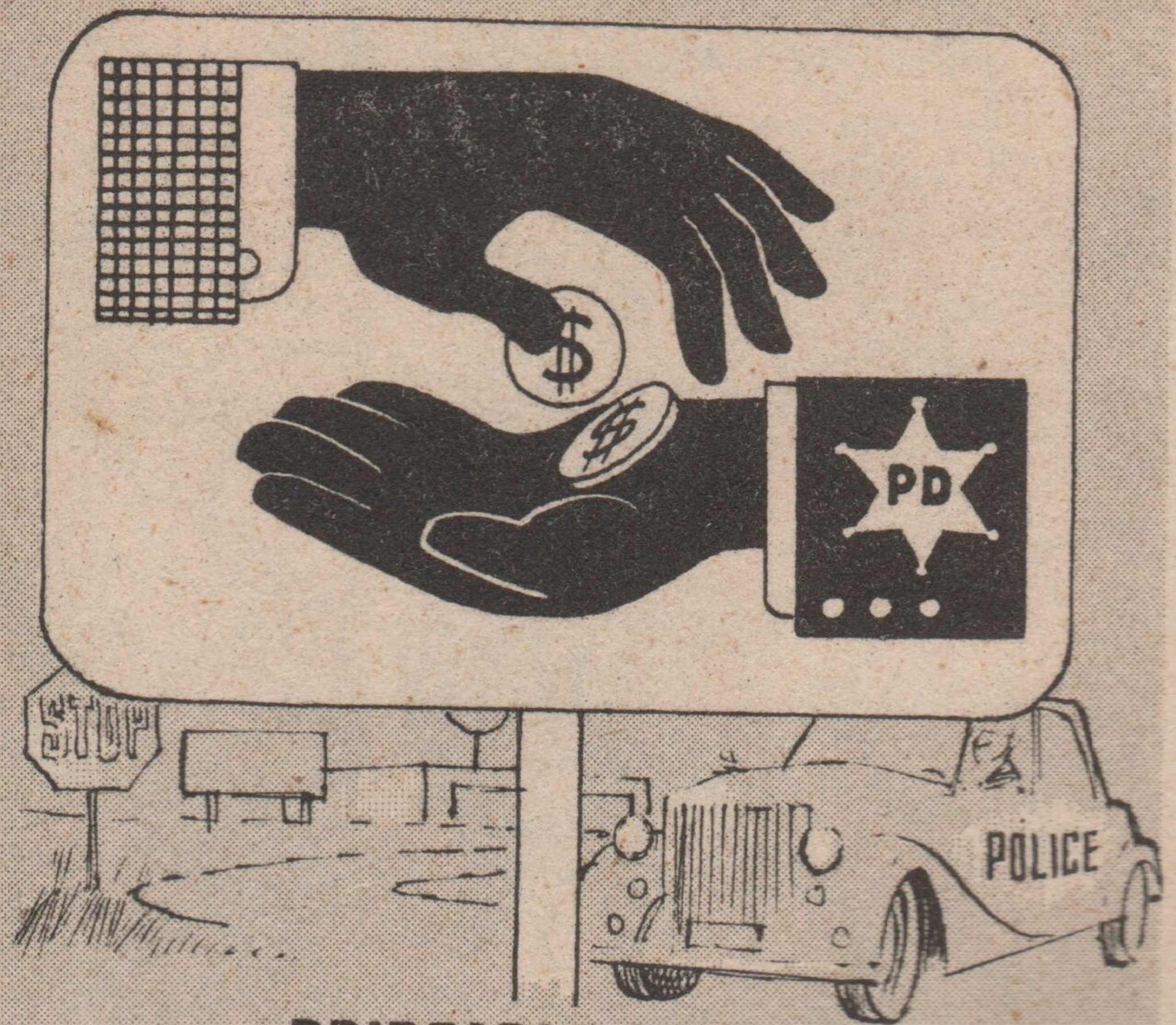


FARMERS ON SLOW TRACTORS AHEAD

Motorists should allow plenty of time for delays in this agricultural area, as Farmers are likely to pop out from anywhere in 3-miles-per-hour vehicles.

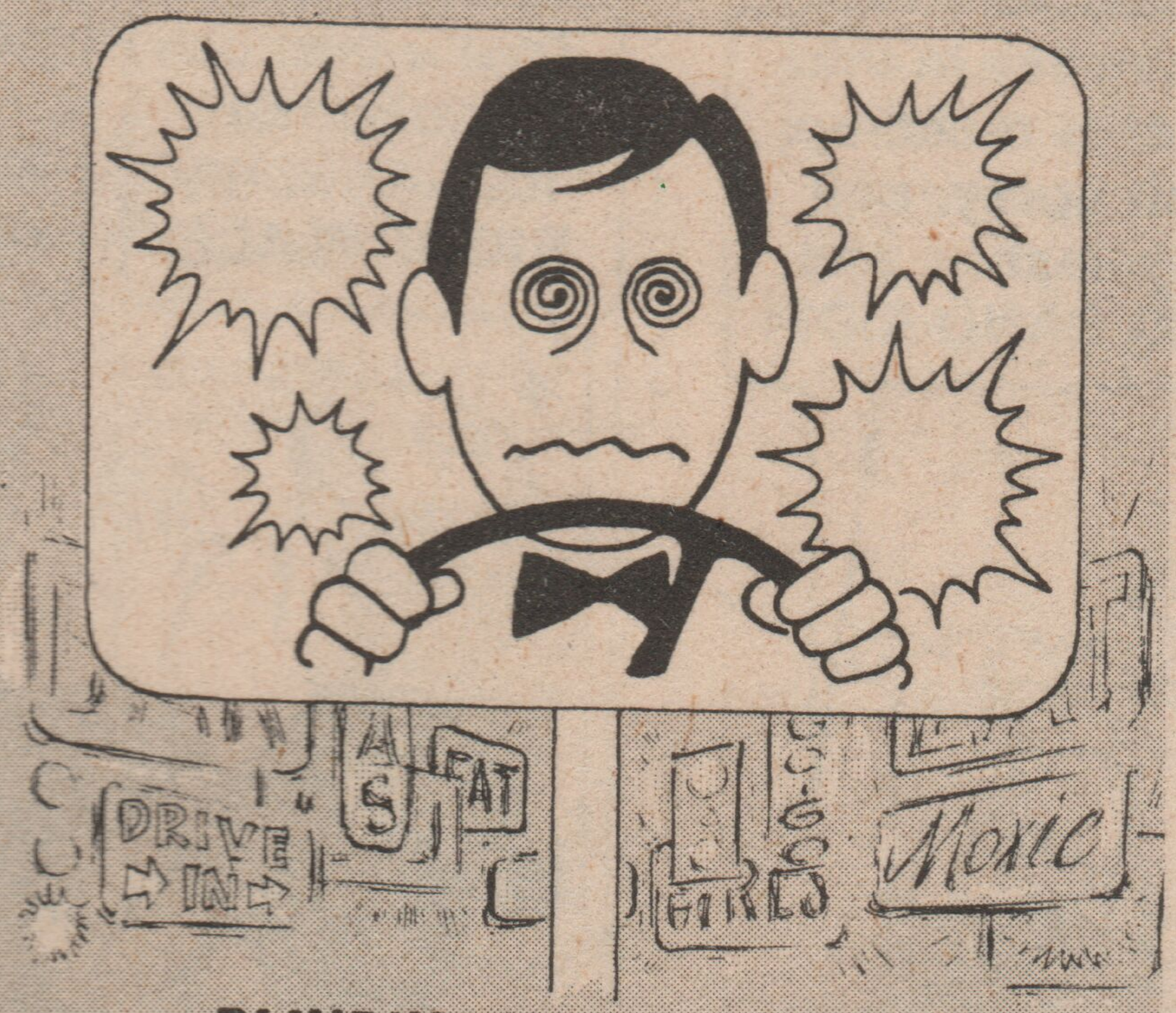
EVERY SUNDAY AND HOLIDAY PARADE ROUTE AHEAD

Every weird group from The American Legion to the Veterans of Watergate hold their annual parades on this route, causing interminable delays.



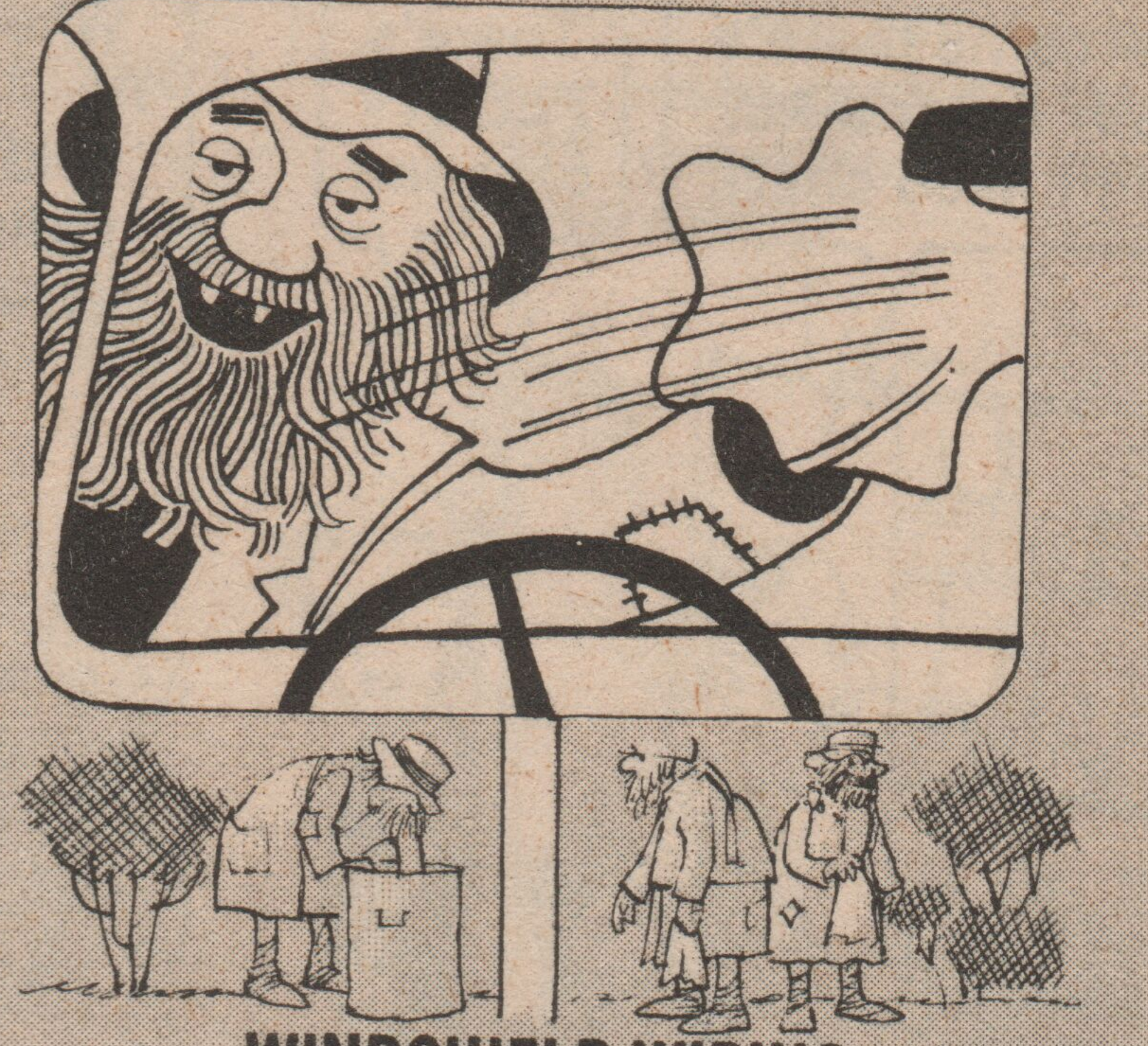
BRIBEABLE STATE TROOPER AHEAD

Now, there doesn't have to be any of that silly hinting by the Trooper and any of that time-wasting guessing by you. Just slip him a ten discreetly, and he'll forget about it—this time.



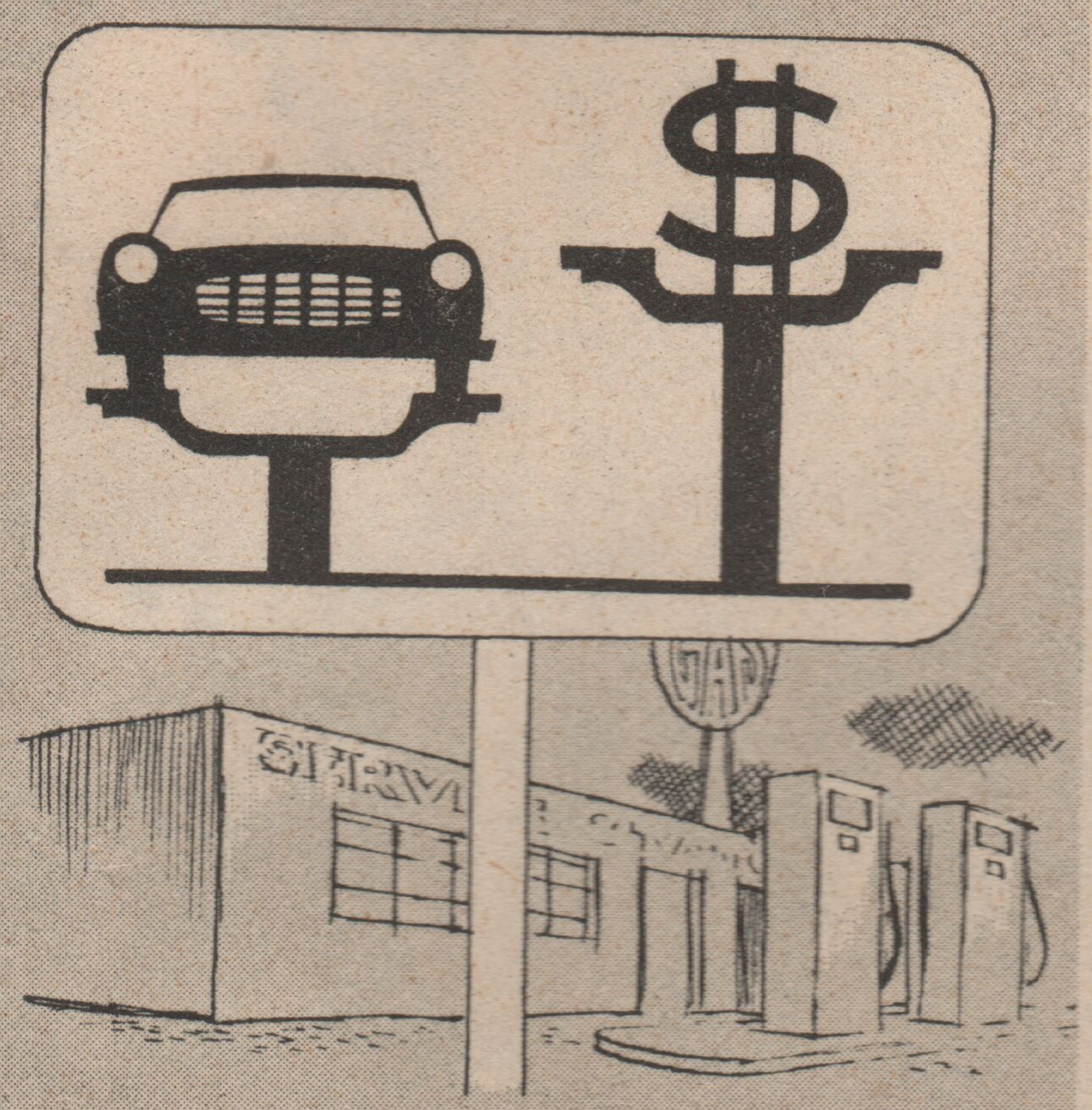
BLINDING NEON SIGNS AND STOREFRONT FLASHERS AHEAD

Somewhere up ahead in that mess is a traffic light which may take you ten minutes to find. By that time, more flashing lights (from a Police Car or Ambulance) may enter the scene also.



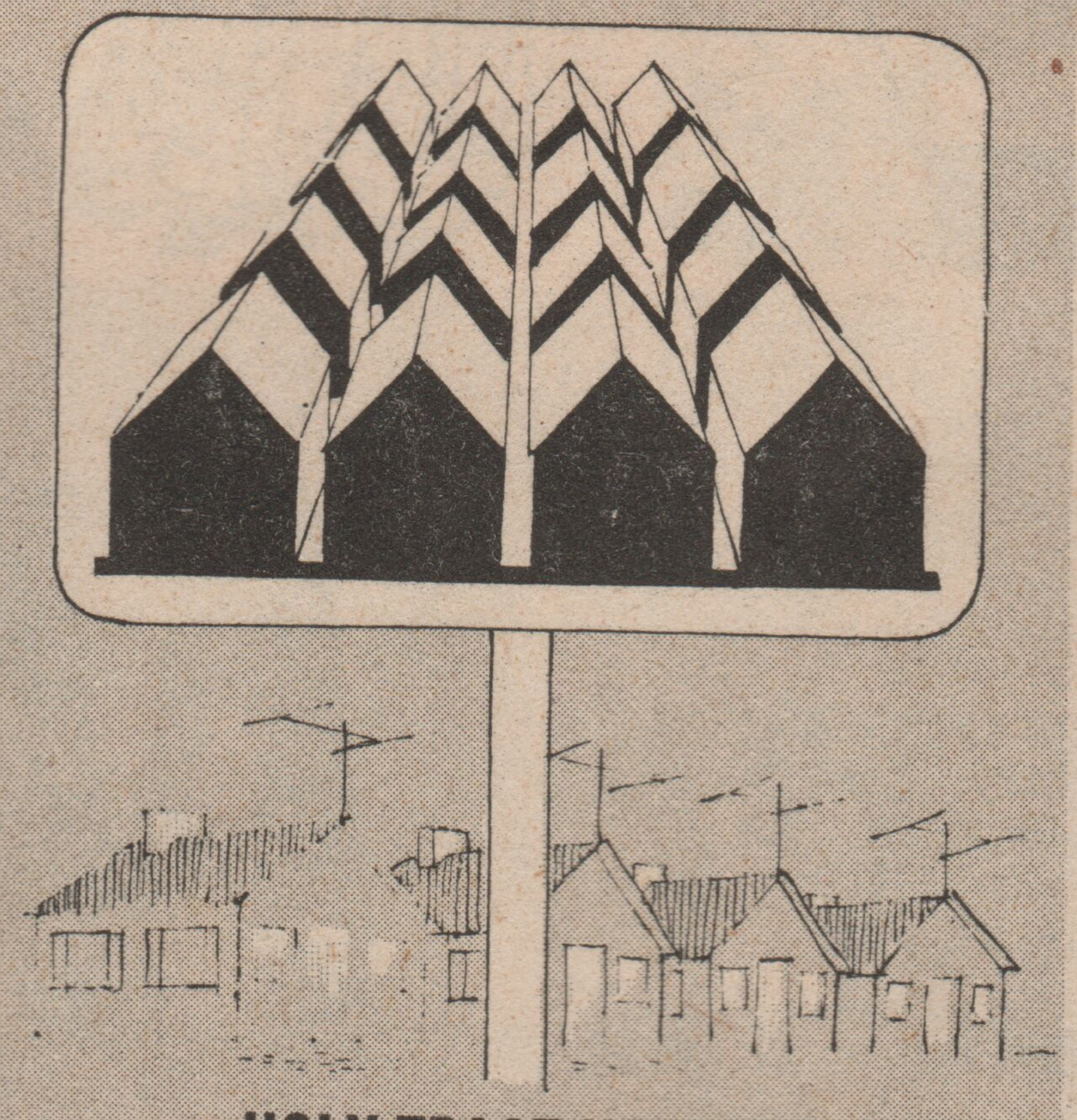
WINDSHIELD-WIPING BUMS AHEAD

Now entering Skid Row area where the derelicts will descend on your car at stoplights to scrounge booze money by wiping your windshield with greasy rags, thus destroying your visibility.



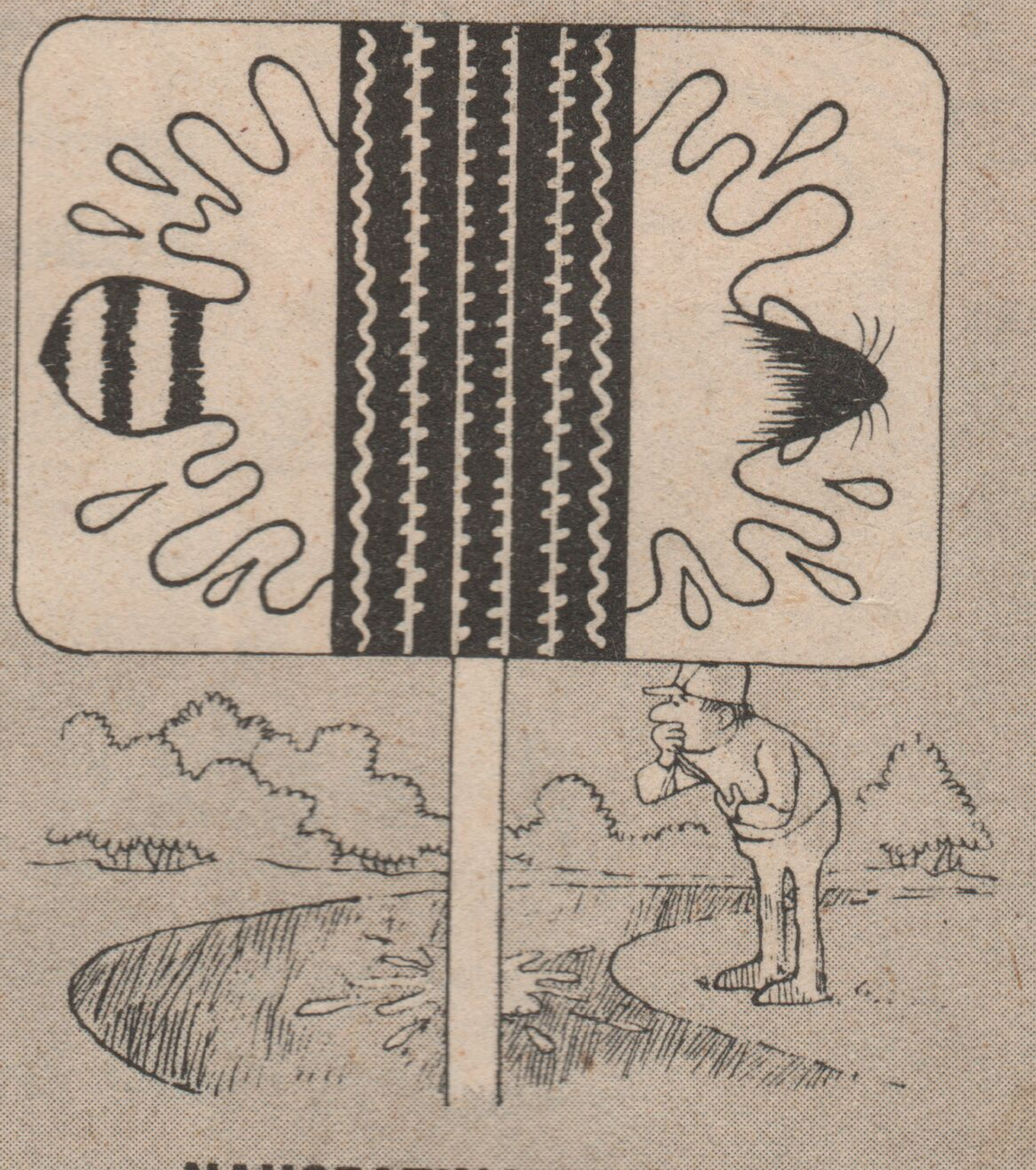
OVERCHARGING SERVICE STATION AHEAD

If you can somehow prod your sick car on past this place, you may get a fair shake at the garage a mile up the road.



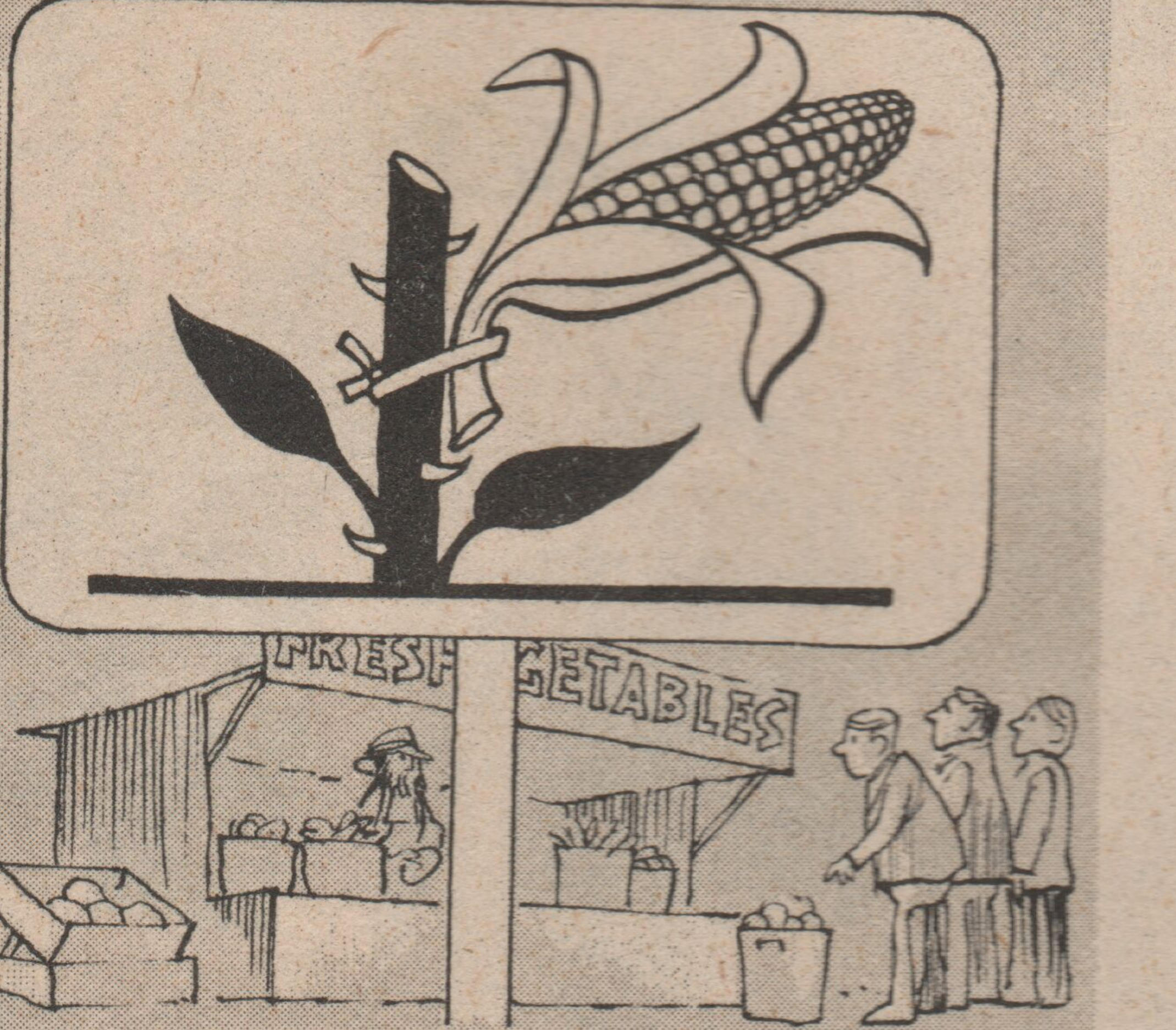
UGLY TRACT HOUSING DEVELOPMENT AHEAD

Danger of falling asleep at wheel from boredom of miles and miles of dull, monotonous look-alike houses.



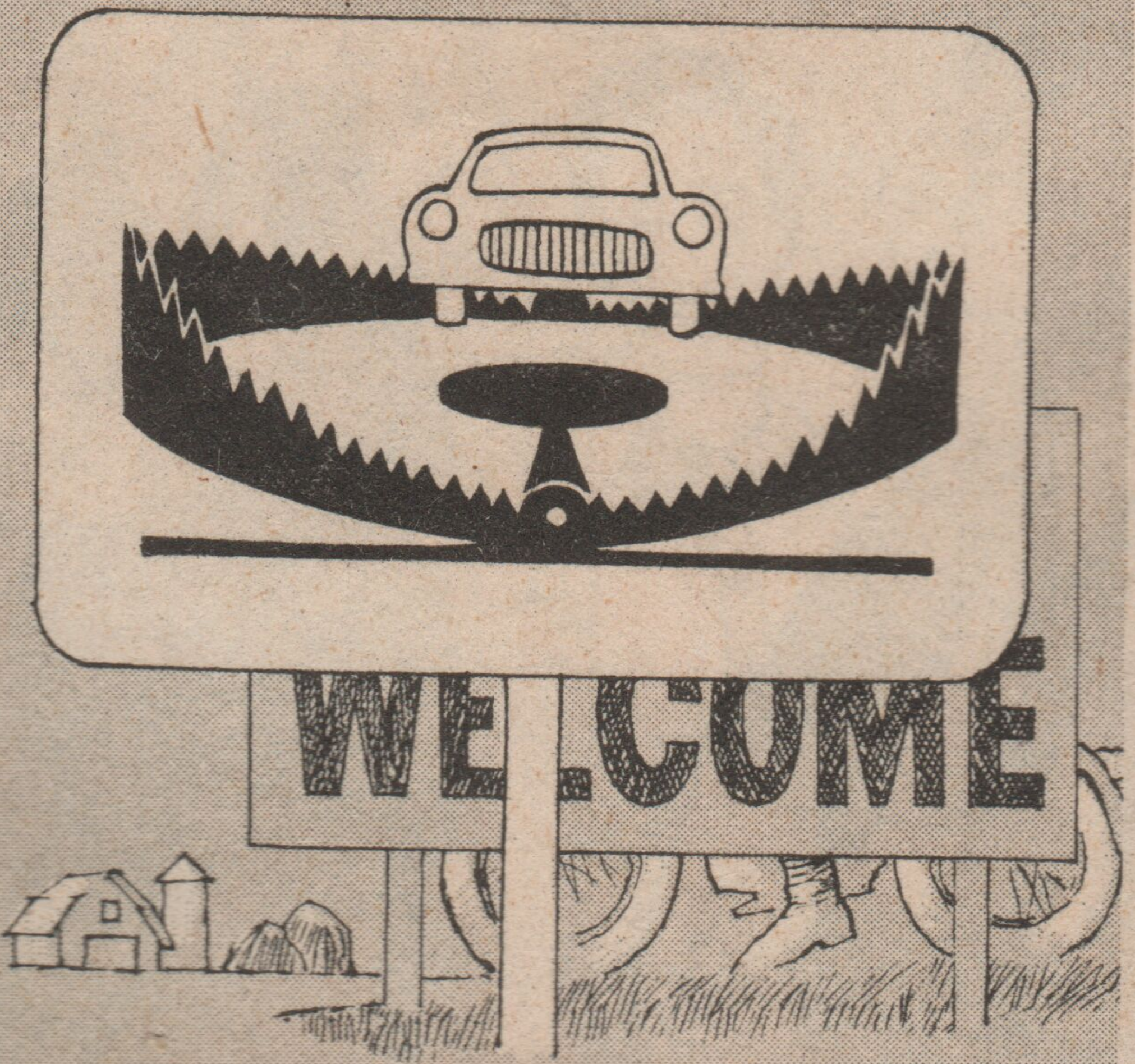
NAUSEATING RUN-OVER ANIMAL IN ROAD AHEAD

Squeemish drivers are warned to look away to avoid even more nauseating sight of vomit all over front seat.



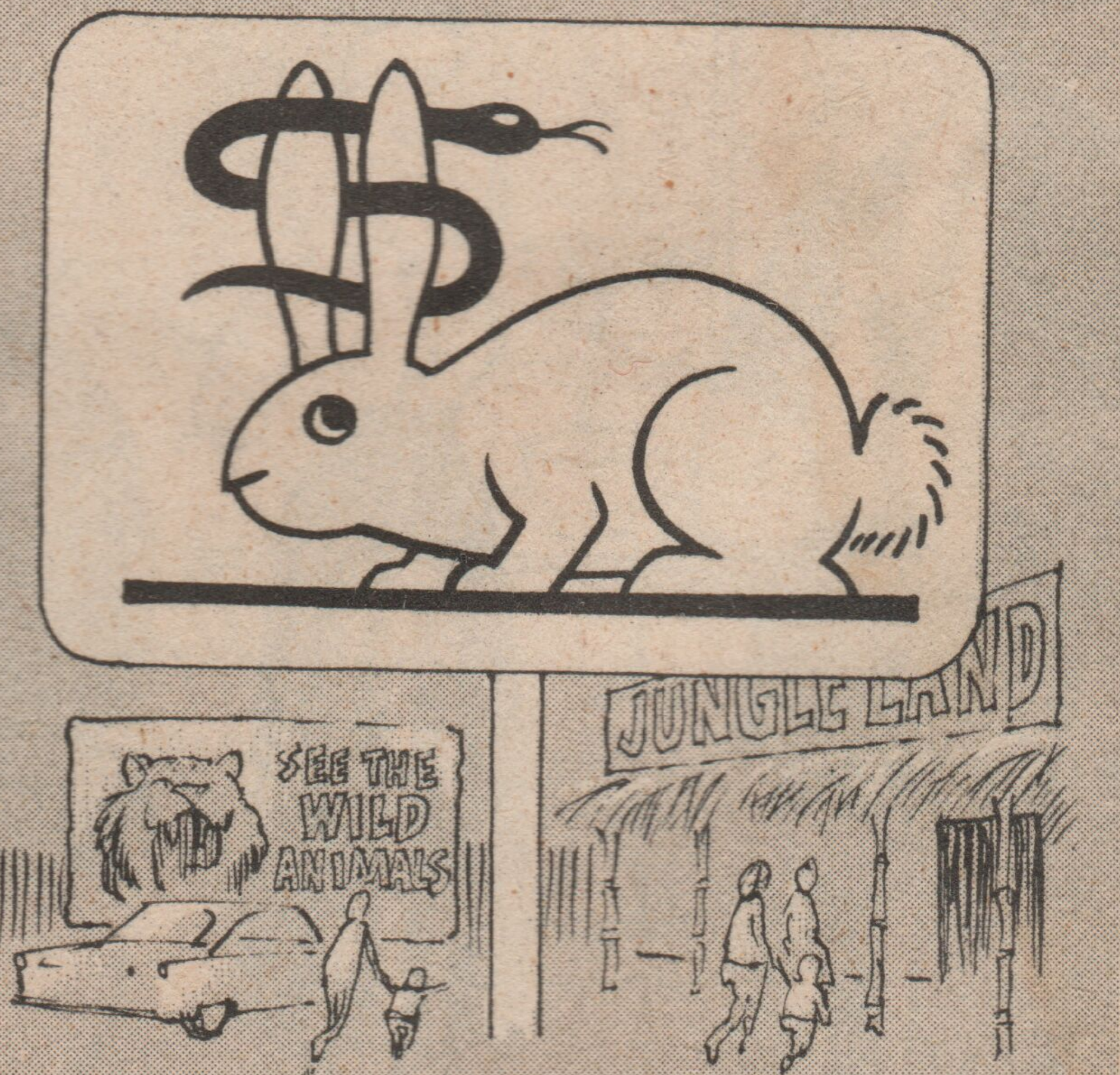
PHONY FARM STAND AHEAD

Usually located next to land whose major crop looks like rocks. Loaded with everything from avocados to zucchini, stuff all comes from the same place the Supermarkets get it.



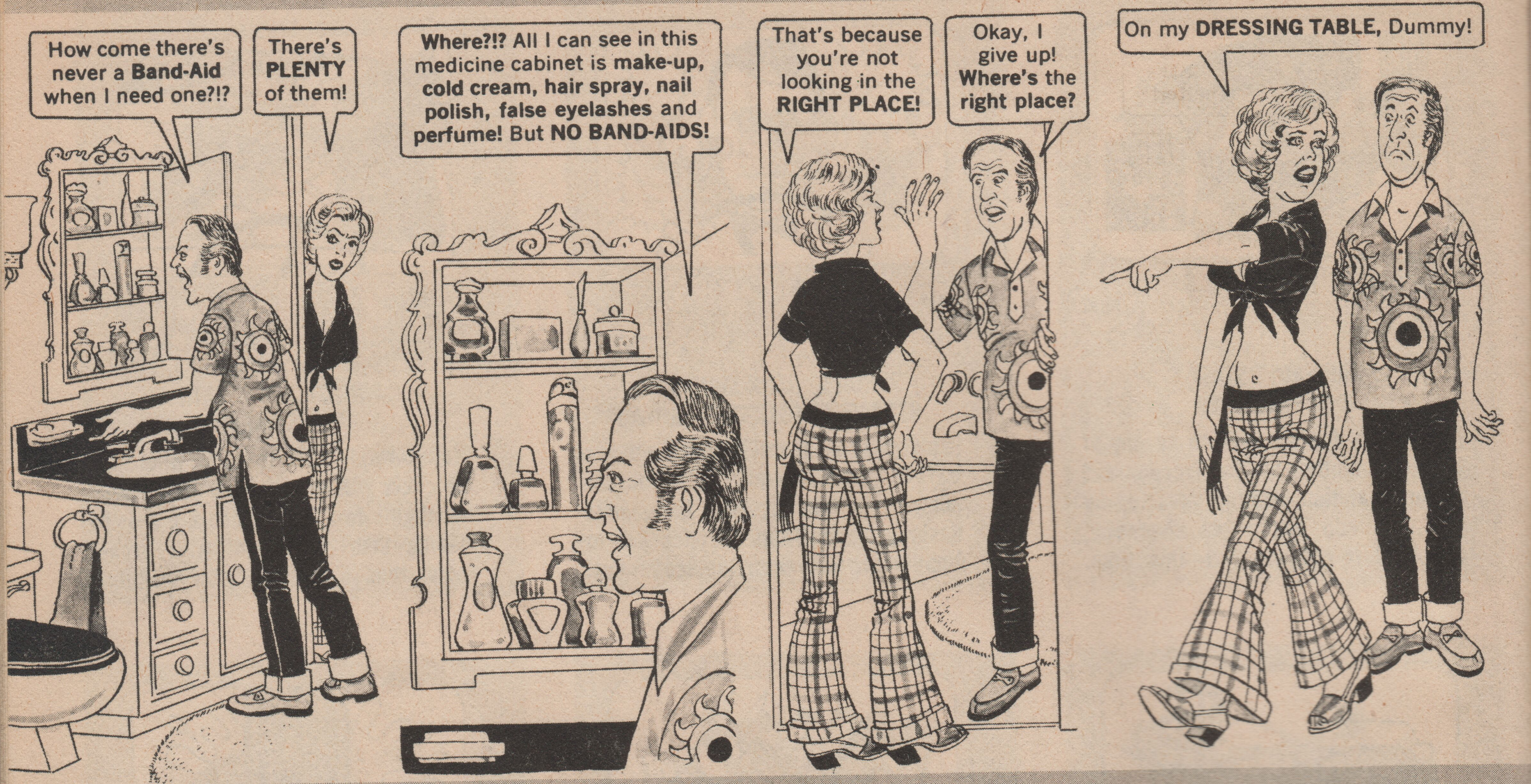
SPEED TRAP AHEAD

The Chamber of Commerce sign ahead which cheerfully welcomes motorists, also affords excellent hiding place for police to catch speeders. Fines are primary source of town's income.

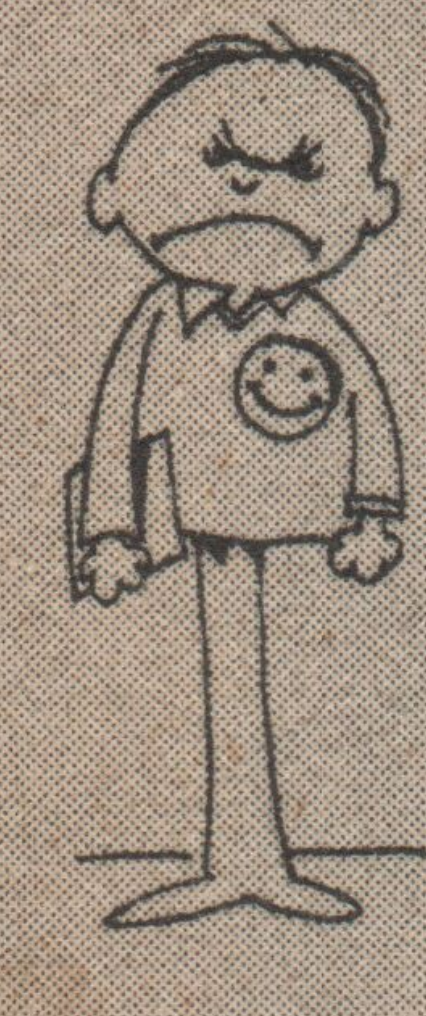


PHONY KIDDIE ZOO AHEAD

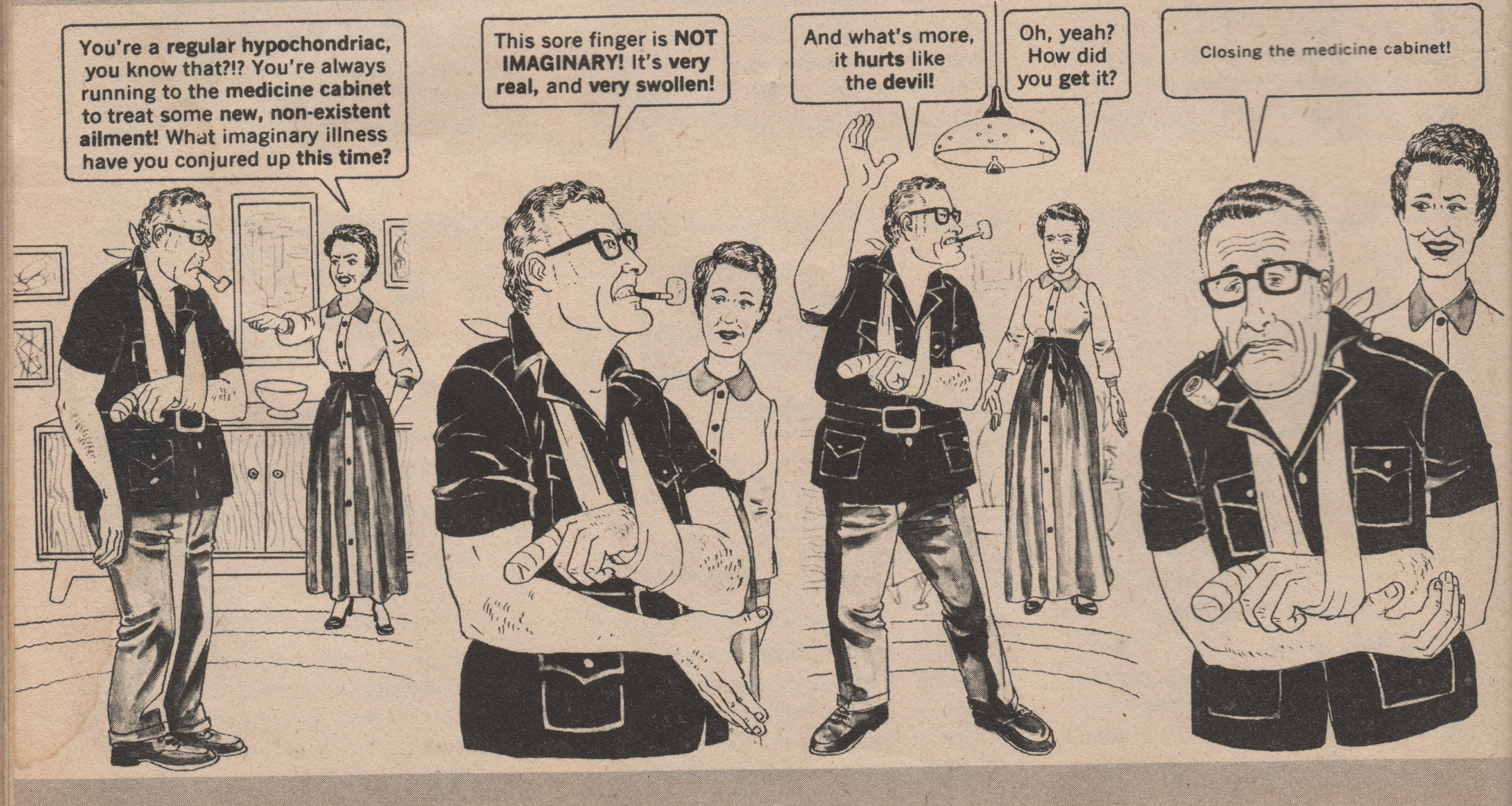
Despite misleading signs which imply that all kinds of exciting animals are there, the only things you'll find are rabbits, a turtle, a garter snake and two smelly old goats (one, the owner!).

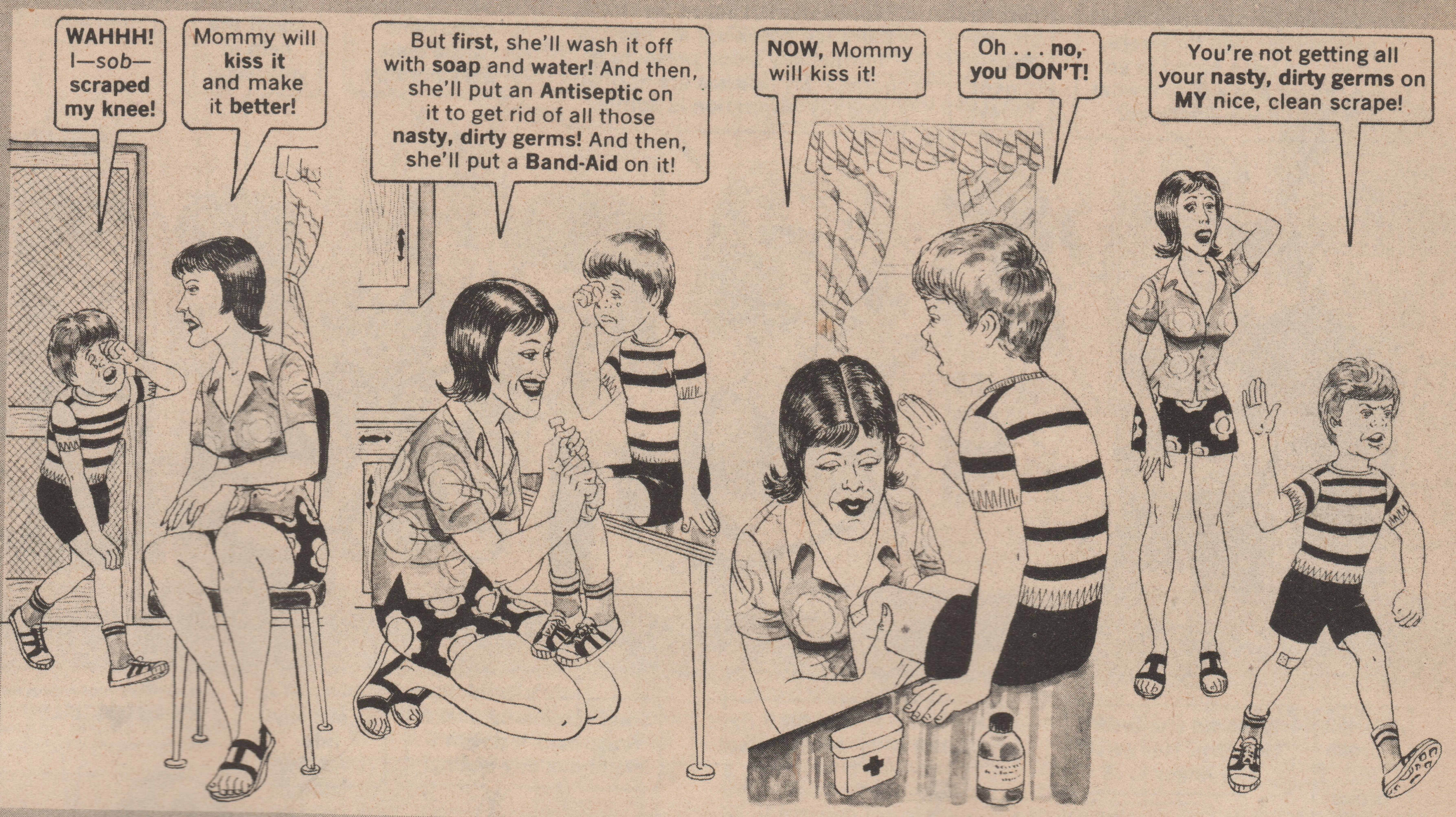

How come there's never a **Band-Aid** when I need one?!?
There's **PLENTY** of them!
Where?!? All I can see in this medicine cabinet is **make-up, cold cream, hair spray, nail polish, false eyelashes** and **perfume!** But **NO BAND-AIDS!**
That's because you're not looking in the **RIGHT PLACE!**
Okay, I give up! **Where's** the right place?
On my **DRESSING TABLE,** Dummy!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.



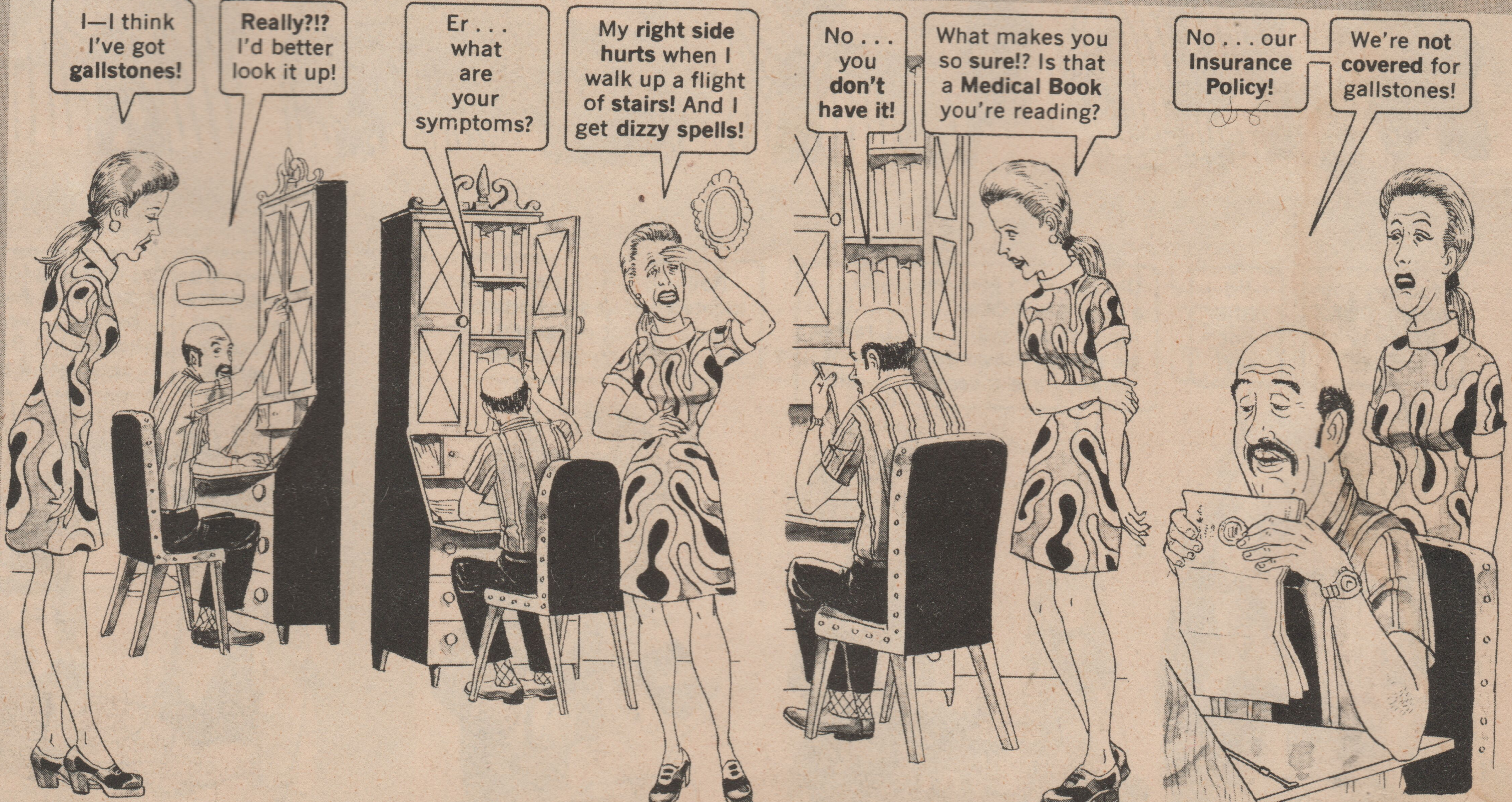
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MINOR

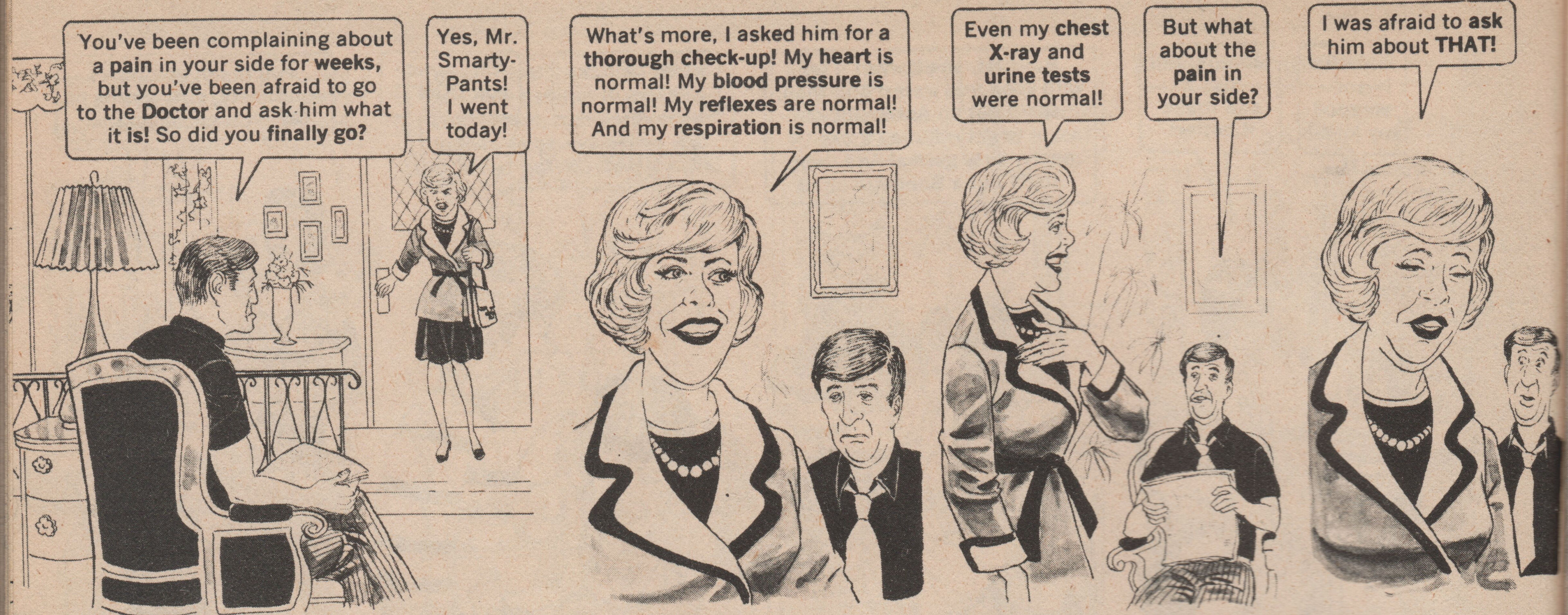

You're a **regular hypochondriac,** you know that?!? You're always running to the **medicine cabinet** to treat some new, **non-existent ailment!** What imaginary illness have you conjured up **this time?**
This sore finger is **NOT IMAGINARY!** It's **very real,** and **very swollen!**
And what's more, it **hurts** like the **devil!**
Oh, yeah? How did you **get** it?
Closing the medicine cabinet!

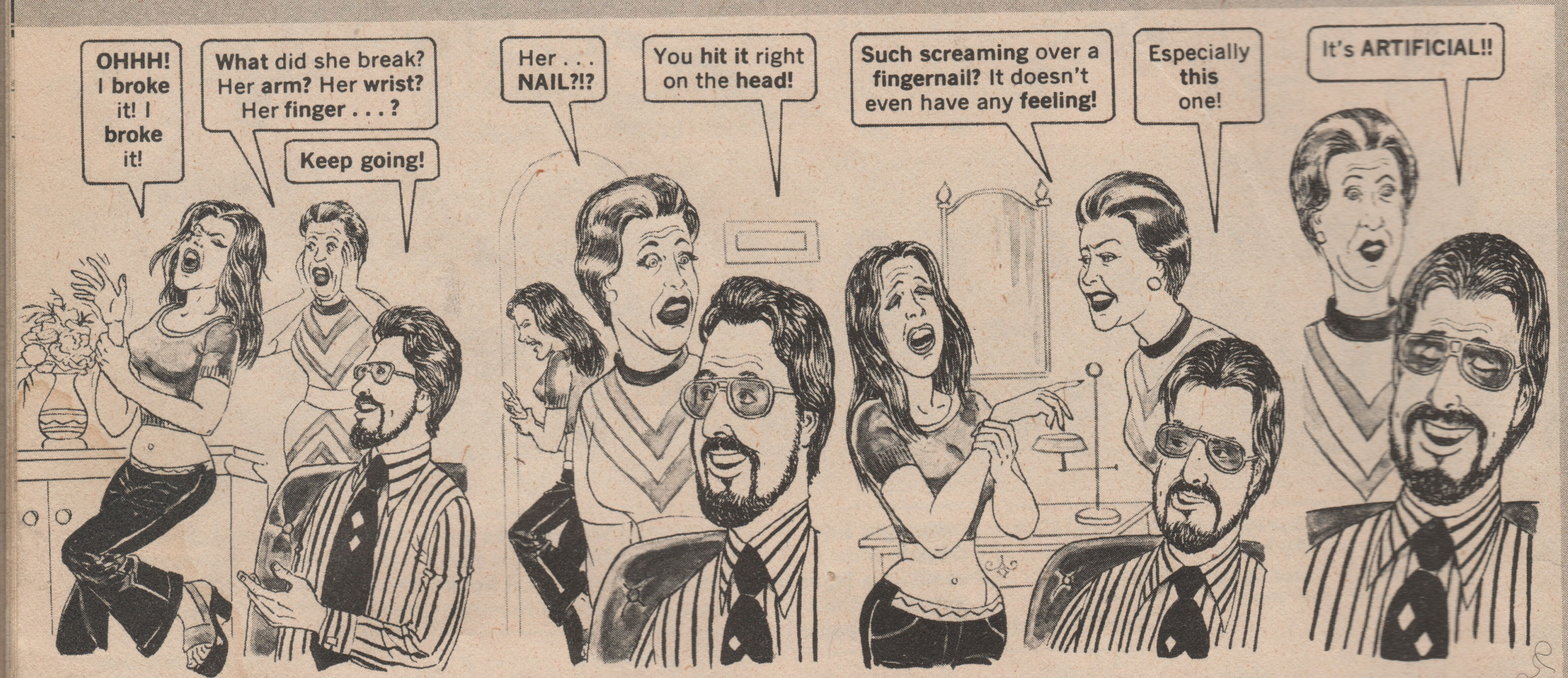

WAHHH! I—sob—scraped my knee!
Mommy will kiss it and make it better!
But first, she'll wash it off with soap and water! And then, she'll put an Antiseptic on it to get rid of all those nasty, dirty germs! And then, she'll put a Band-Aid on it!
NOW, Mommy will kiss it!
Oh . . . no, you DON'T!
You're not getting all your nasty, dirty germs on MY nice, clean scrape!

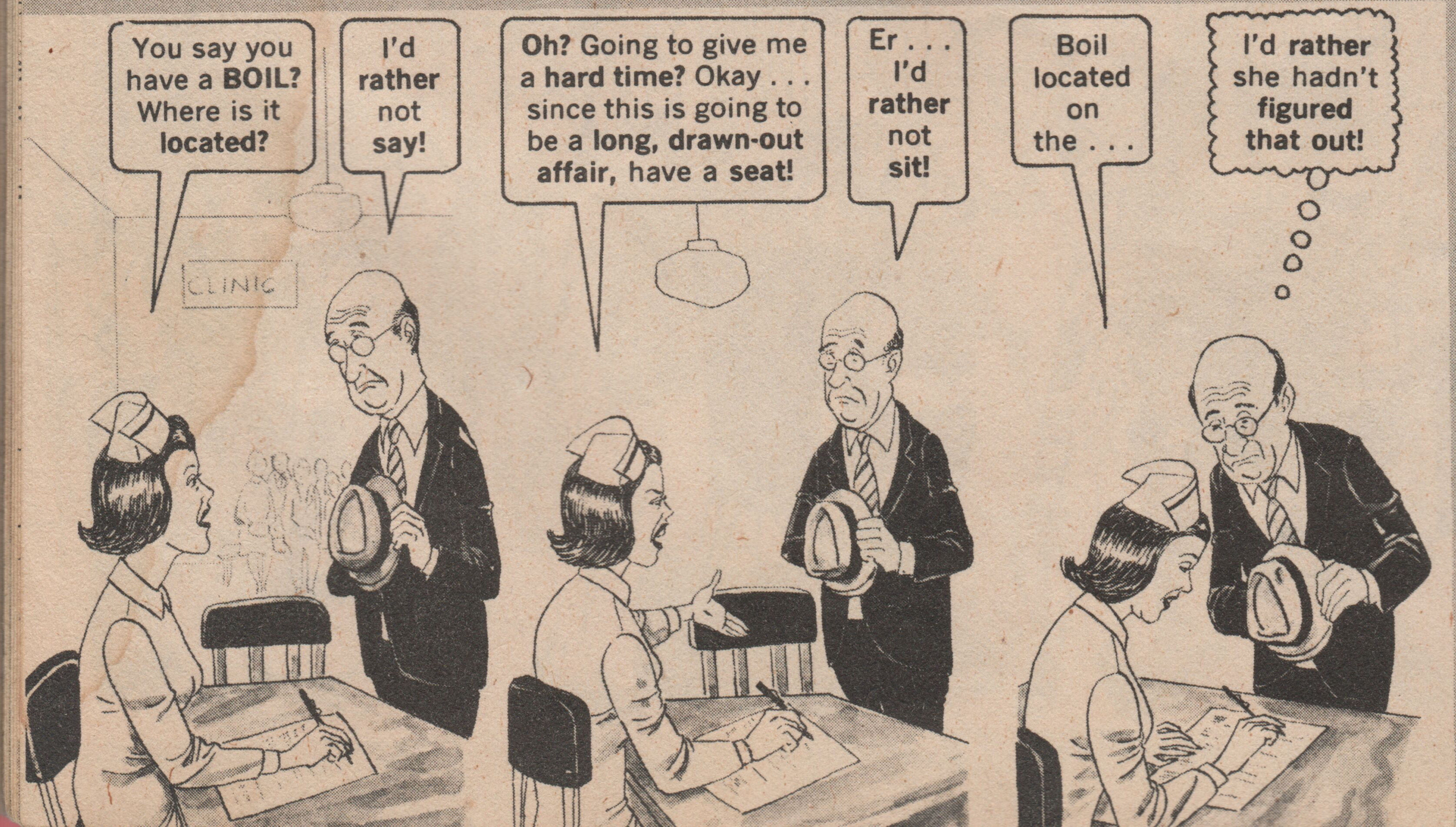
AILMENTS

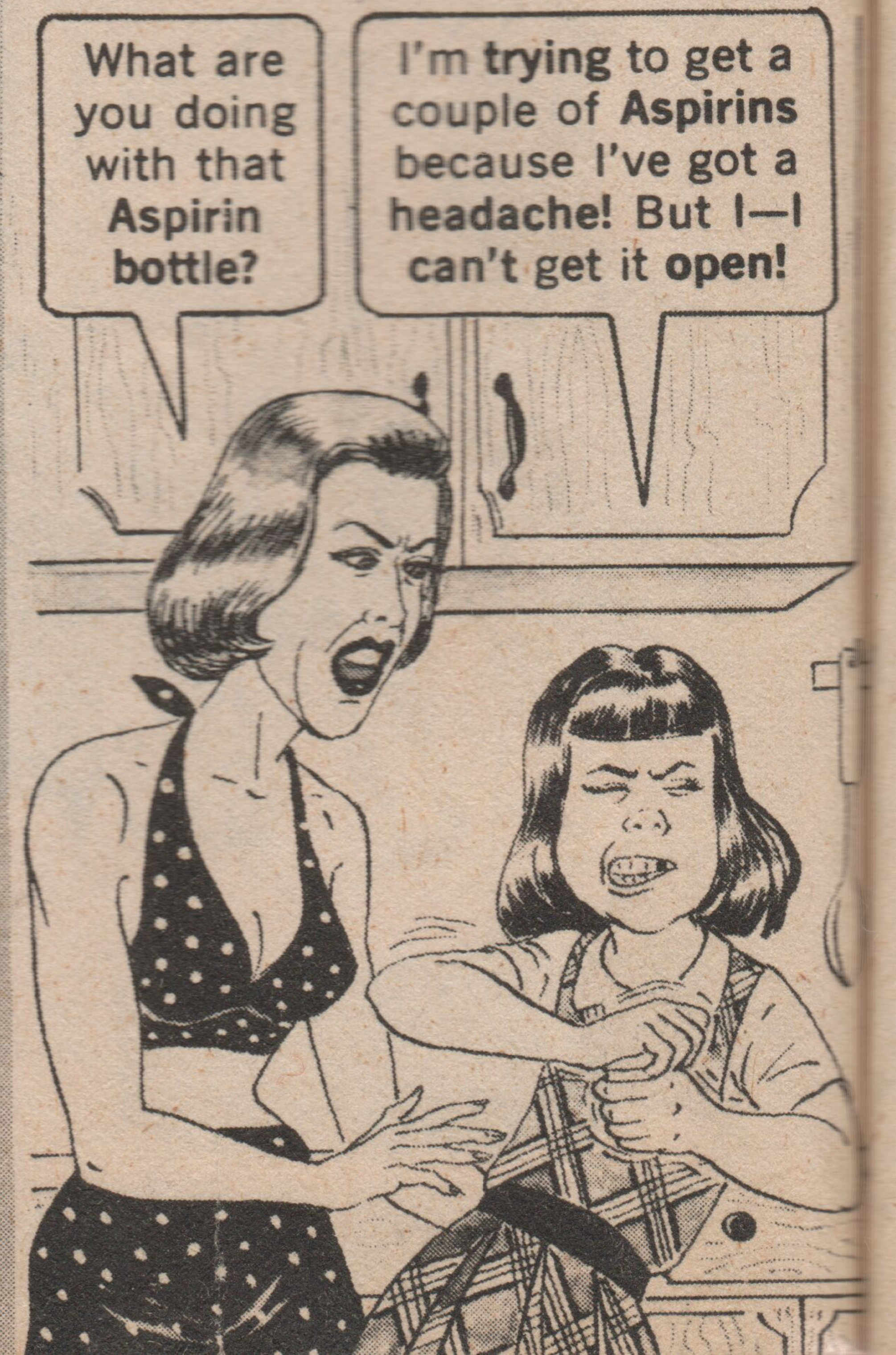
ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

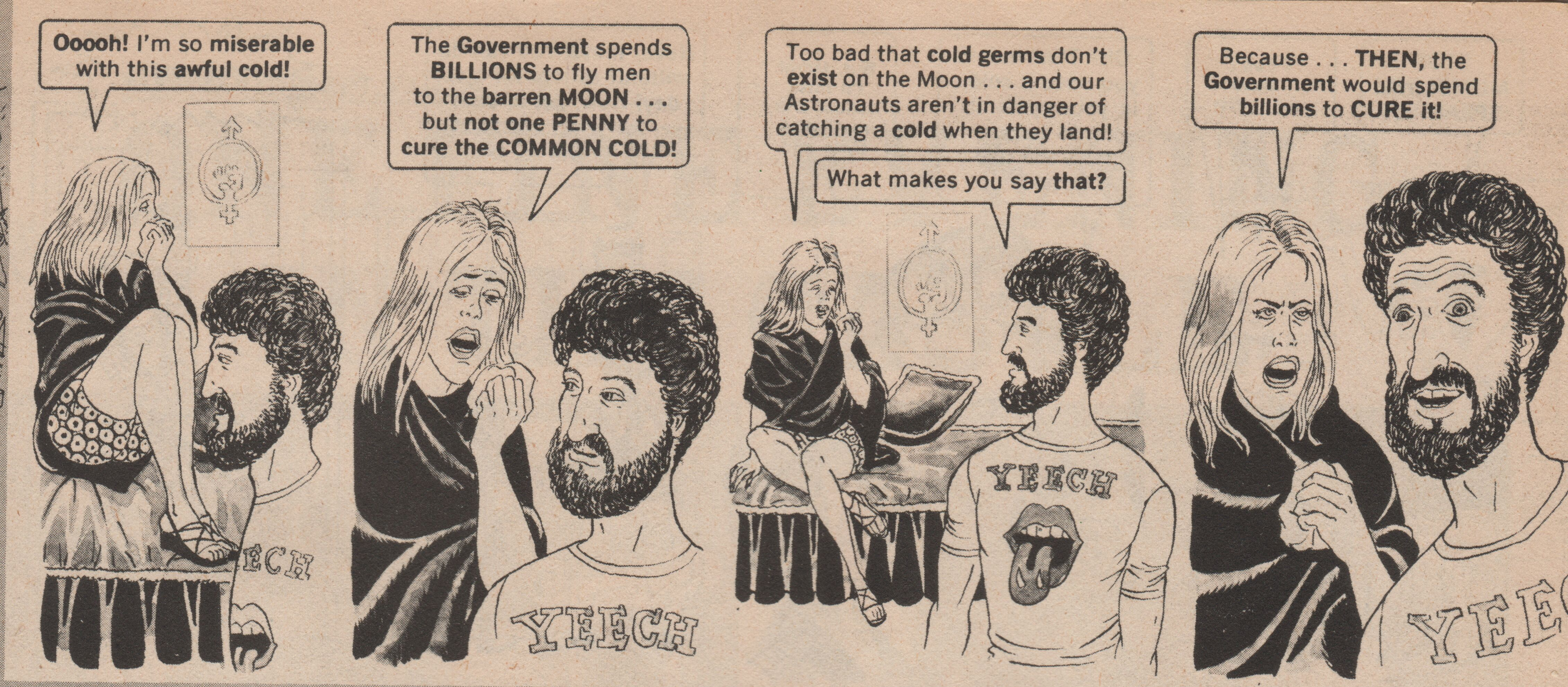

I—I think I've got gallstones!
Really?!? I'd better look it up!
Er . . . what are your symptoms?
My right side hurts when I walk up a flight of stairs! And I get dizzy spells!
No . . . you don't have it!
What makes you so sure!? Is that a Medical Book you're reading?
No . . . our Insurance Policy!
We're not covered for gallstones!

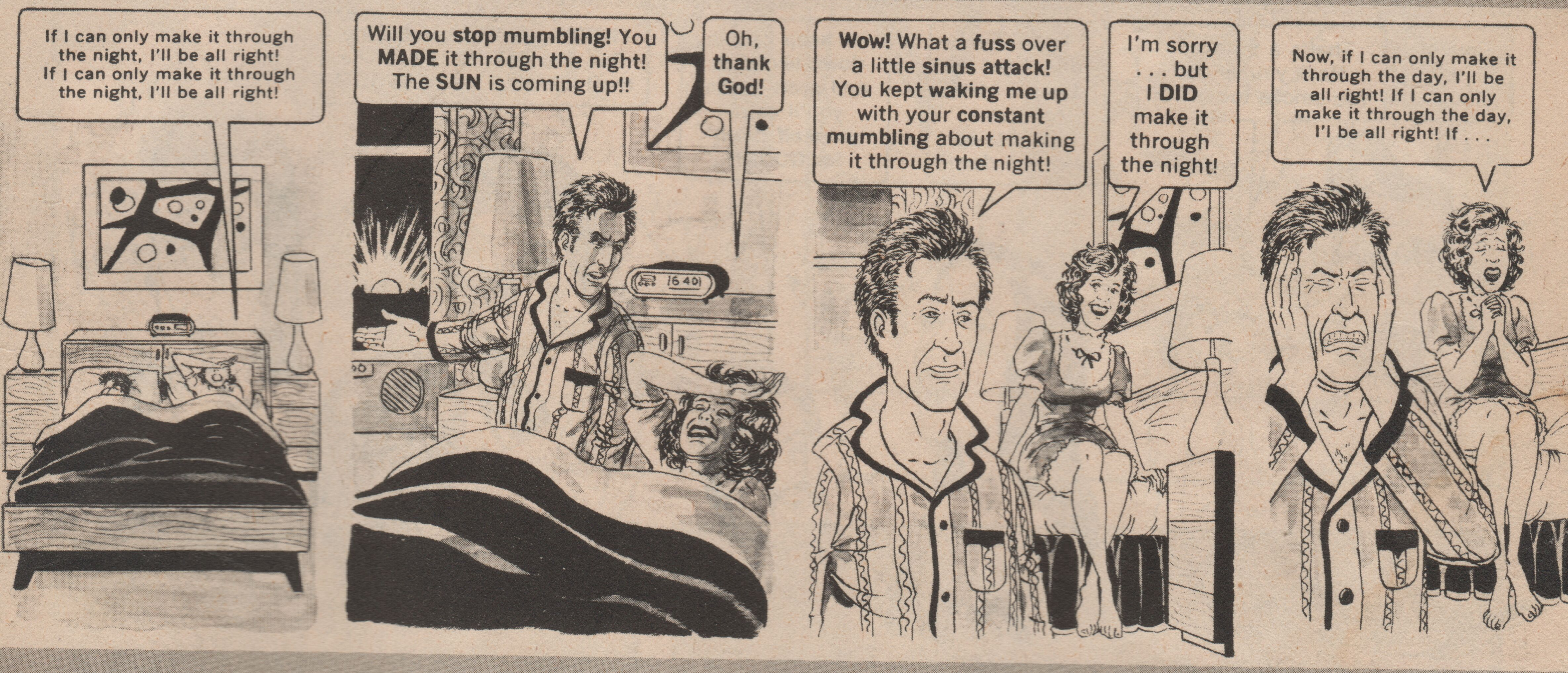

You've been complaining about a **pain** in your side for **weeks**, but you've been afraid to go to the **Doctor** and ask him what **it is!** So did you **finally go?**
Yes, Mr. Smarty-Pants! I went today!
What's more, I asked him for a **thorough check-up!** My **heart** is normal! My **blood pressure** is normal! My **reflexes** are normal! And my **respiration** is normal!
Even my **chest X-ray** and **urine tests** were normal!
But what about the **pain** in your side?
I was afraid to **ask** him about **THAT!**

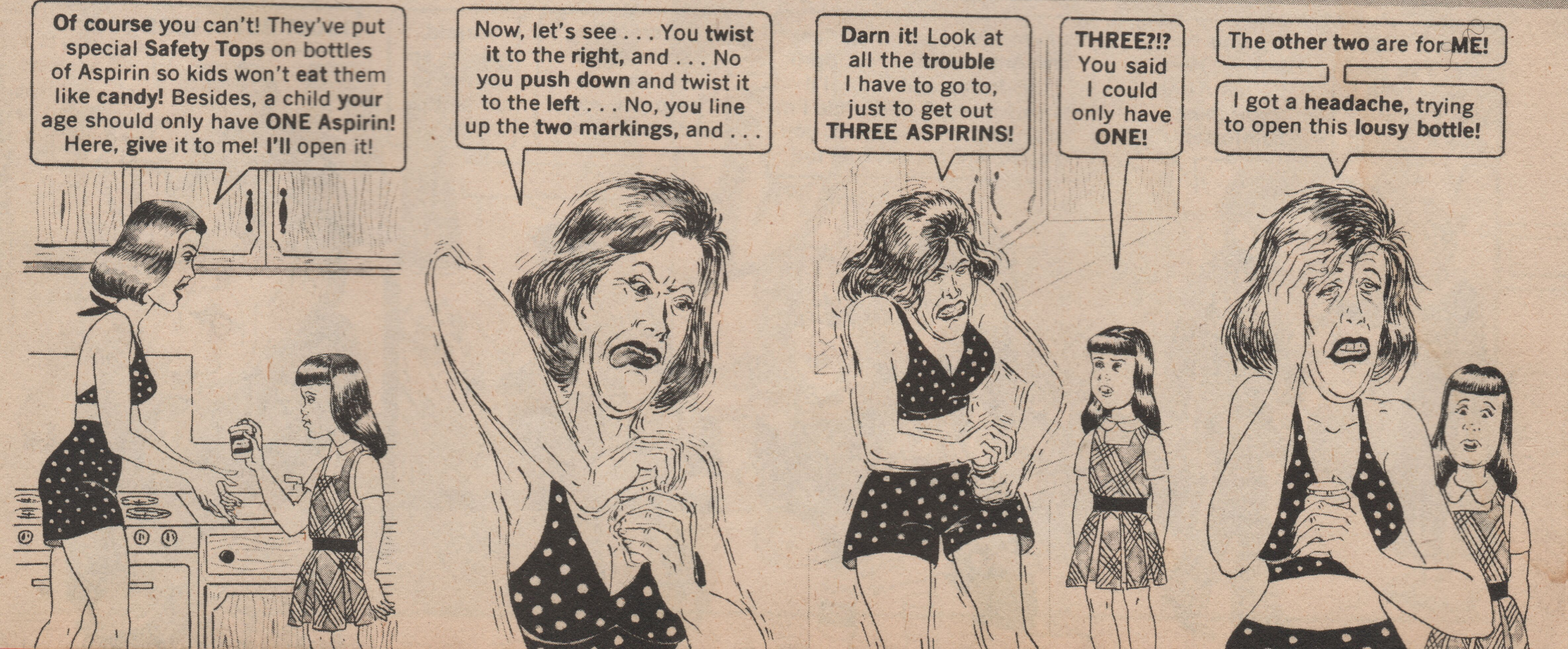

OHHH! I broke it! I **broke** it!
What did she break? Her **arm?** Her **wrist?** Her **finger . . . ?**
Keep going!
Her . . . **NAIL?!?**
You **hit** it right on the **head!**
Such screaming over a **fingernail?** It doesn't even have any **feeling!**
Especially **this** one!
It's **ARTIFICIAL!!**

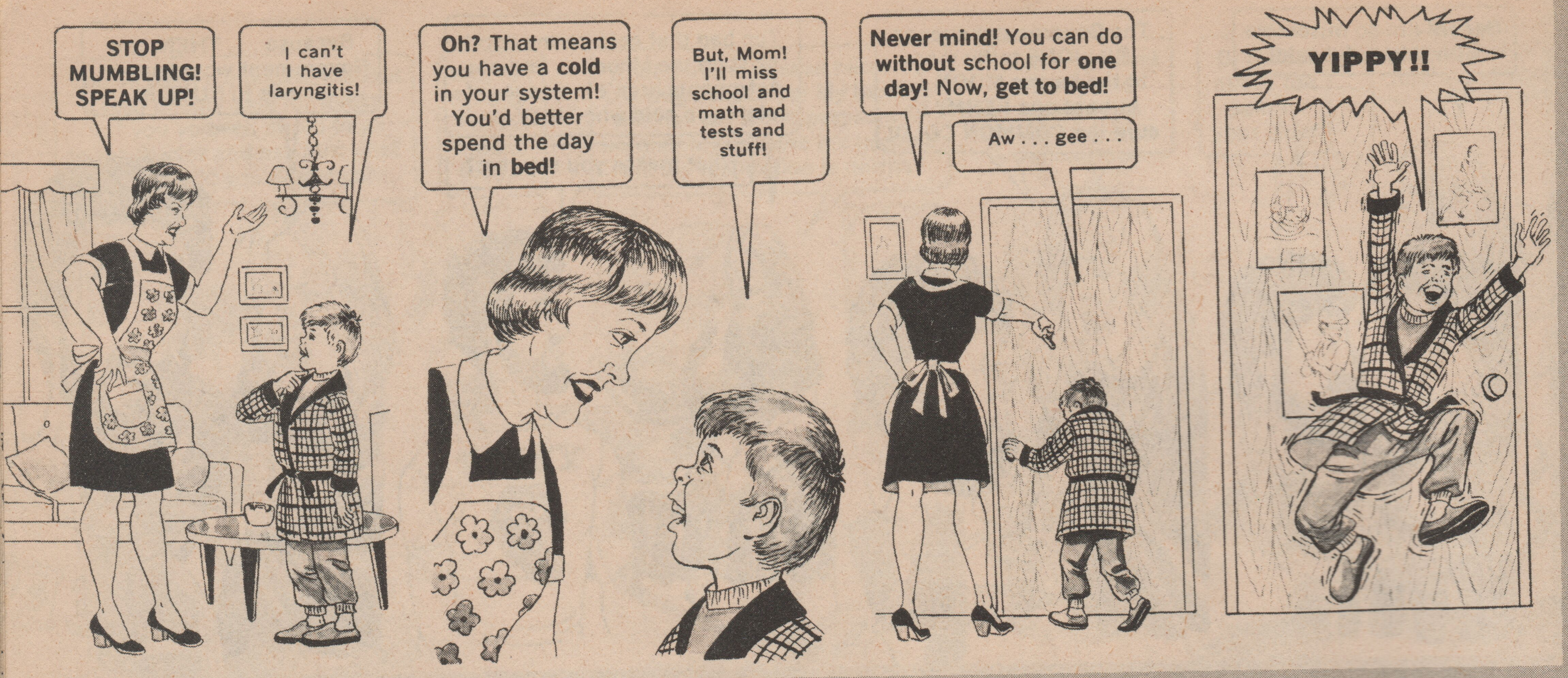

CLINIC
You say you have a **BOIL?** Where is it **located?**
I'd **rather** not **say!**
Oh? Going to give me a **hard time?** Okay . . . since this is going to be a **long, drawn-out affair**, have a **seat!**
Er . . . I'd **rather** not **sit!**
Boil located on the . . .
I'd **rather** she hadn't **figured that out!**

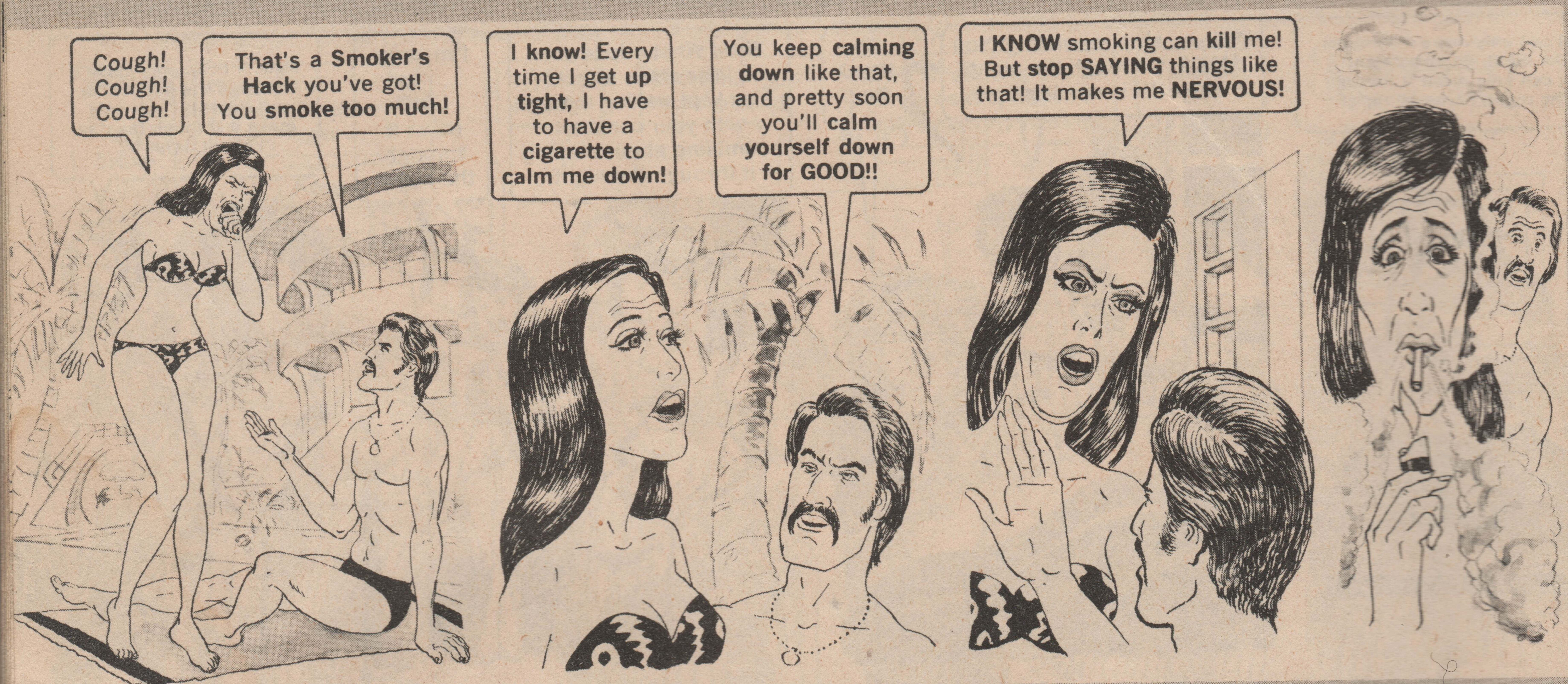

What are you doing with that **Aspirin bottle?**
I'm **trying** to get a couple of **Aspirins** because I've got a **headache!** But I—I **can't** get it **open!**

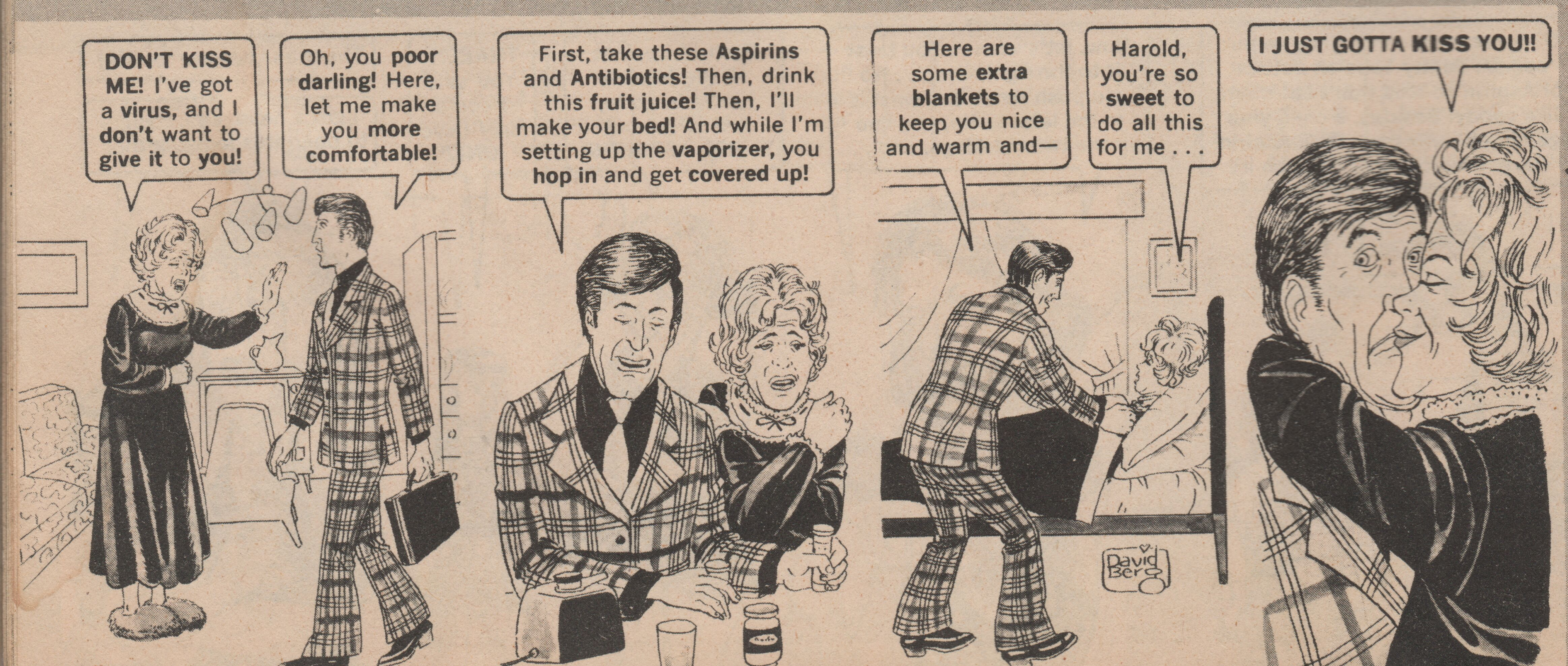

Ooooh! I'm so **miserable** with this **awful cold!**
The **Government** spends **BILLIONS** to fly men to the **barren MOON . . .** but **not one PENNY** to **cure the COMMON COLD!**
Too bad that **cold germs** don't **exist** on the Moon . . . and our Astronauts aren't in danger of catching a **cold** when they land!
What makes you say **that?**
Because . . . **THEN,** the **Government** would spend **billions** to **CURE it!**
YEECH
YEECH
YEECH
YEEC


If I can only make it through the night, I'll be all right! If I can only make it through the night, I'll be all right!
Will you **stop mumbling!** You **MADE** it through the night! The **SUN** is coming up!!
Oh, **thank God!**
6:40
Wow! What a **fuss** over a little **sinus attack!** You kept **waking me up** with your **constant mumbling** about making it through the night!
I'm sorry . . . but **I DID** make it through the night!
Now, if I can only make it through the day, I'll be all right! If I can only make it through the day, I'll be all right! If . . .


Of course you can't! They've put special **Safety Tops** on bottles of Aspirin so kids won't **eat** them like **candy!** Besides, a child **your** age should only have **ONE Aspirin!** Here, **give** it to me! **I'll** open it!
Now, let's see . . . You **twist it** to the **right,** and . . . No you **push down** and twist it to the **left** . . . No, you line up the **two markings,** and . . .
Darn it! Look at all the **trouble** I have to go to, just to get out **THREE ASPIRINS!**
THREE?!? You said I could only have **ONE!**
The **other two** are for **ME!**
I got a **headache,** trying to open this **lousy bottle!**

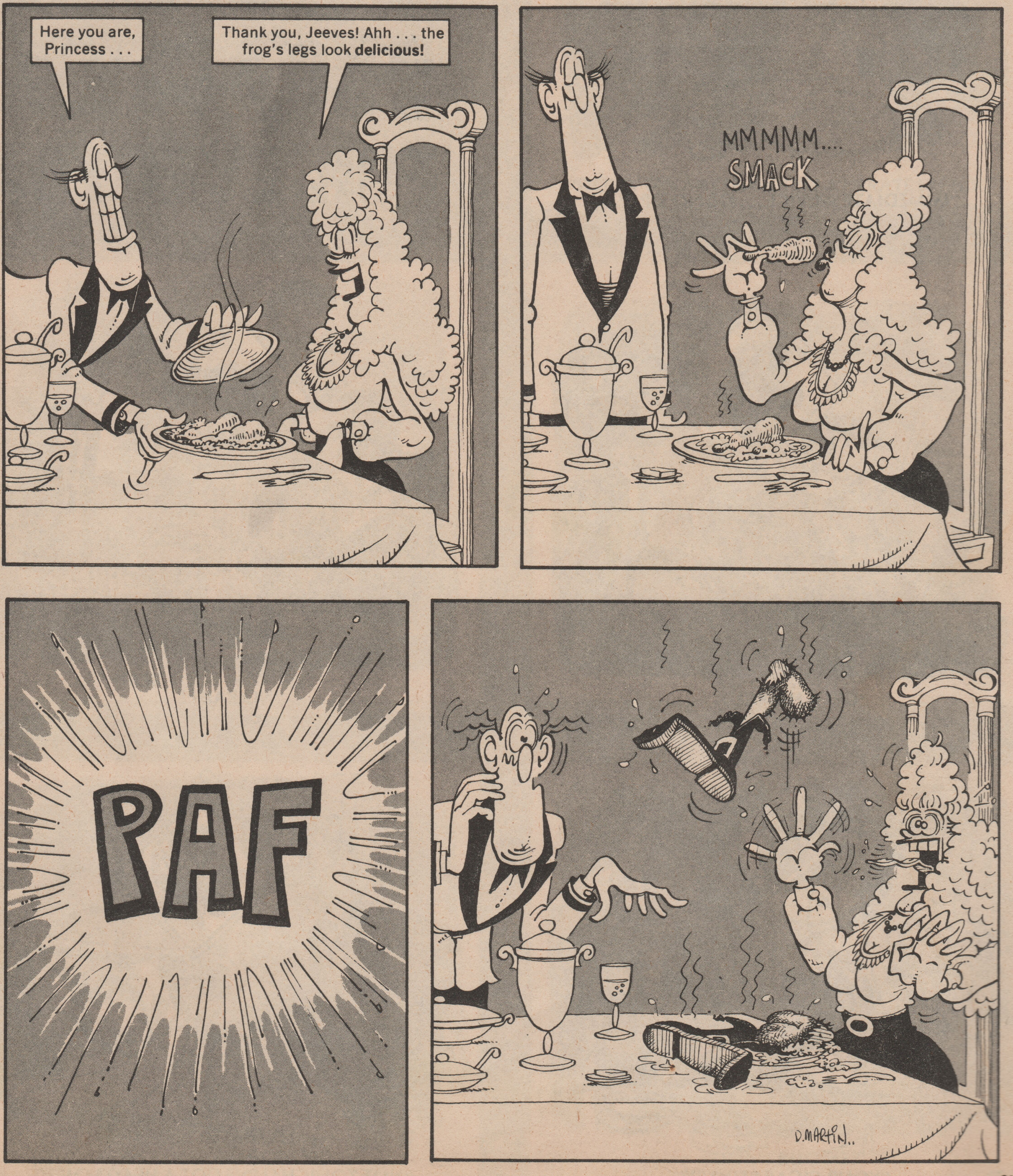

STOP MUMBLING! SPEAK UP!
I can't I have laryngitis!
Oh? That means you have a cold in your system! You'd better spend the day in bed!
But, Mom! I'll miss school and math and tests and stuff!
Never mind! You can do without school for one day! Now, get to bed!
Aw . . . gee . . .
YIPPY!!


Cough! Cough! Cough!
That's a Smoker's Hack you've got! You smoke too much!
I know! Every time I get up tight, I have to have a cigarette to calm me down!
You keep calming down like that, and pretty soon you'll calm yourself down for GOOD!!
I KNOW smoking can kill me! But stop SAYING things like that! It makes me NERVOUS!


DON'T KISS ME! I've got a virus, and I don't want to give it to you!
Oh, you poor darling! Here, let me make you more comfortable!
First, take these Aspirins and Antibiotics! Then, drink this fruit juice! Then, I'll make your bed! And while I'm setting up the vaporizer, you hop in and get covered up!
Here are some extra blankets to keep you nice and warm and—
Harold, you're so sweet to do all this for me . . .
I JUST GOTTA KISS YOU!!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART V

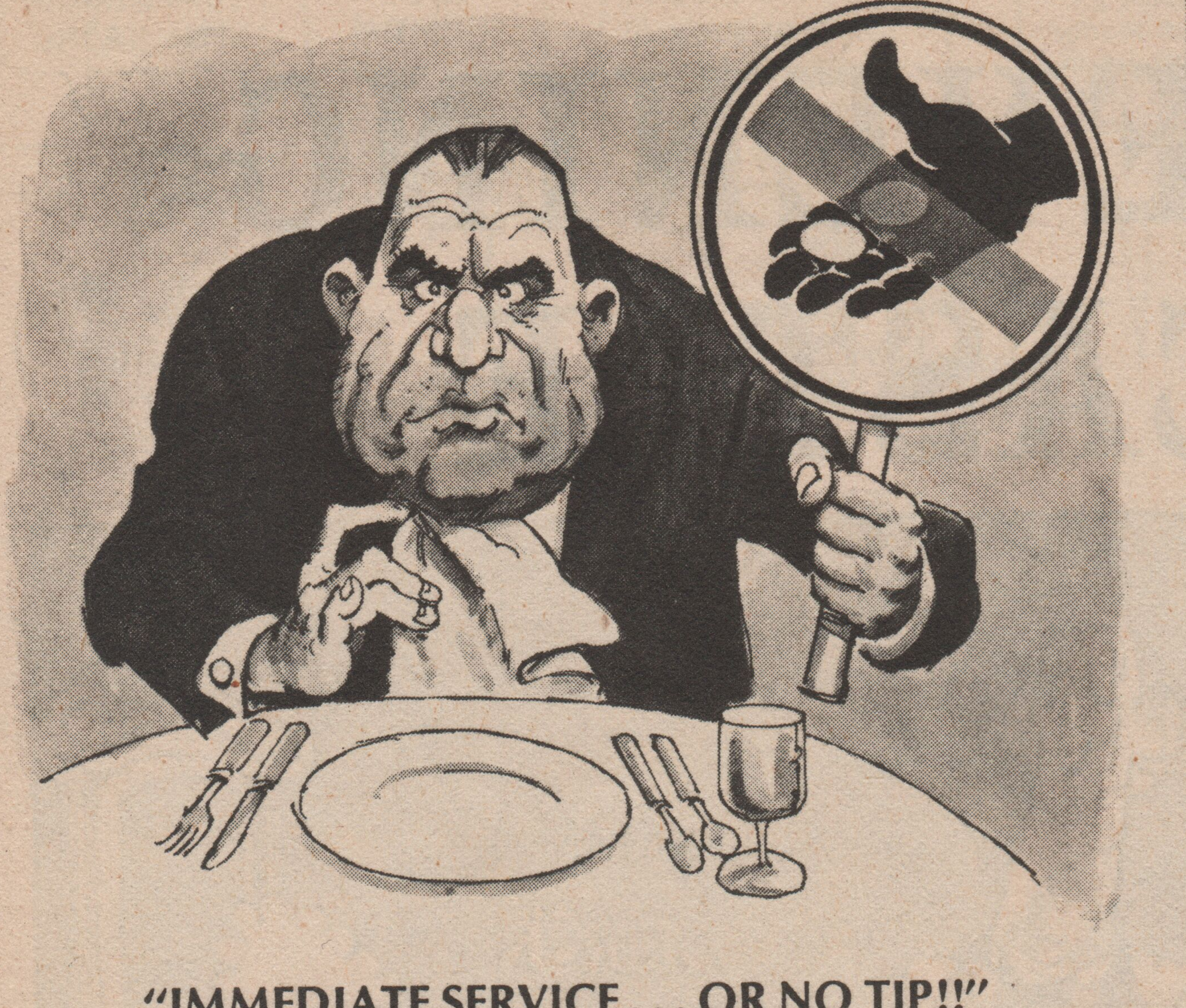
ONE FINE EVENING IN THE CASTLE


Here you are, Princess . . .
Thank you, Jeeves! Ahh . . . the frog's legs look **delicious!**
MMMMM....
SMACK
PAF
D.MARTIN..

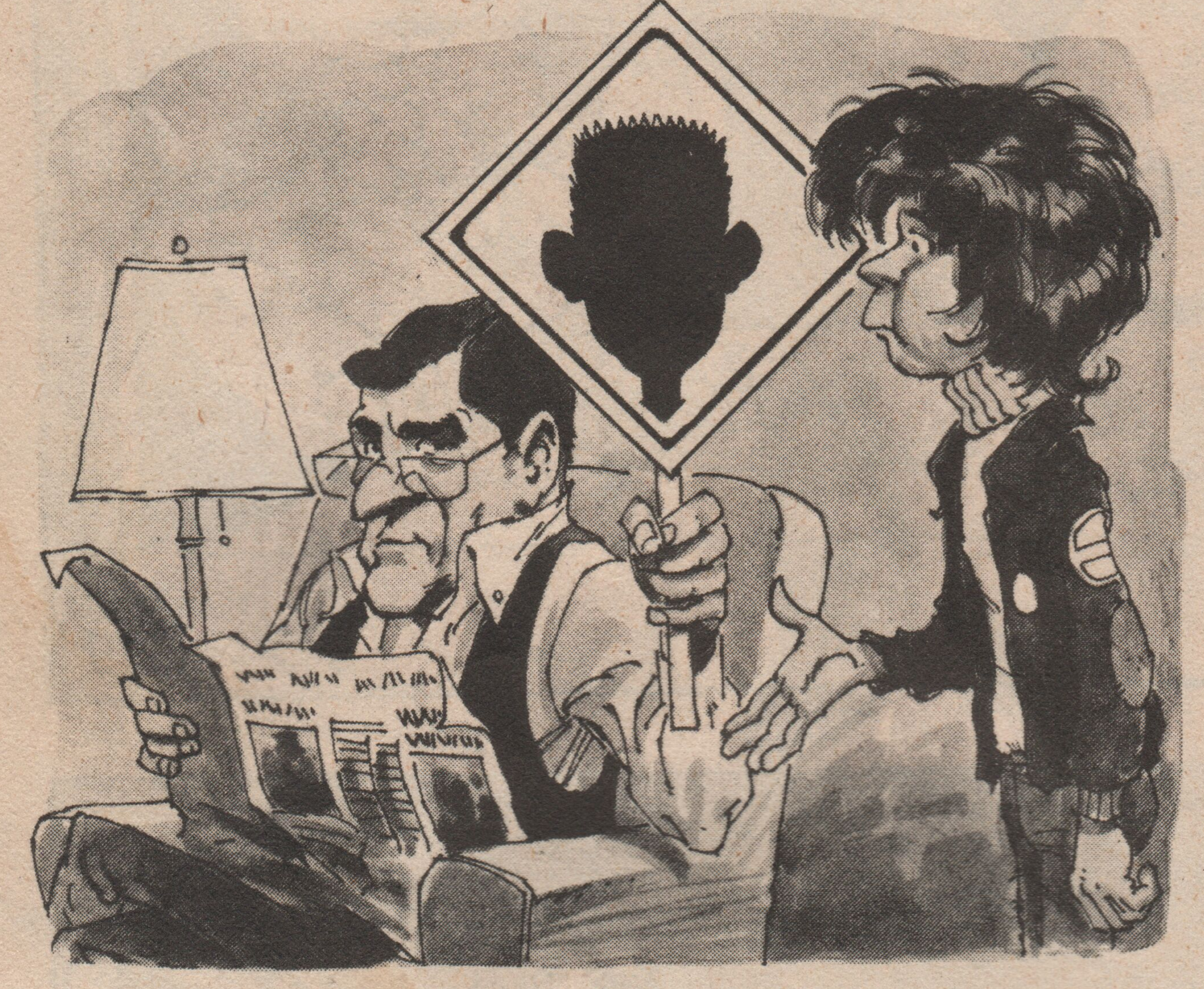
SYMBOL EXPLANATION DEPT.

PICT
ROAD S
FOR EVERYDAY

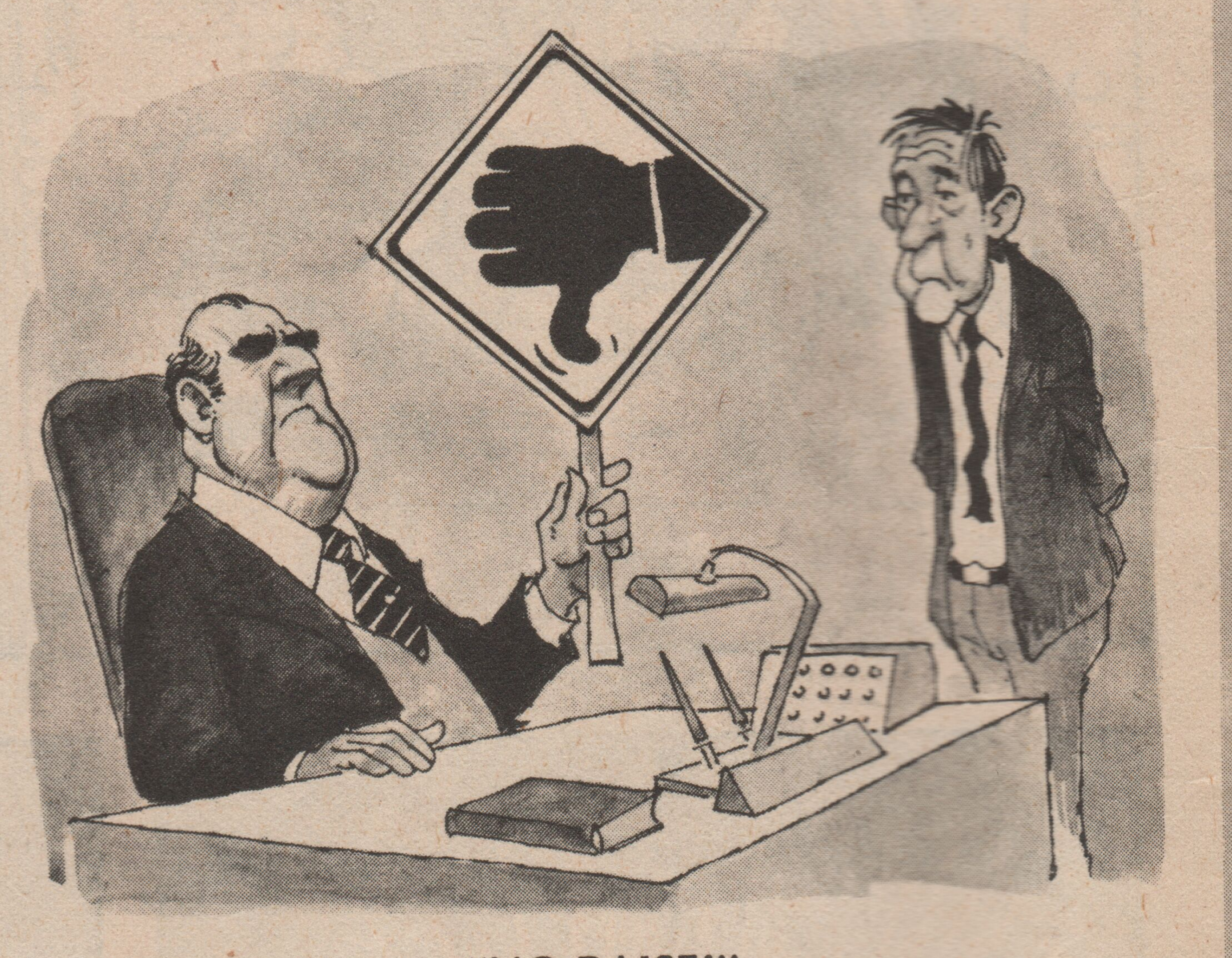
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



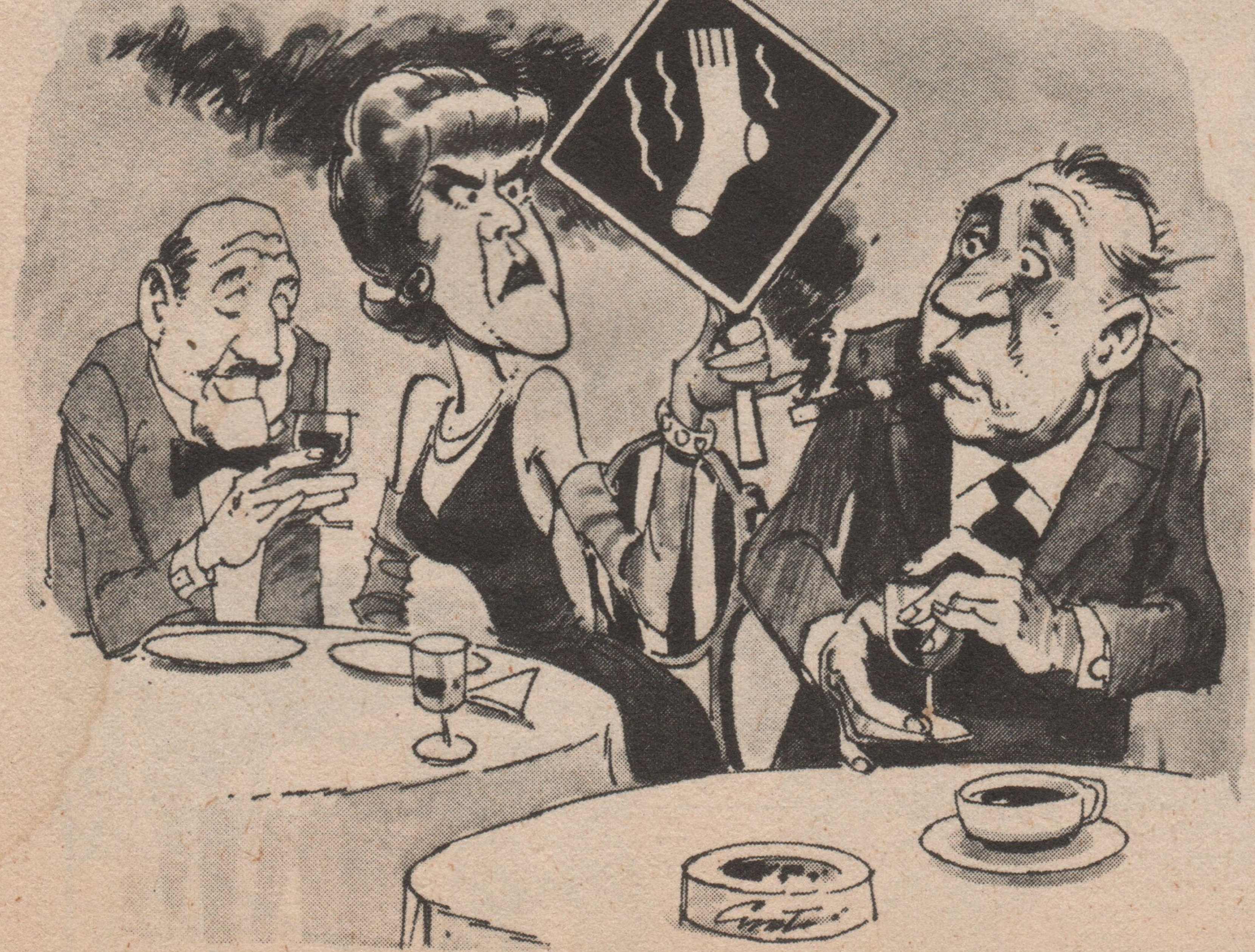
"IMMEDIATE SERVICE . . . OR NO TIP!!"



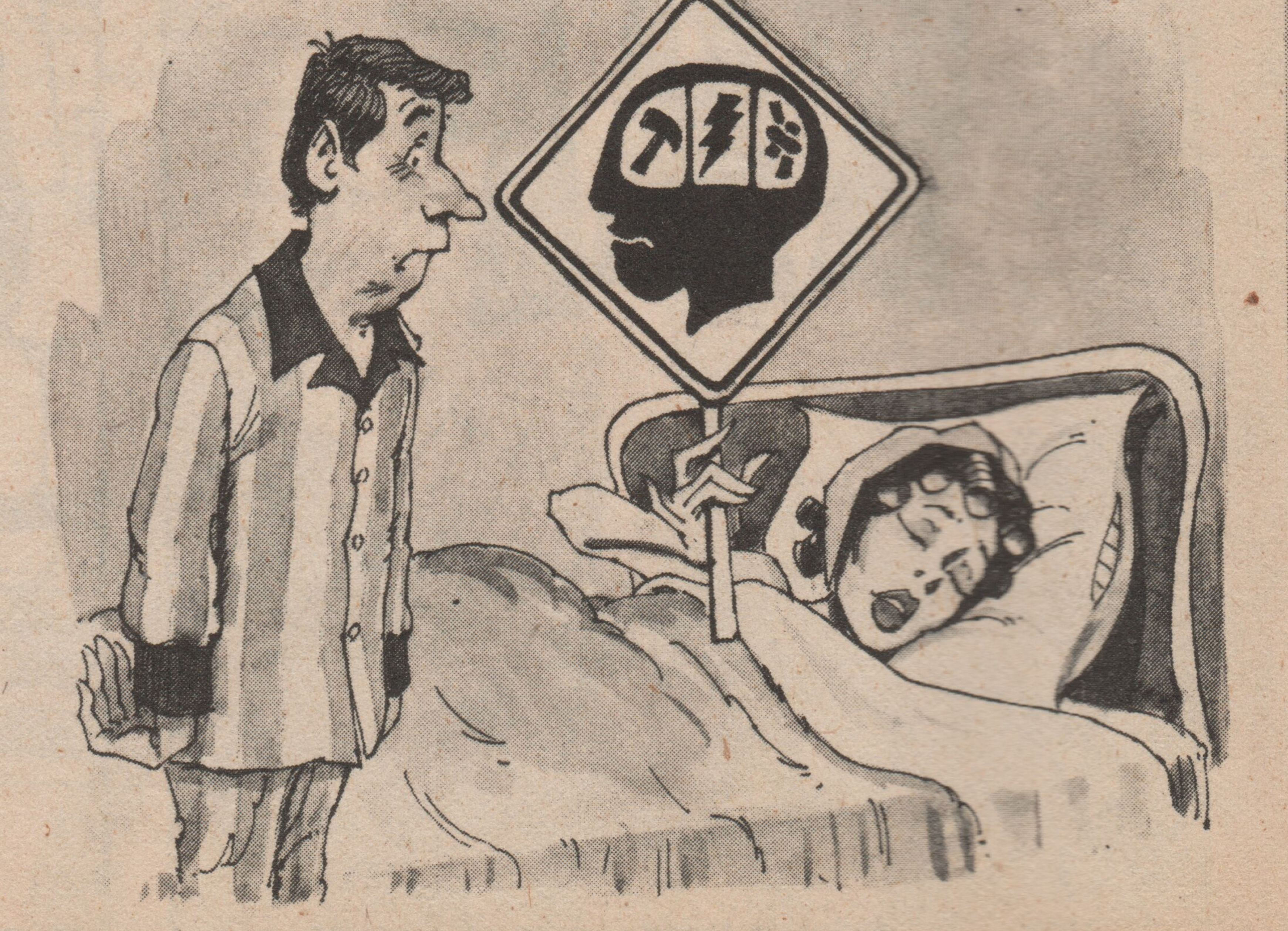
"GET A HAIRCUT!"



"NO RAISE!"

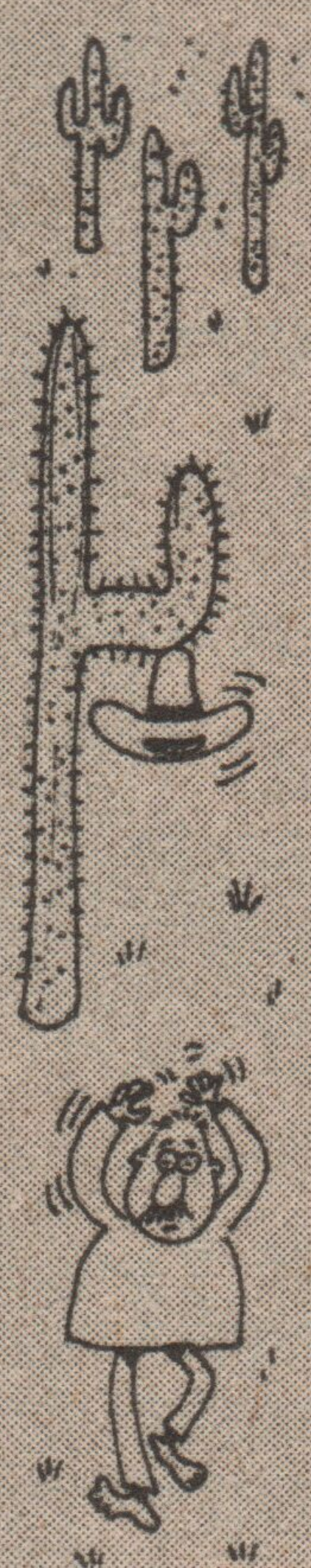


"YOUR CIGAR STINKS!"

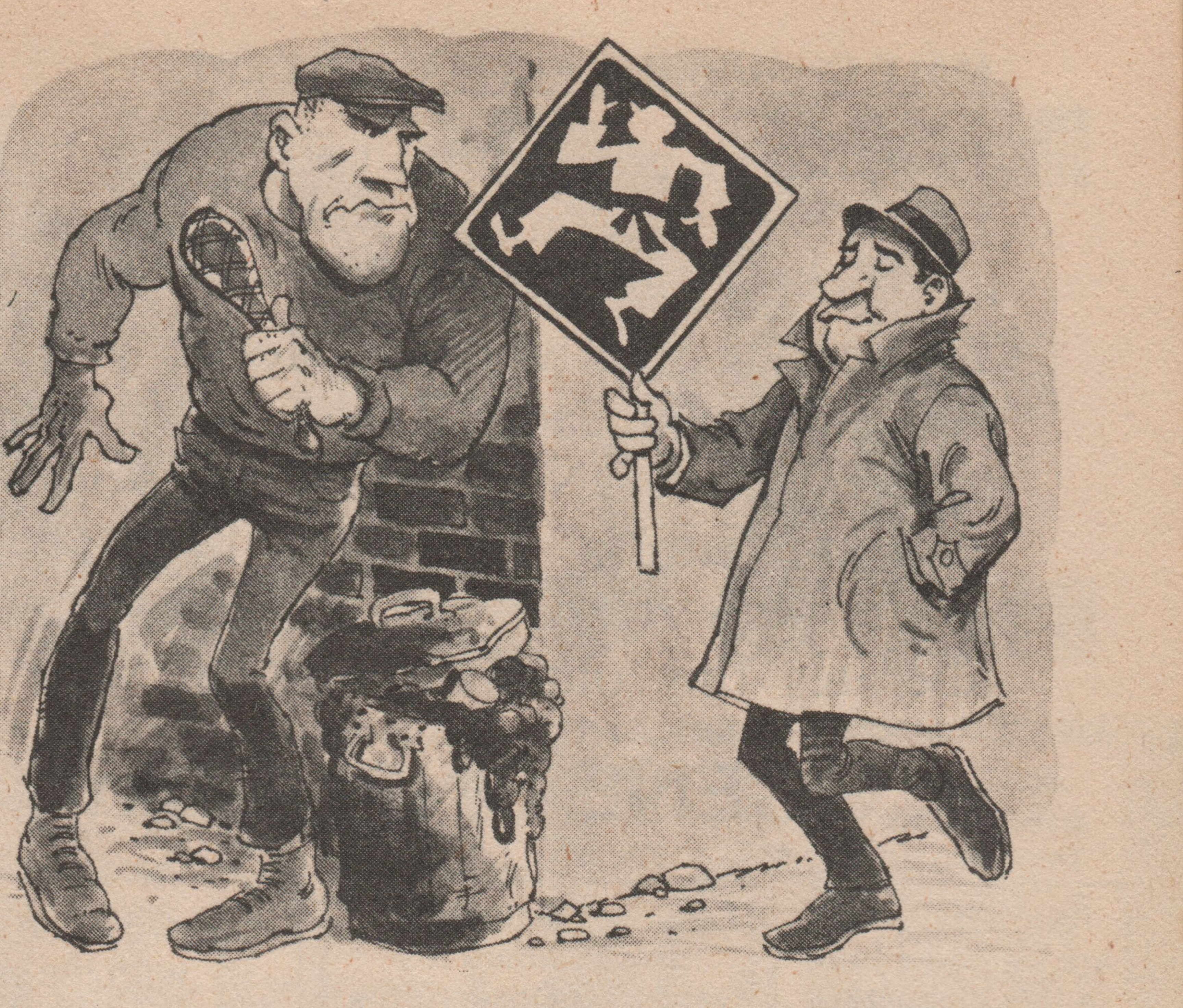


"NOT TONIGHT! I'VE GOT A HEADACHE!"

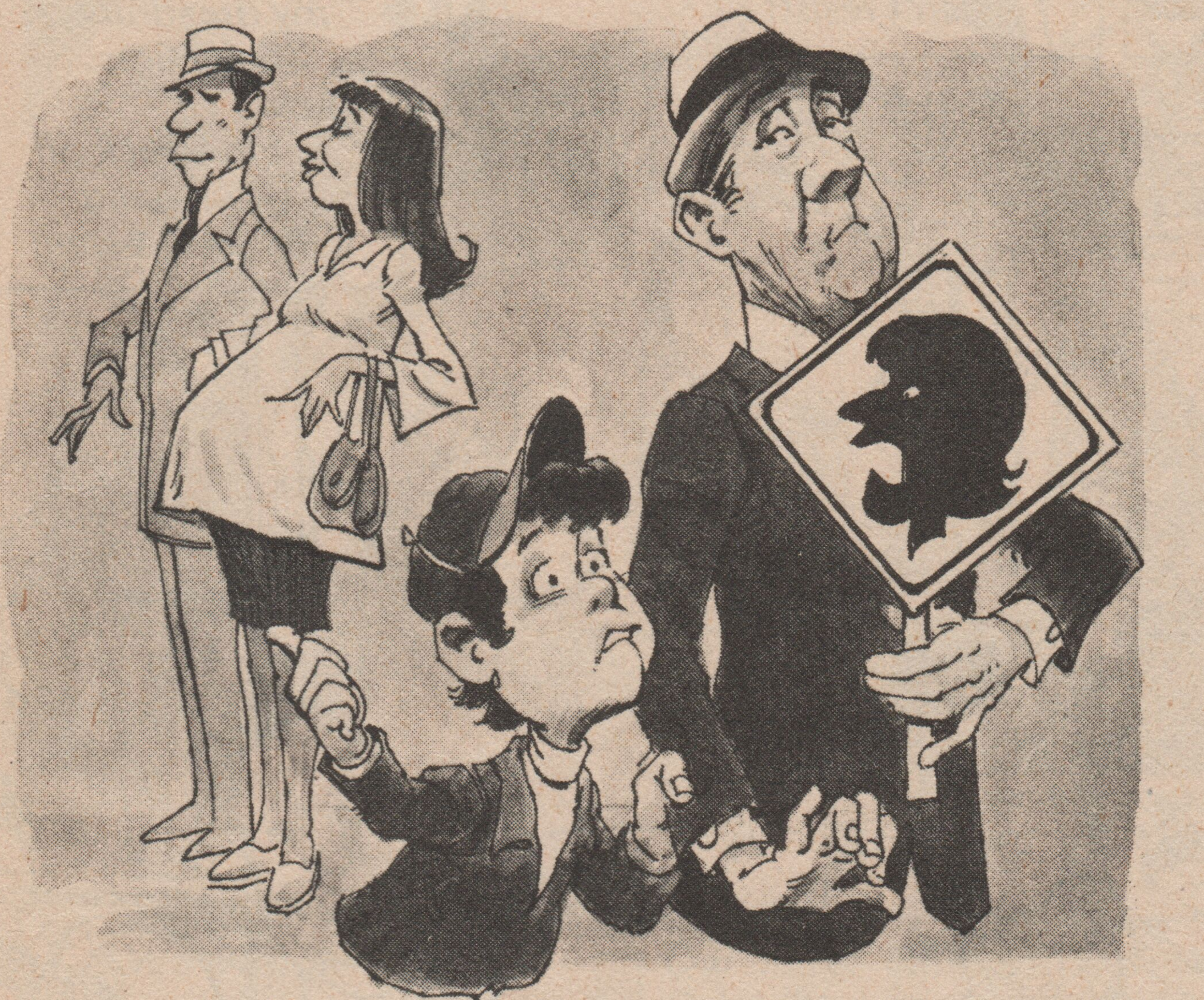
URE SIGNS SITUATIONS



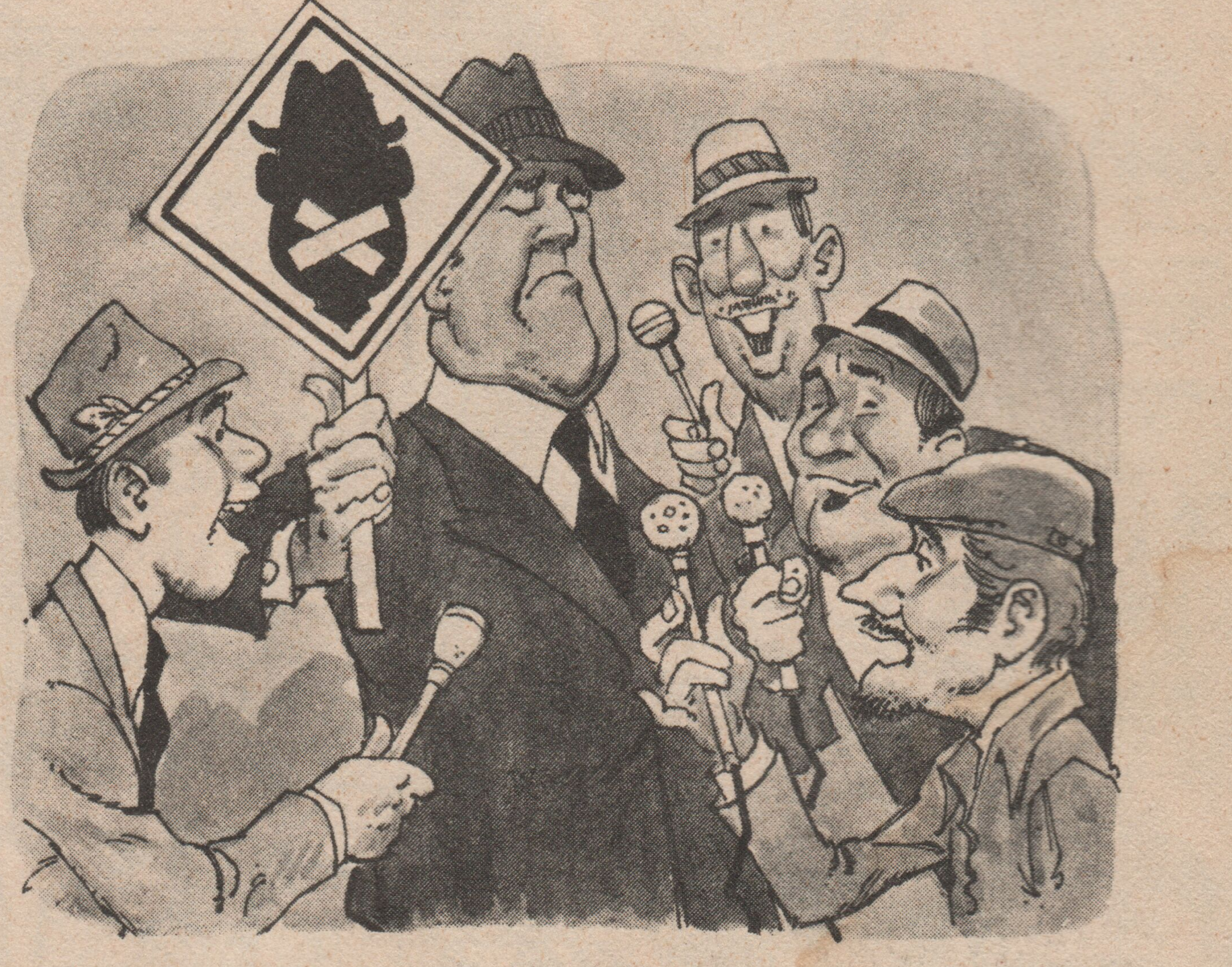
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



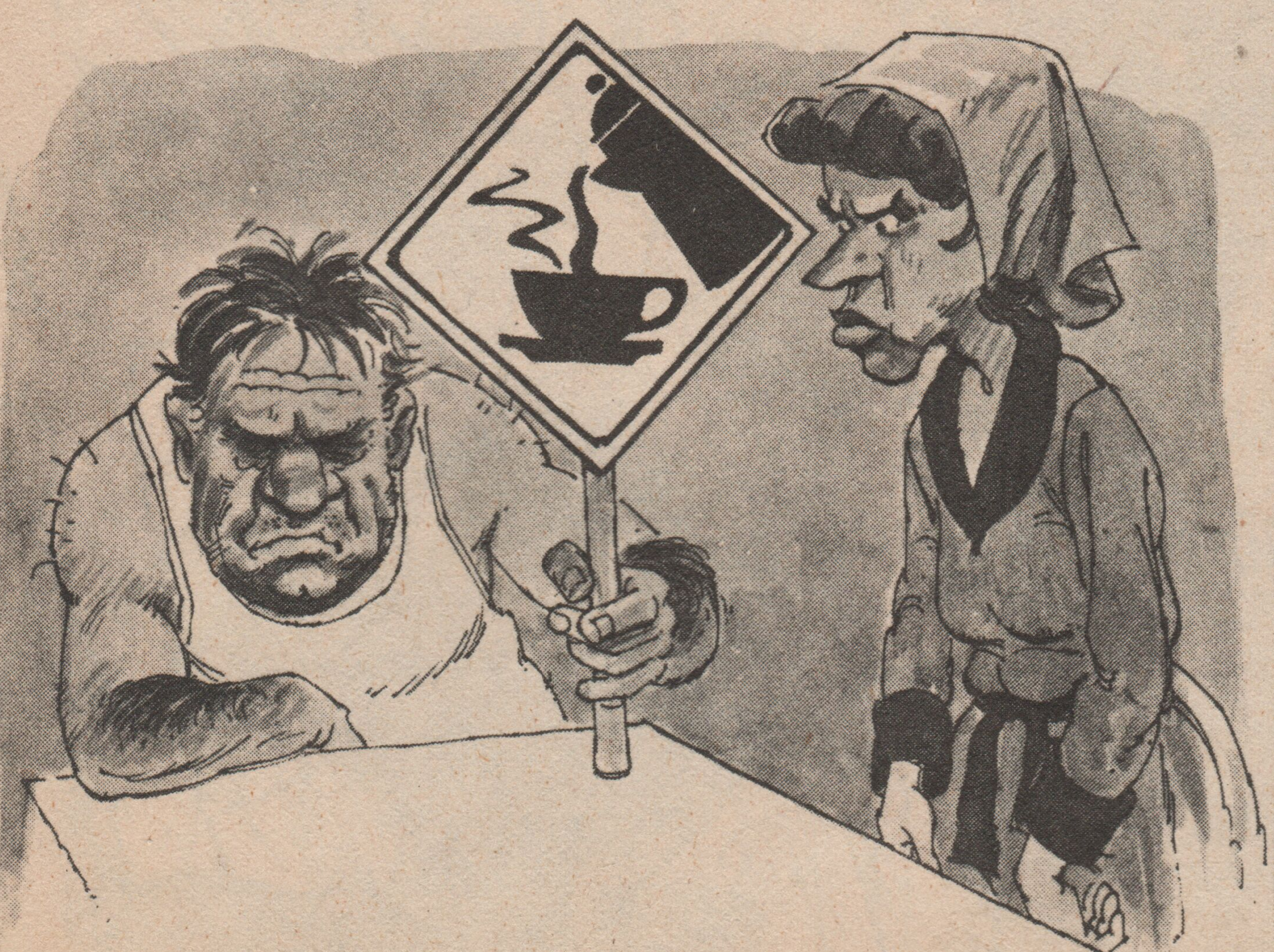
"DON'T TRY ANYTHING! I'M A KARATE EXPERT!"



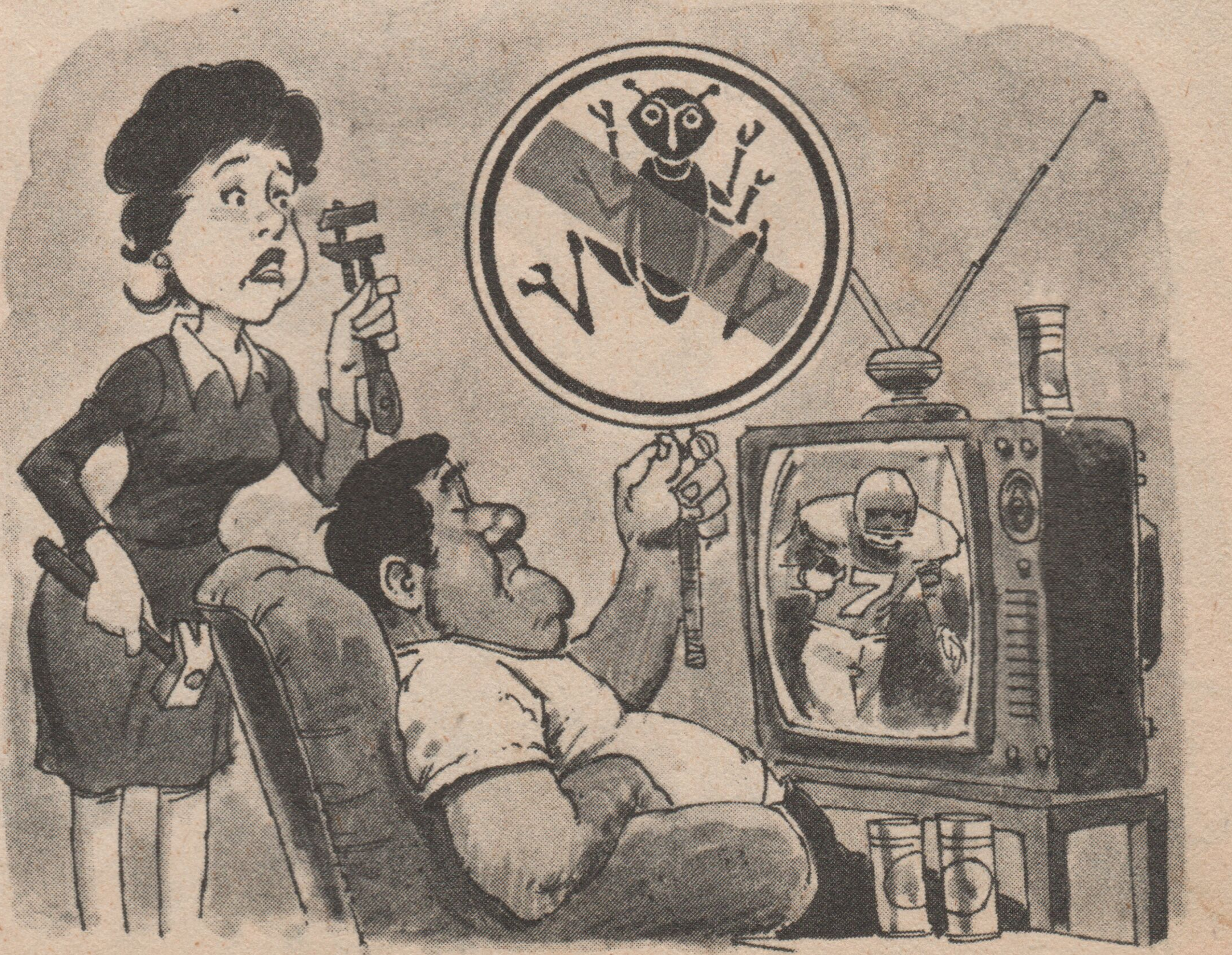
"ASK YOUR MOTHER!"



"NO COMMENT!"



"BLACK COFFEE ONLY!"



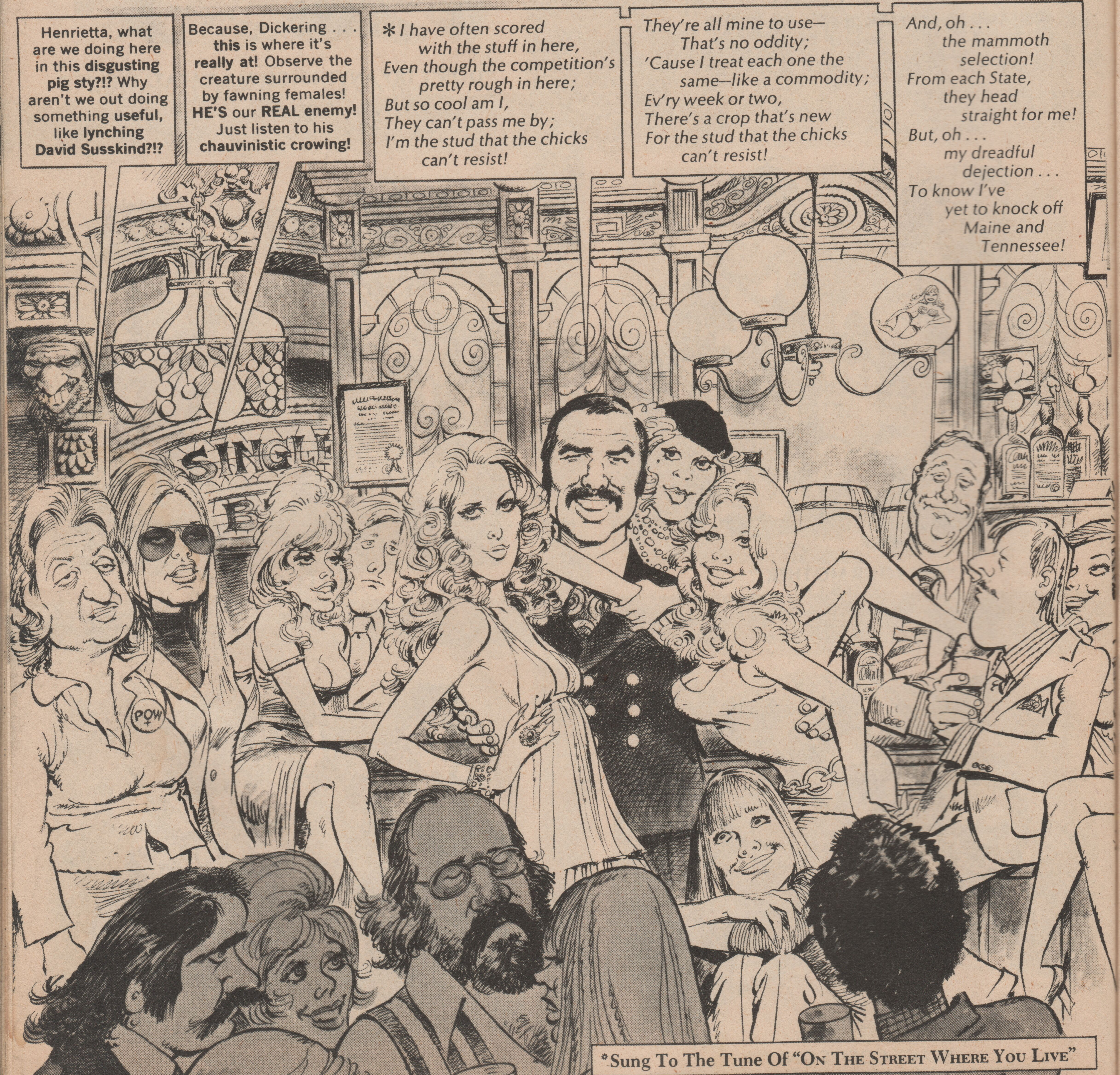
"DON'T BUG ME!"

MALE CHAUVINIST PIG-MALION DEPT.

They finally got around to showing "My Fair Lady" on TV. There was only one thing wrong. They were about five years too late! After all, what's relevant about a scheming man who transforms a low-class flower girl into an elegant lady? Today, it's *women* who are trying to change *men!* Namely . . . the Women's Liberationists, who are battling to reform the Male Chauvinist Pigs! Now, *that's relevant!* And so, with this in mind, MAD liberates this outdated musical with a new version—

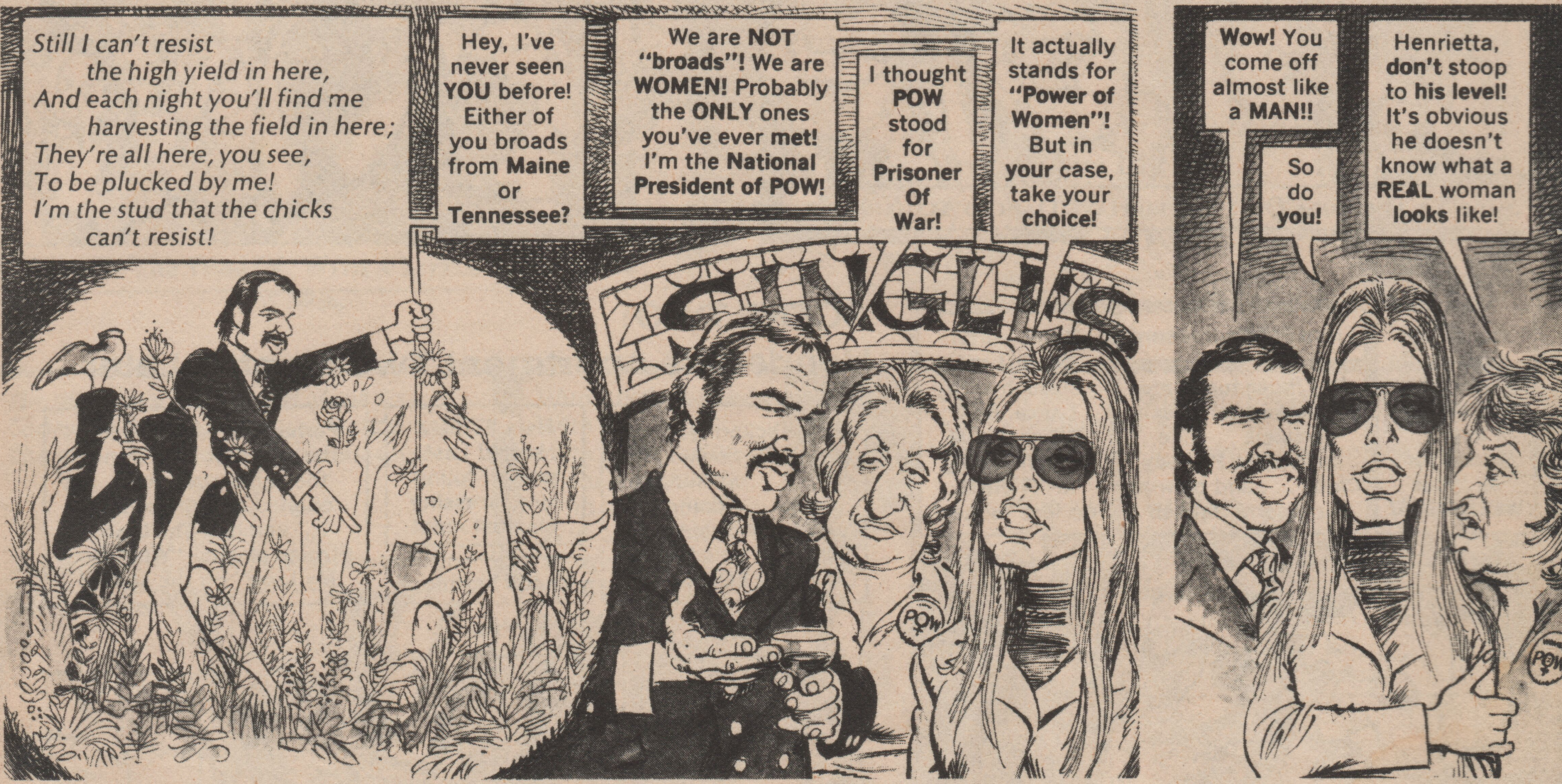
MY

SCENE ONE: A Singles Bar In New York City...

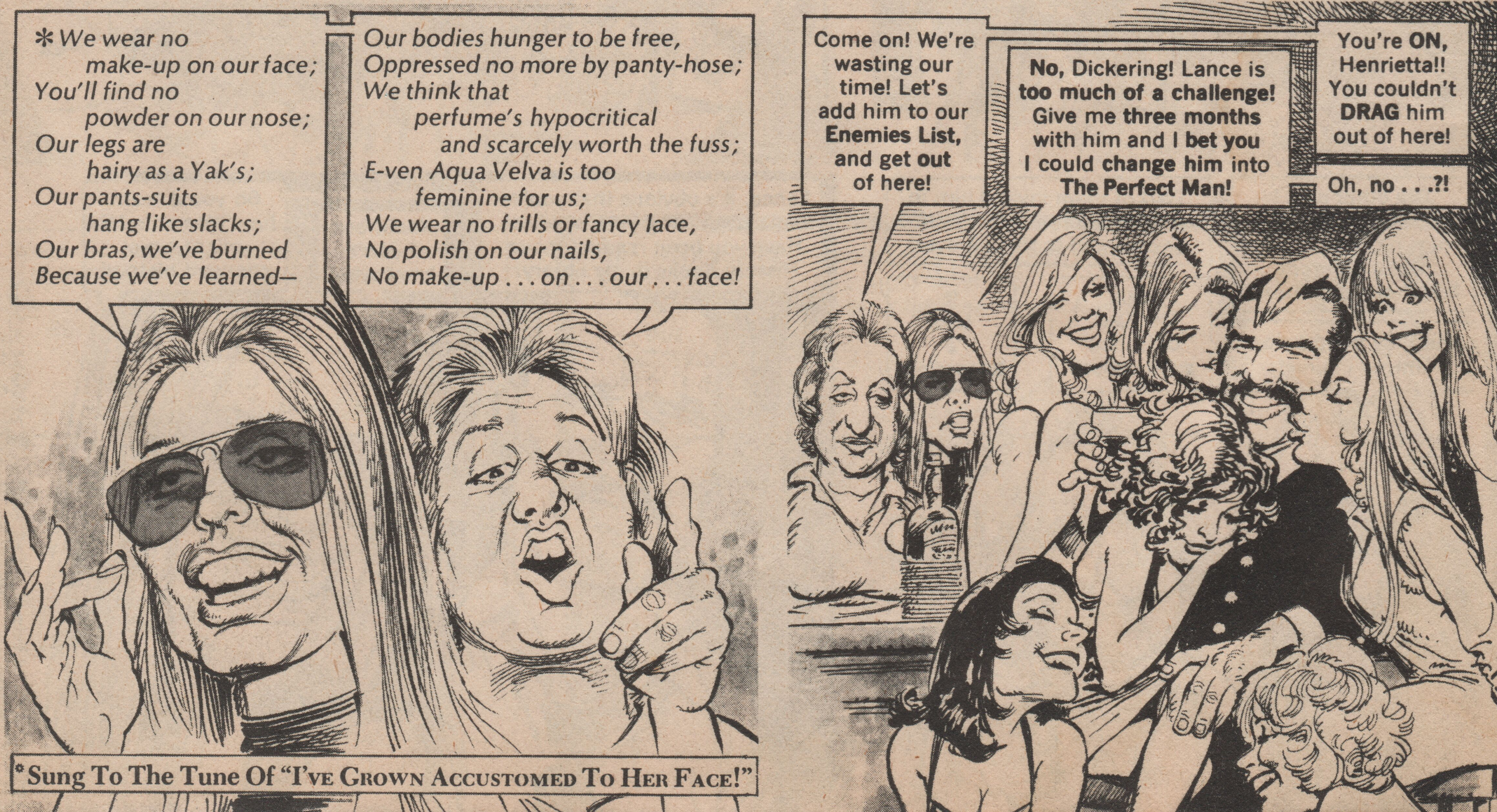

Henrietta, what are we doing here in this **disgusting pig sty?!?** Why aren't we out doing something **useful,** like **lynching David Susskind?!?**
Because, Dickering . . . **this** is where it's **really at!** Observe the creature surrounded by fawning females! **HE'S** our **REAL enemy!** Just listen to his **chauvinistic crowing!**
**I have often scored with the stuff in here, Even though the competition's pretty rough in here; But so cool am I, They can't pass me by; I'm the stud that the chicks can't resist!*
They're all mine to use— That's no oddity; 'Cause I treat each one the same—like a commodity; Ev'ry week or two, There's a crop that's new For the stud that the chicks can't resist!
And, oh . . . the mammoth selection! From each State, they head straight for me! But, oh . . . my dreadful dejection . . . To know I've yet to knock off Maine and Tennessee!
SINGLES B
POW
MORT DRUCKER

*Sung To The Tune Of "On The Street Where You Live"

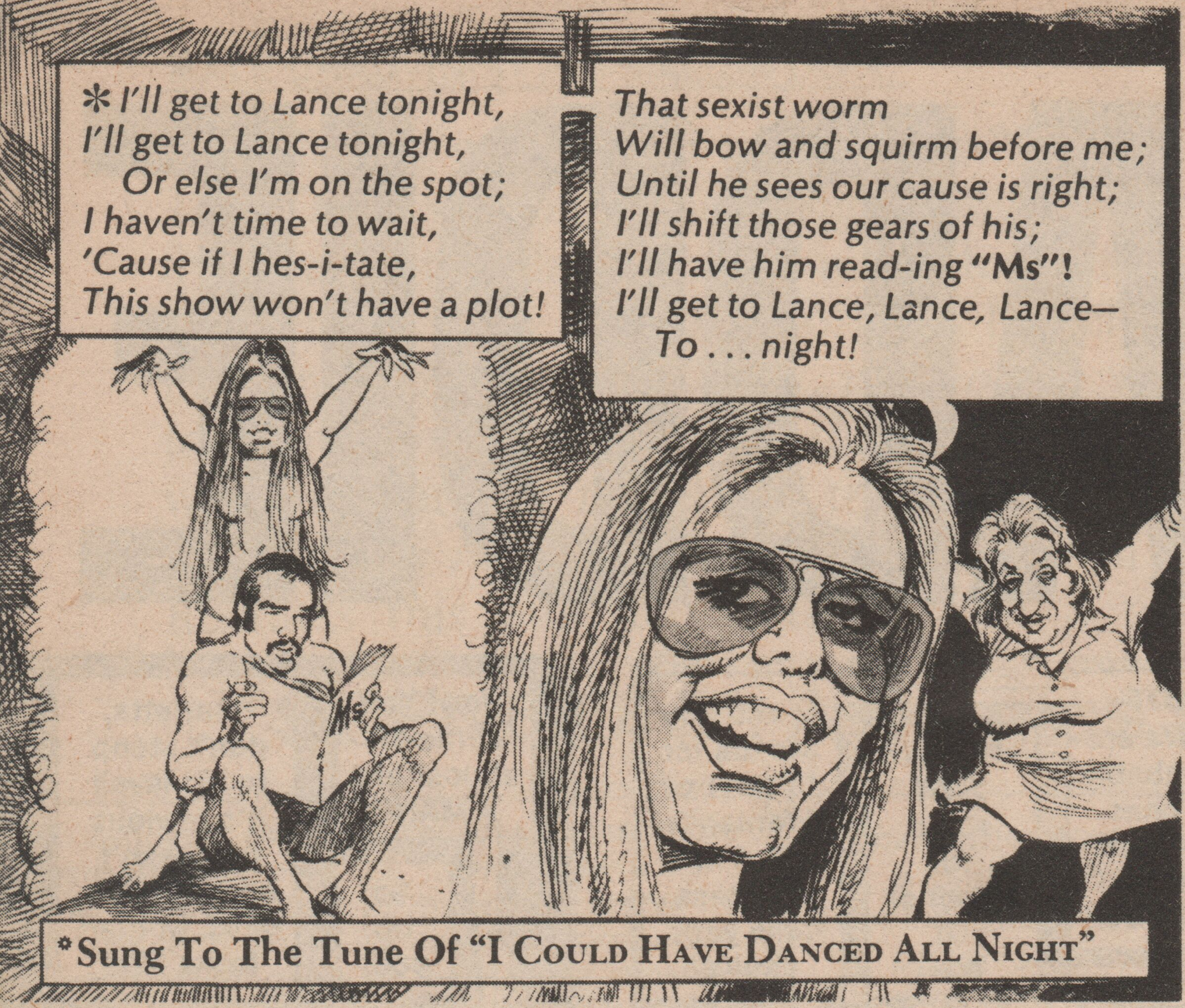
FAIR LADDIE

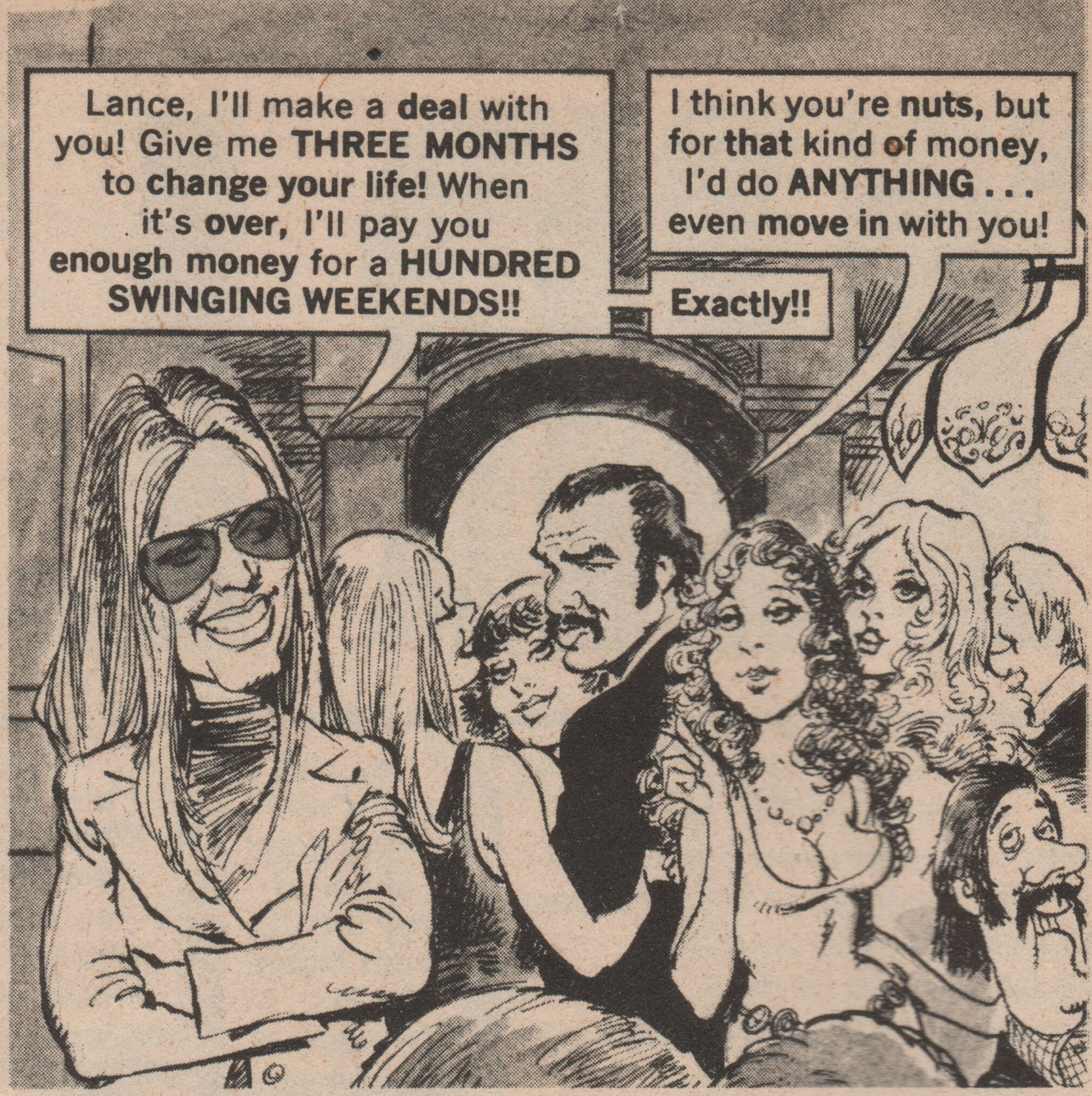

Still I can't resist
the high yield in here,
And each night you'll find me
harvesting the field in here;
They're all here, you see,
To be plucked by me!
I'm the stud that the chicks
can't resist!
Hey, I've never seen YOU before! Either of you broads from Maine or Tennessee?
We are NOT "broads"! We are WOMEN! Probably the ONLY ones you've ever met! I'm the National President of POW!
I thought POW stood for Prisoner Of War!
It actually stands for "Power of Women"! But in your case, take your choice!
SINGLES
POW
Wow! You come off almost like a MAN!!
So do you!
Henrietta, don't stoop to his level! It's obvious he doesn't know what a REAL woman looks like!
POW

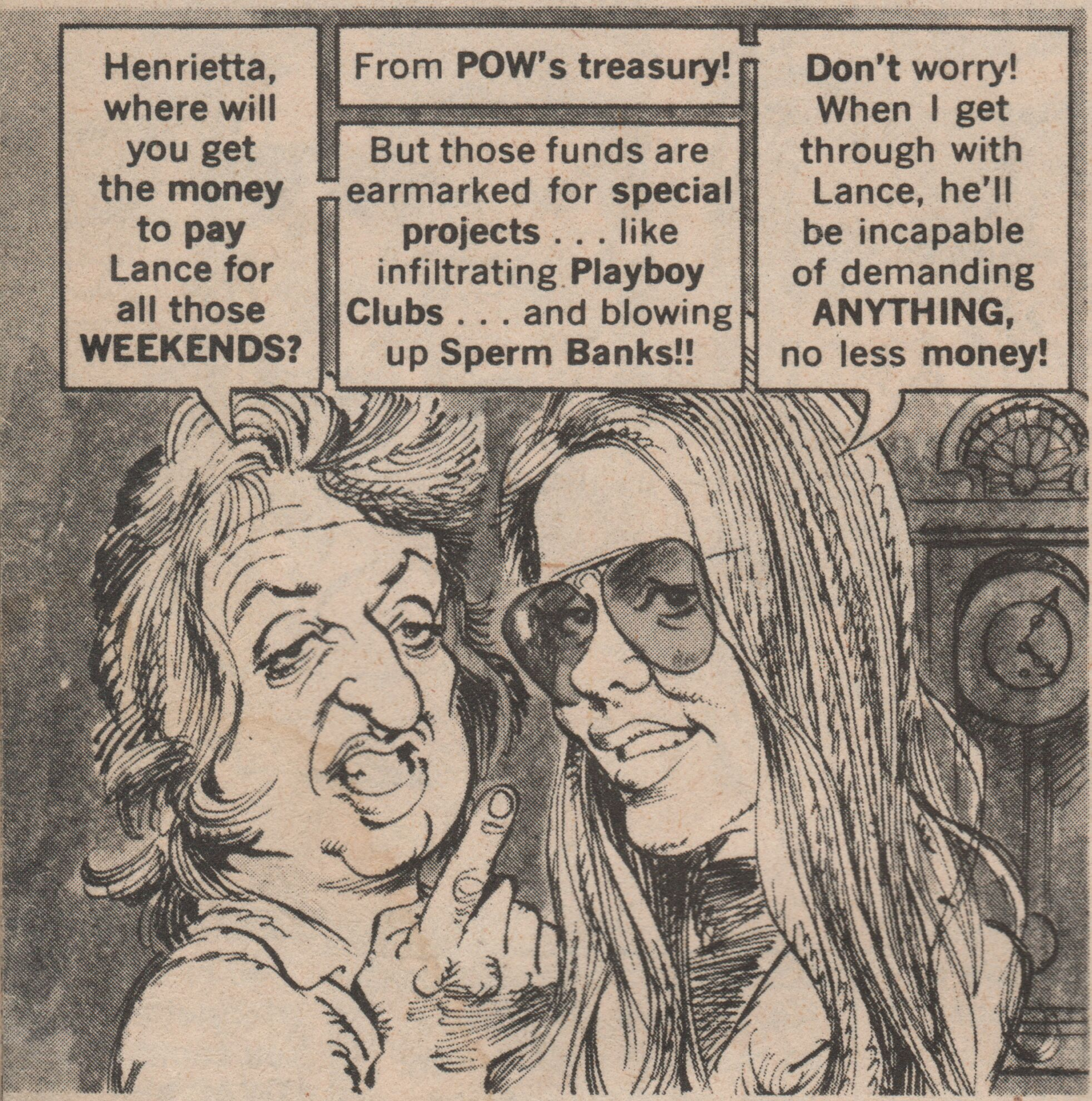
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS


*We wear no
make-up on our face;
You'll find no
powder on our nose;
Our legs are
hairy as a Yak's;
Our pants-suits
hang like slacks;
Our bras, we've burned
Because we've learned—
Our bodies hunger to be free,
Oppressed no more by panty-hose;
We think that
perfume's hypocritical
and scarcely worth the fuss;
E-ven Aqua Velva is too
feminine for us;
We wear no frills or fancy lace,
No polish on our nails,
No make-up . . . on . . . our . . . face!
Come on! We're wasting our time! Let's add him to our Enemies List, and get out of here!
No, Dickering! Lance is too much of a challenge! Give me three months with him and I bet you I could change him into The Perfect Man!
You're ON, Henrietta!! You couldn't DRAG him out of here!
Oh, no . . .?!

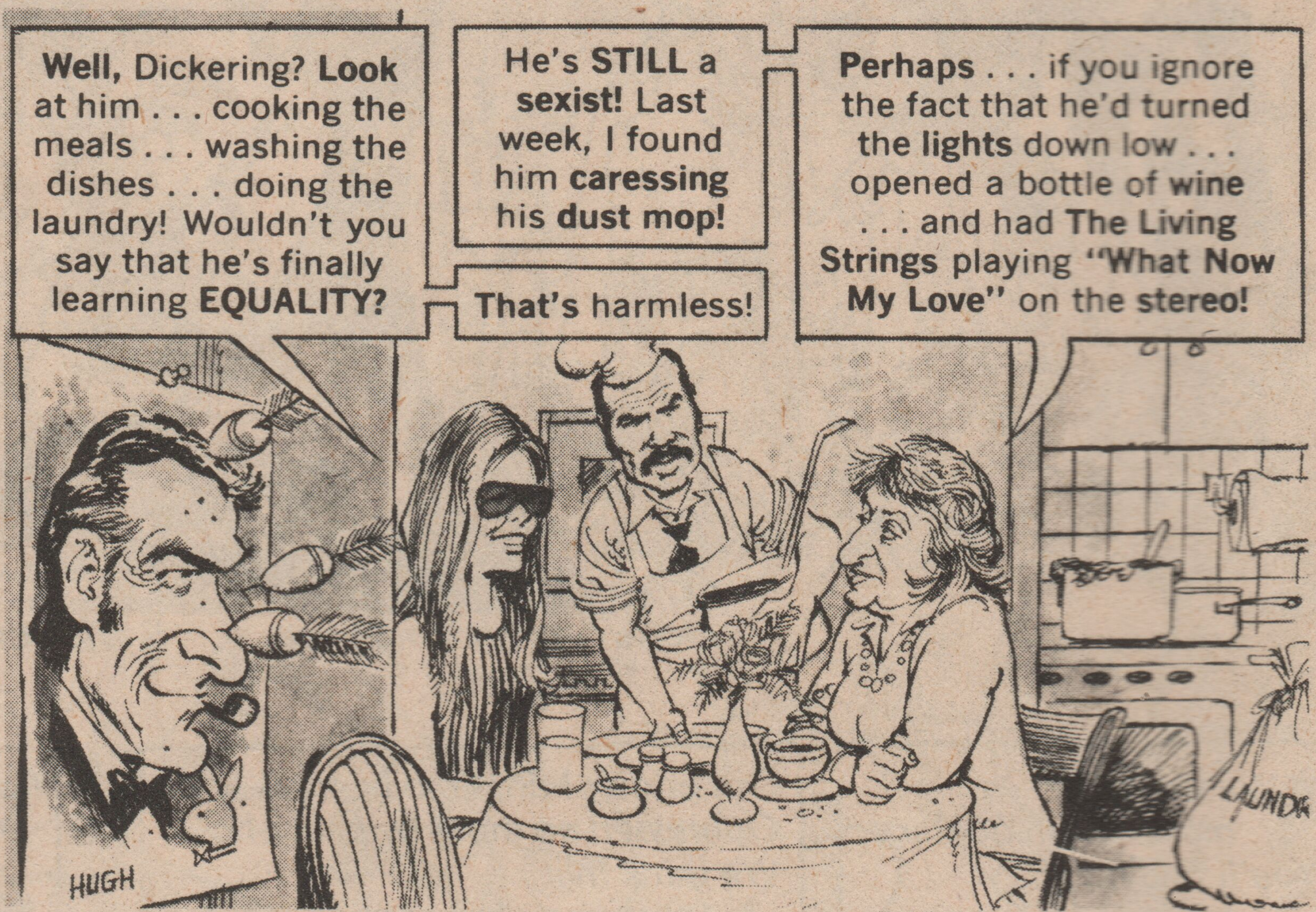
*Sung To The Tune Of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face!"

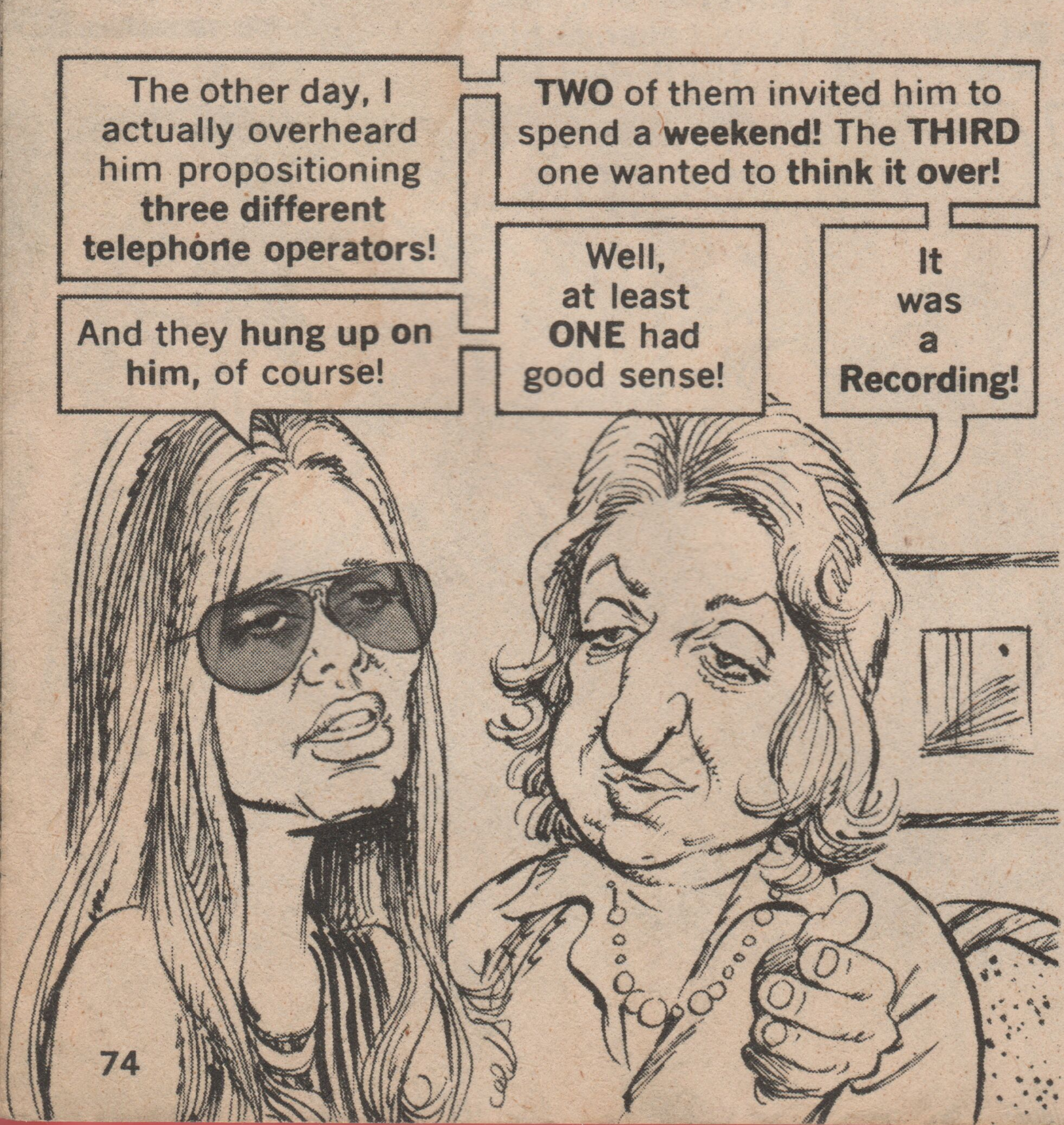

*I'll get to Lance tonight,
I'll get to Lance tonight,
Or else I'm on the spot;
I haven't time to wait,
'Cause if I hes-i-tate,
This show won't have a plot!
That sexist worm
Will bow and squirm before me;
Until he sees our cause is right;
I'll shift those gears of his;
I'll have him read-ing "Ms"!
I'll get to Lance, Lance, Lance—
To . . . night!
Ms
*Sung To The Tune Of "I Could Have Danced All Night"

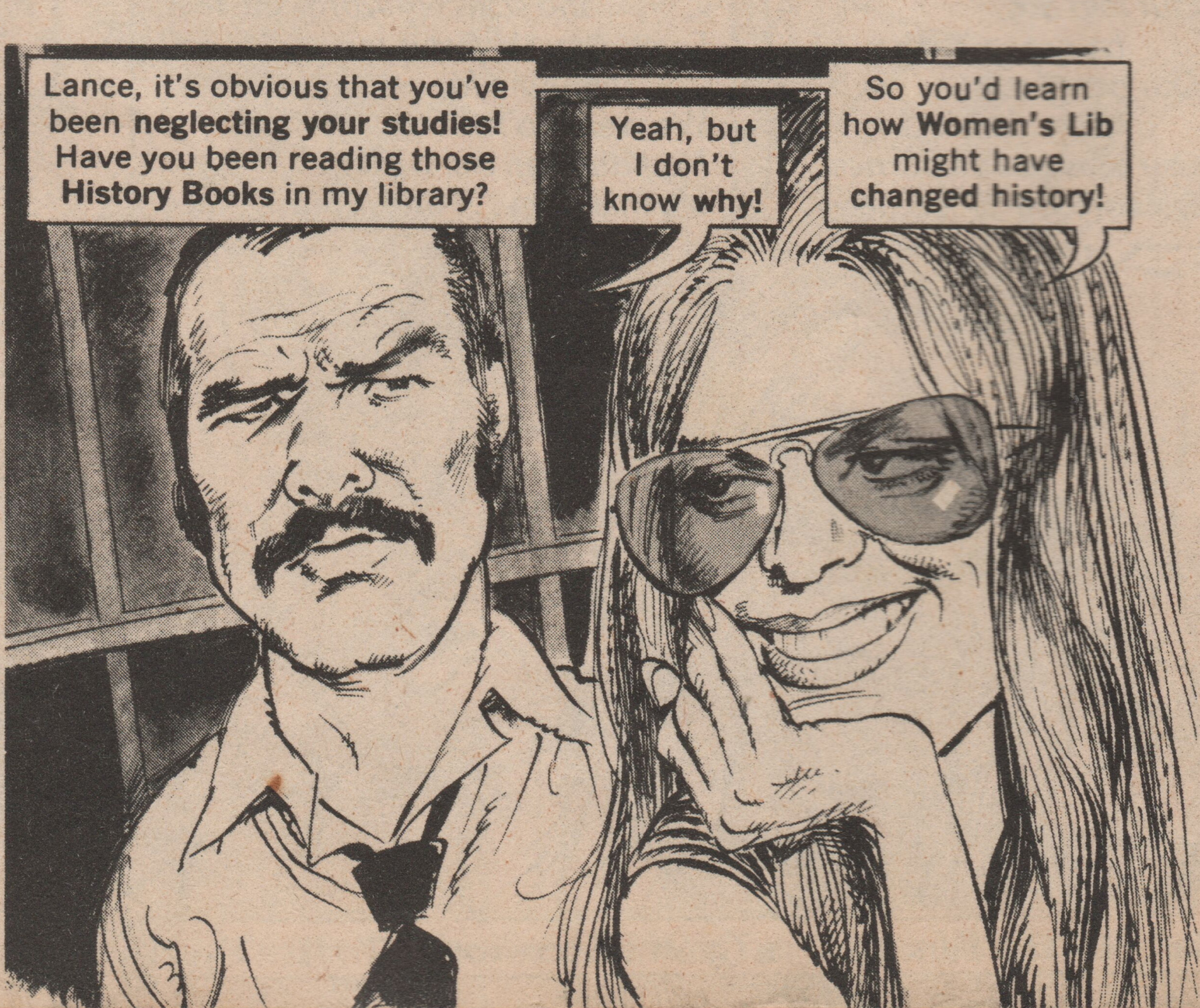

Lance, I'll make a deal with you! Give me THREE MONTHS to change your life! When it's over, I'll pay you enough money for a HUNDRED SWINGING WEEKENDS!!
I think you're nuts, but for that kind of money, I'd do ANYTHING . . . even move in with you!
Exactly!!

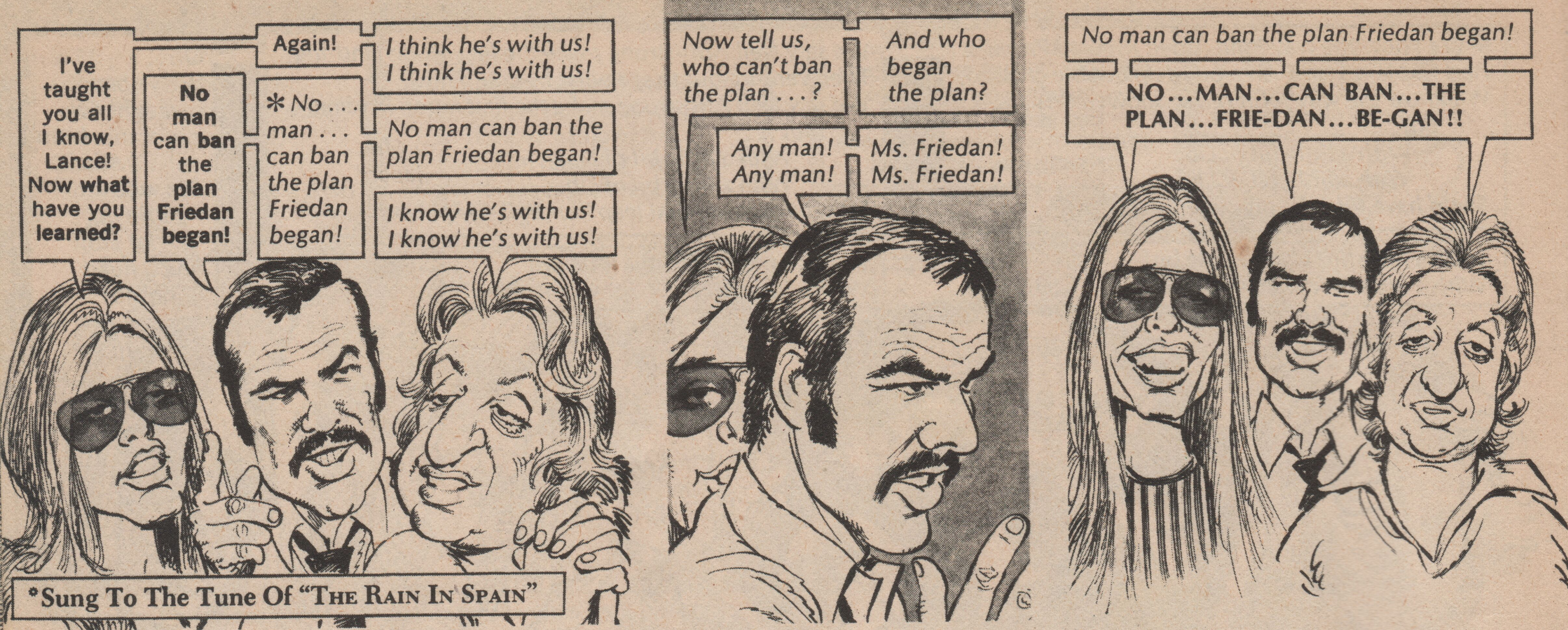

Henrietta, where will you get the money to pay Lance for all those WEEKENDS?
From POW's treasury!
But those funds are earmarked for special projects . . . like infiltrating Playboy Clubs . . . and blowing up Sperm Banks!!
Don't worry! When I get through with Lance, he'll be incapable of demanding ANYTHING, no less money!

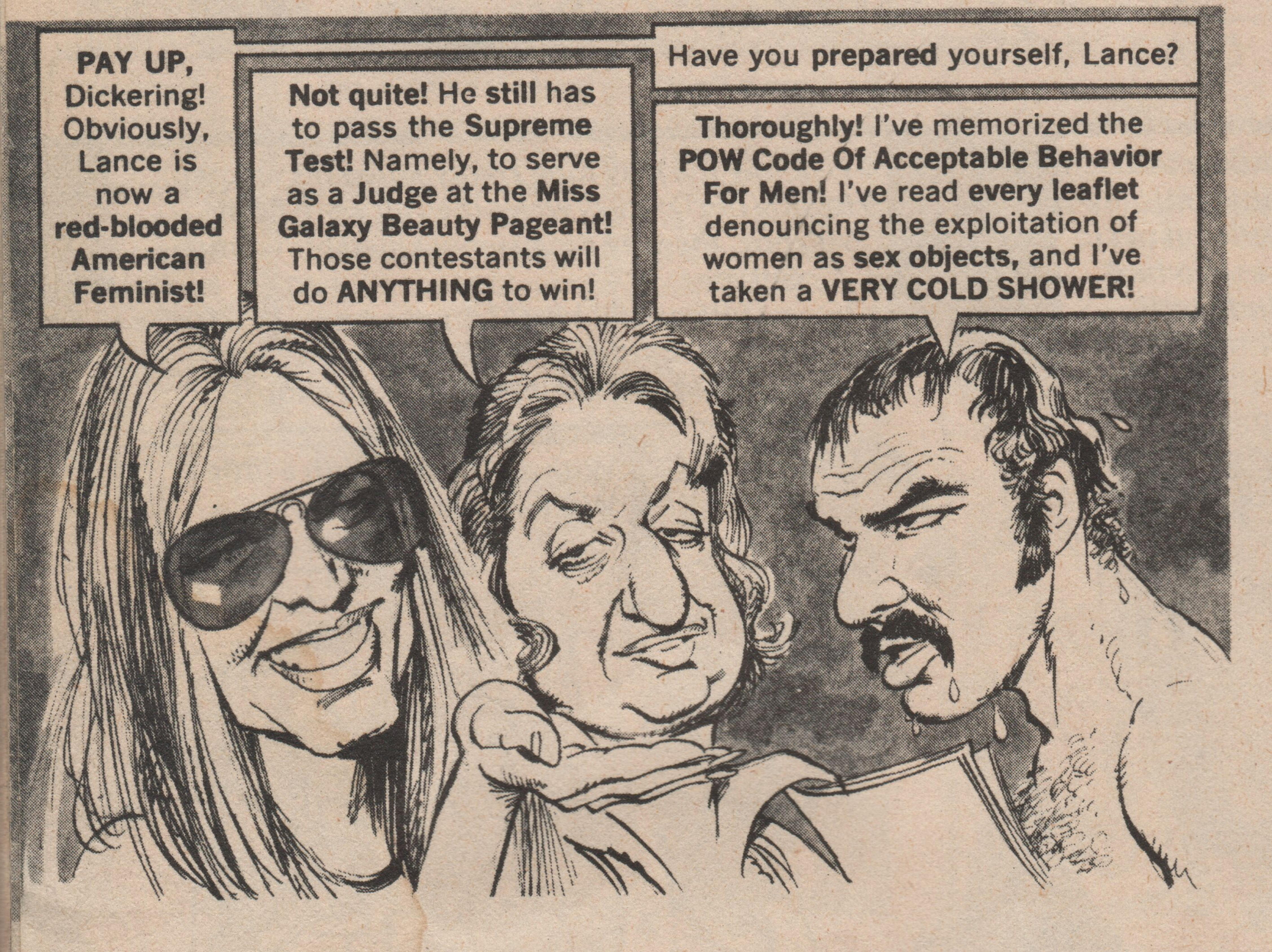
SCENE TWO:
Henrietta's Apartment, Two Months Later


Well, Dickering? Look at him . . . cooking the meals . . . washing the dishes . . . doing the laundry! Wouldn't you say that he's finally learning EQUALITY?
He's STILL a sexist! Last week, I found him caressing his dust mop!
That's harmless!
Perhaps . . . if you ignore the fact that he'd turned the lights down low . . . opened a bottle of wine . . . and had The Living Strings playing "What Now My Love" on the stereo!
HUGH
LAUNDR

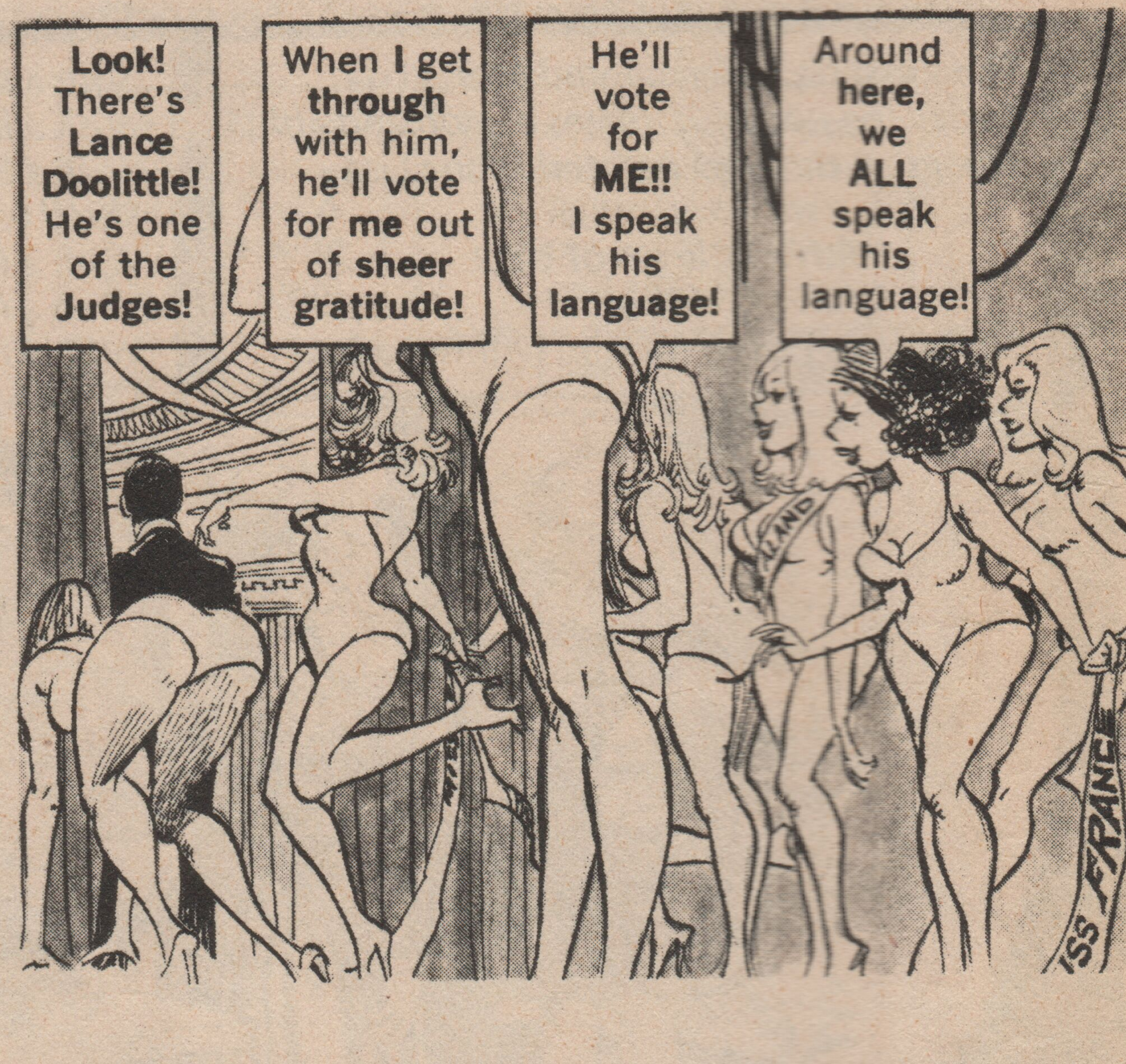

The other day, I actually overheard him propositioning three different telephone operators!
TWO of them invited him to spend a weekend! The THIRD one wanted to think it over!
And they hung up on him, of course!
Well, at least ONE had good sense!
It was a Recording!

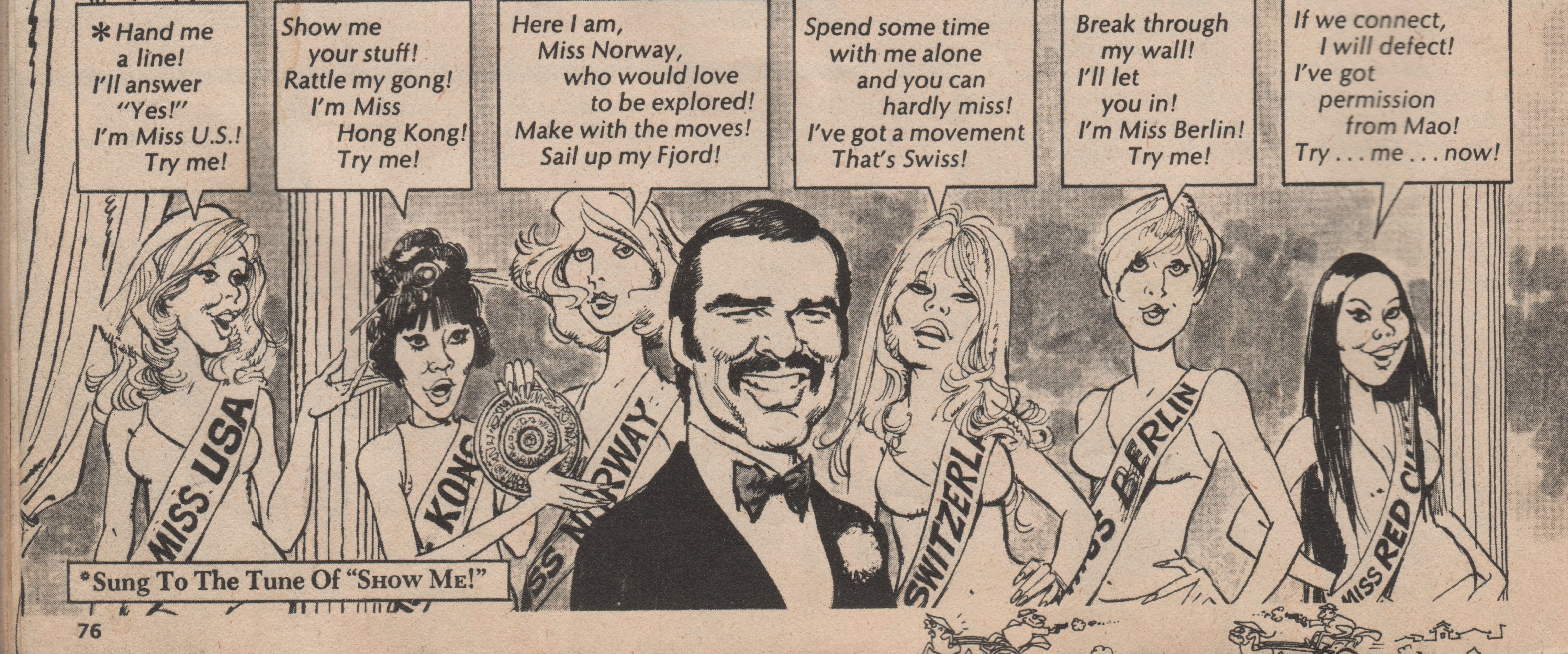

Lance, it's obvious that you've been neglecting your studies! Have you been reading those History Books in my library?
Yeah, but I don't know why!
So you'd learn how Women's Lib might have changed history!

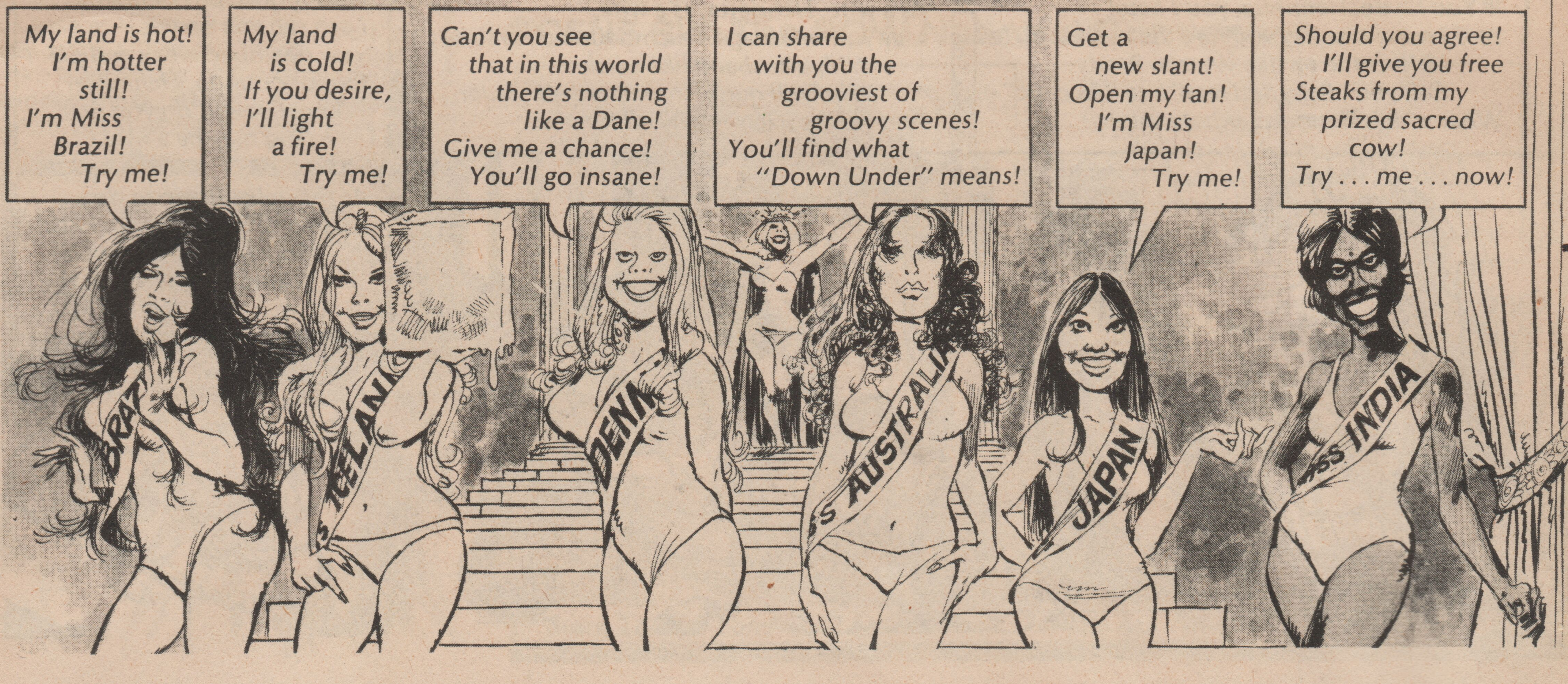

I've taught you all I know, Lance! Now what have you learned?
No man can ban the plan Friedan began!
Again!
*No . . . man . . . can ban the plan Friedan began!
I think he's with us! I think he's with us!
No man can ban the plan Friedan began!
I know he's with us! I know he's with us!
*Sung To The Tune Of "The Rain In Spain"
Now tell us, who can't ban the plan . . . ?
And who began the plan?
Any man! Any man!
Ms. Friedan! Ms. Friedan!
No man can ban the plan Friedan began!
NO . . . MAN . . . CAN BAN . . . THE PLAN . . . FRIE-DAN . . . BE-GAN!!


PAY UP, Dickering! Obviously, Lance is now a red-blooded American Feminist!
Have you prepared yourself, Lance?
Not quite! He still has to pass the Supreme Test! Namely, to serve as a Judge at the Miss Galaxy Beauty Pageant! Those contestants will do ANYTHING to win!
Thoroughly! I've memorized the POW Code Of Acceptable Behavior For Men! I've read every leaflet denouncing the exploitation of women as sex objects, and I've taken a VERY COLD SHOWER!

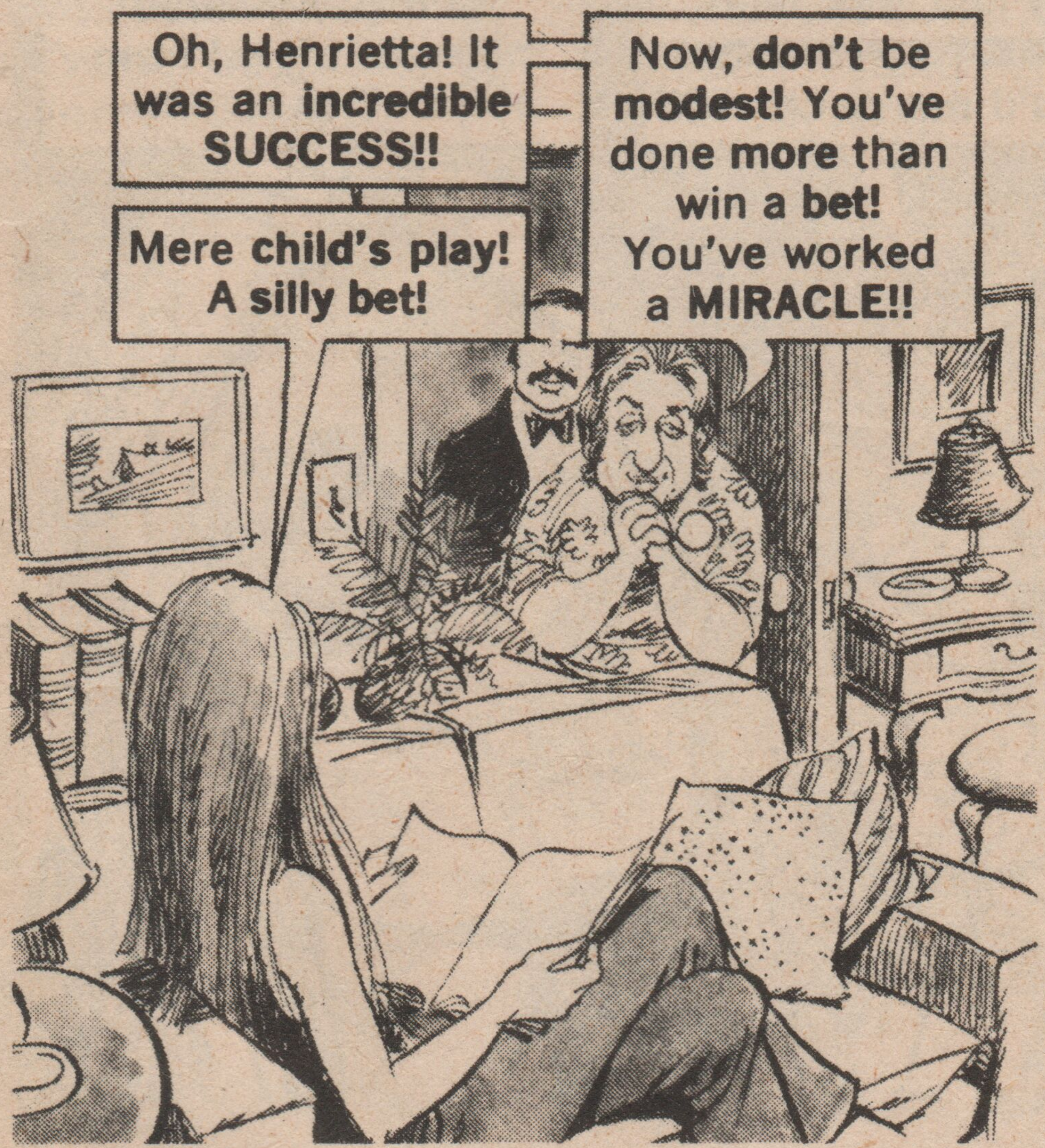
SCENE THREE:
The Beauty Pageant

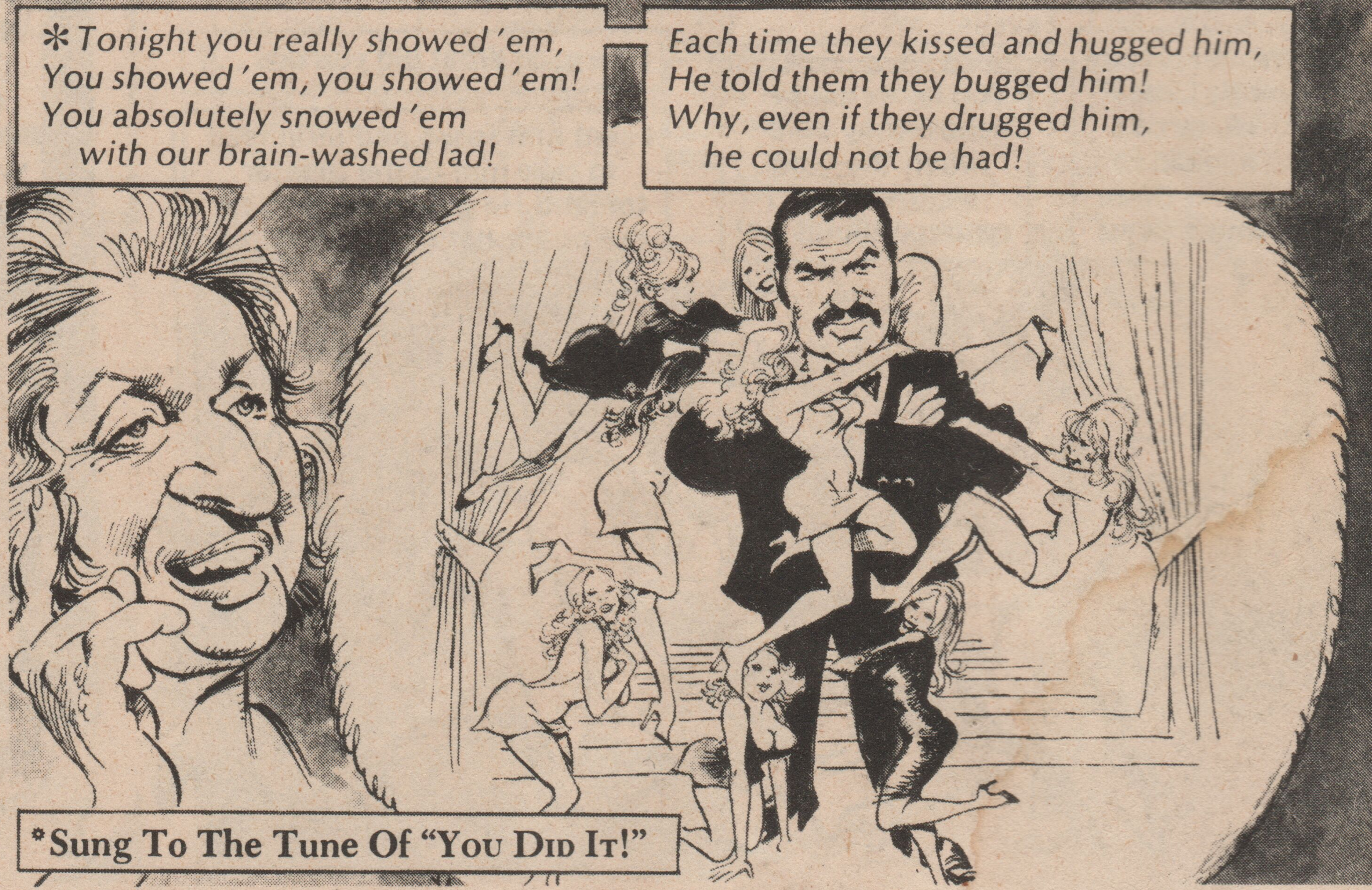

Look! There's Lance Doolittle! He's one of the Judges!
When I get through with him, he'll vote for me out of sheer gratitude!
He'll vote for ME!! I speak his language!
Around here, we ALL speak his language!
MISS FRANCE


*Hand me a line! I'll answer "Yes!" I'm Miss U.S.! Try me!
Show me your stuff! Rattle my gong! I'm Miss Hong Kong! Try me!
Here I am, Miss Norway, who would love to be explored! Make with the moves! Sail up my Fjord!
Spend some time with me alone and you can hardly miss! I've got a movement That's Swiss!
Break through my wall! I'll let you in! I'm Miss Berlin! Try me!
If we connect, I will defect! I've got permission from Mao! Try . . . me . . . now!
MISS USA
KONG
MISS NORWAY
SWITZERLA
BERLIN
MISS RED C
*Sung To The Tune Of "Show Me!"

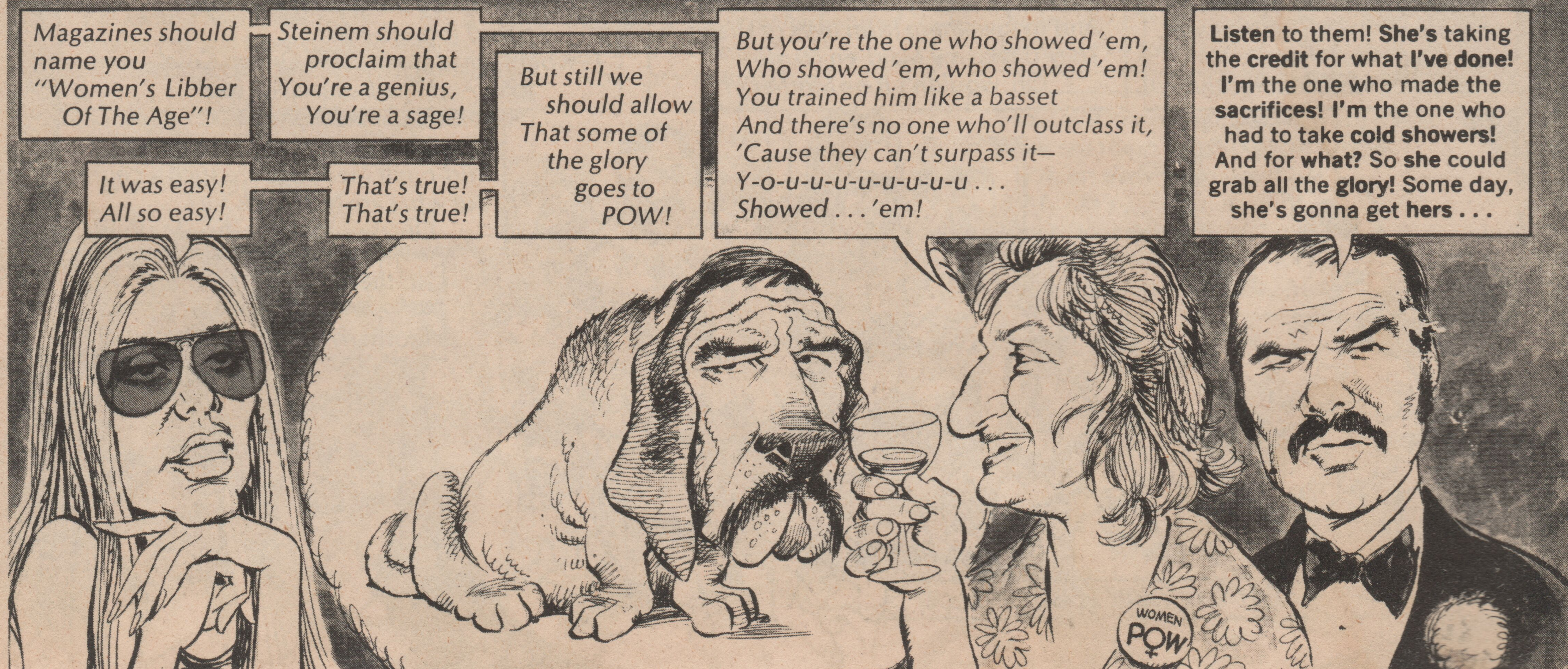

My land is hot! I'm hotter still! I'm Miss Brazil! Try me!
My land is cold! If you desire, I'll light a fire! Try me!
Can't you see that in this world there's nothing like a Dane! Give me a chance! You'll go insane!
I can share with you the grooviest of groovy scenes! You'll find what "Down Under" means!
Get a new slant! Open my fan! I'm Miss Japan! Try me!
Should you agree! I'll give you free Steaks from my prized sacred cow! Try . . . me . . . now!
BRAZ
ICELAN
DENM
SS AUSTRALIA
JAPAN
SS INDIA

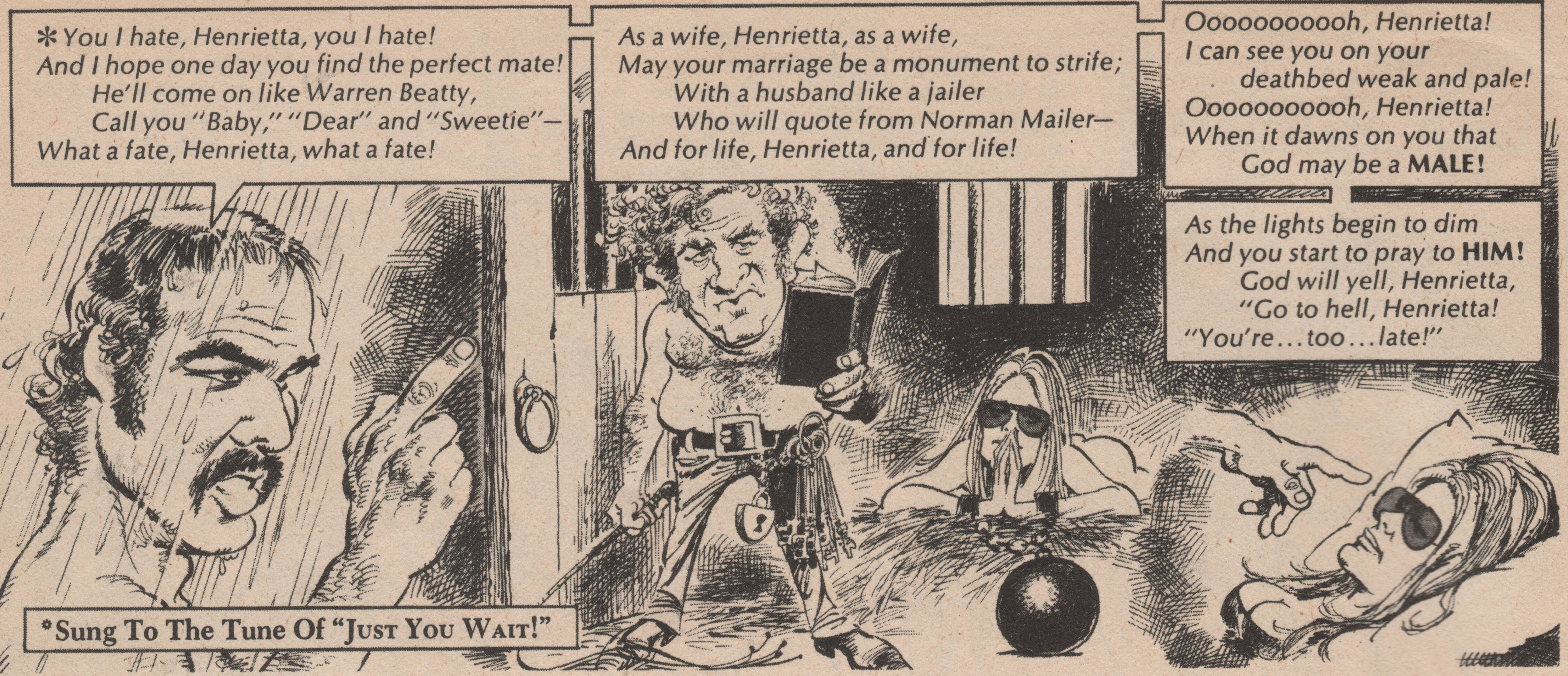
SCENE FOUR: Henrietta's Apartment


Oh, Henrietta! It was an incredible SUCCESS!!
Now, don't be modest! You've done more than win a bet! You've worked a MIRACLE!!
Mere child's play! A silly bet!

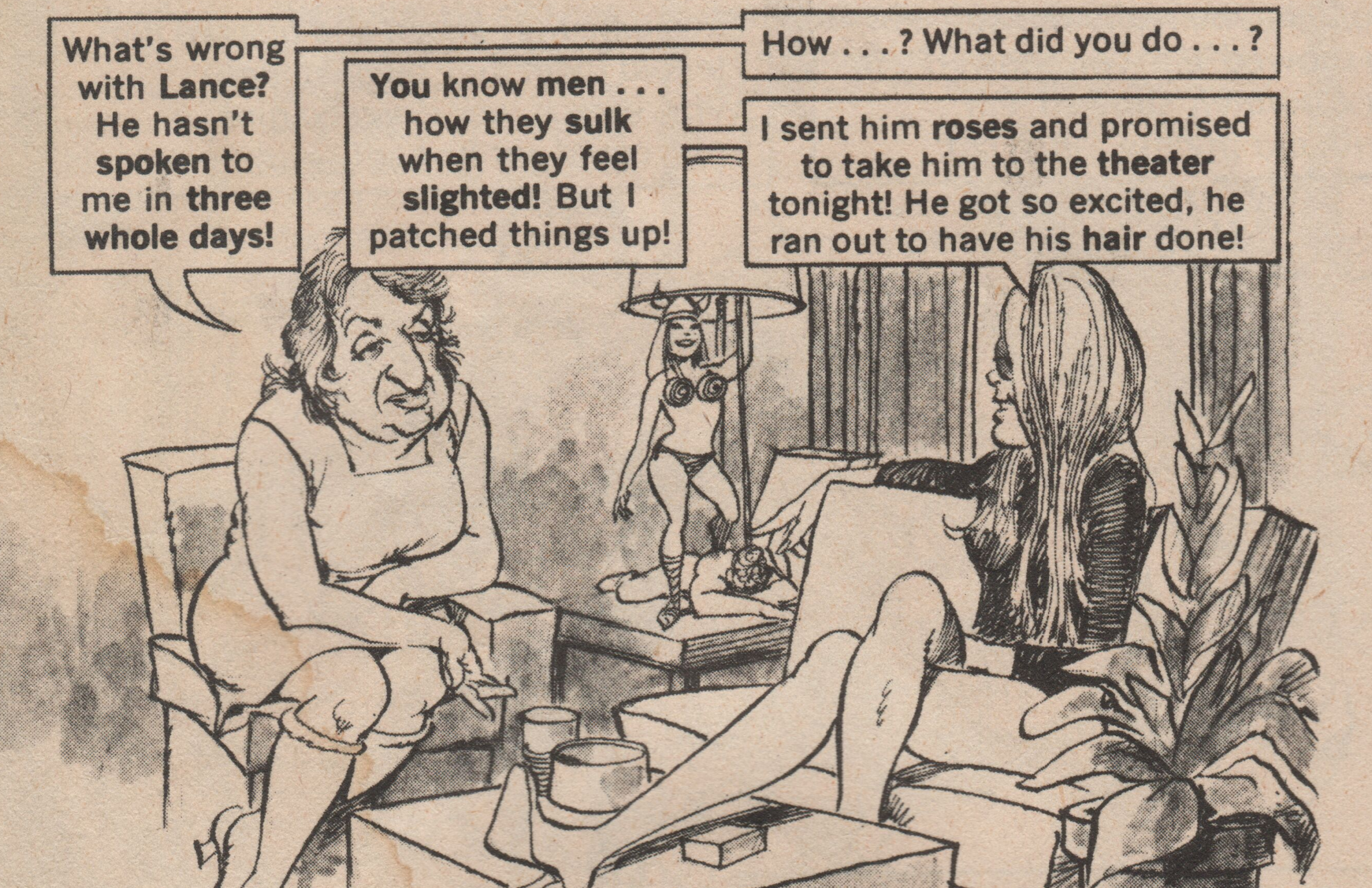

*Tonight you really showed 'em, You showed 'em, you showed 'em! You absolutely snowed 'em with our brain-washed lad!
Each time they kissed and hugged him, He told them they bugged him! Why, even if they drugged him, he could not be had!

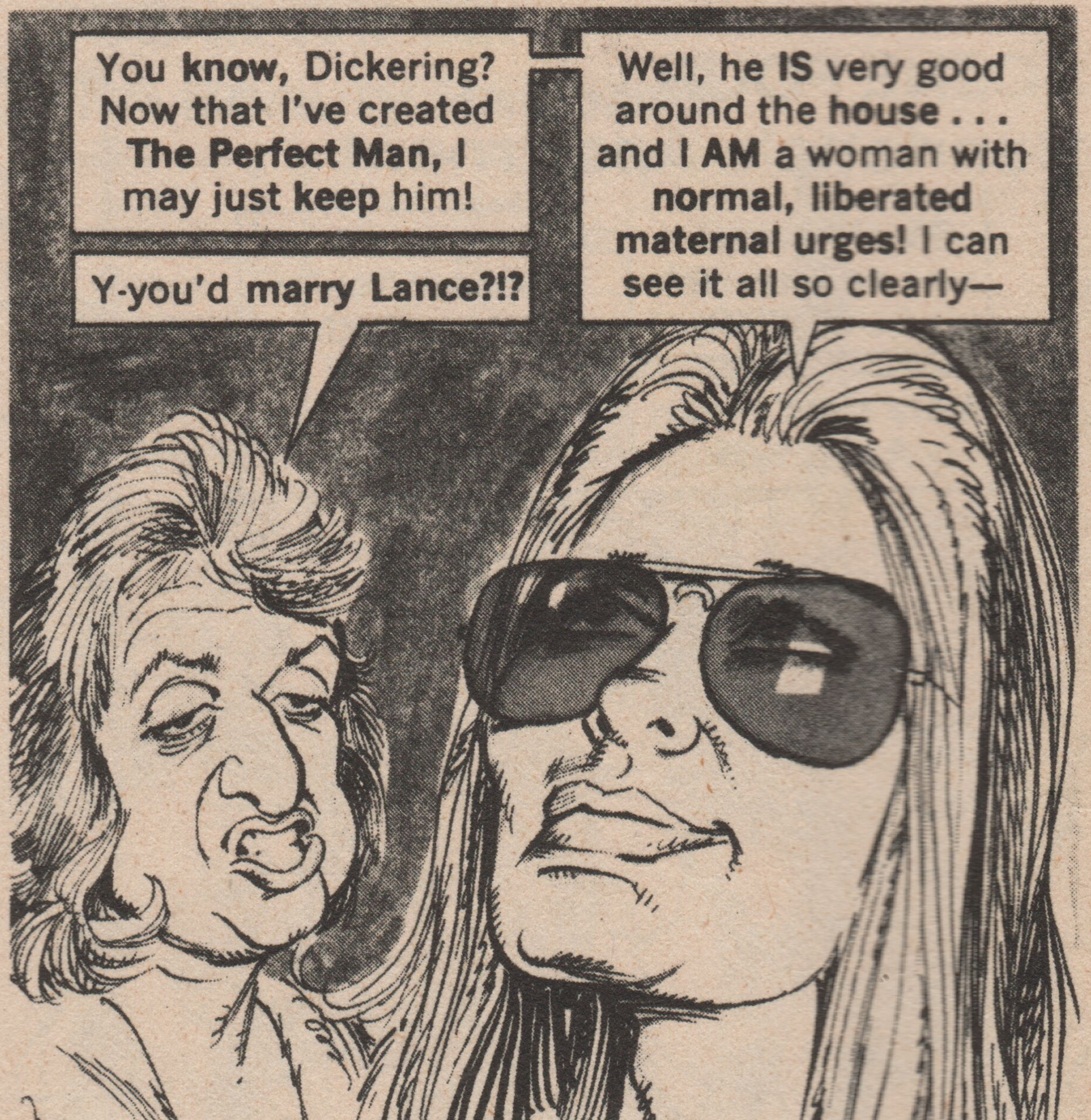
*Sung To The Tune Of "You Did It!"

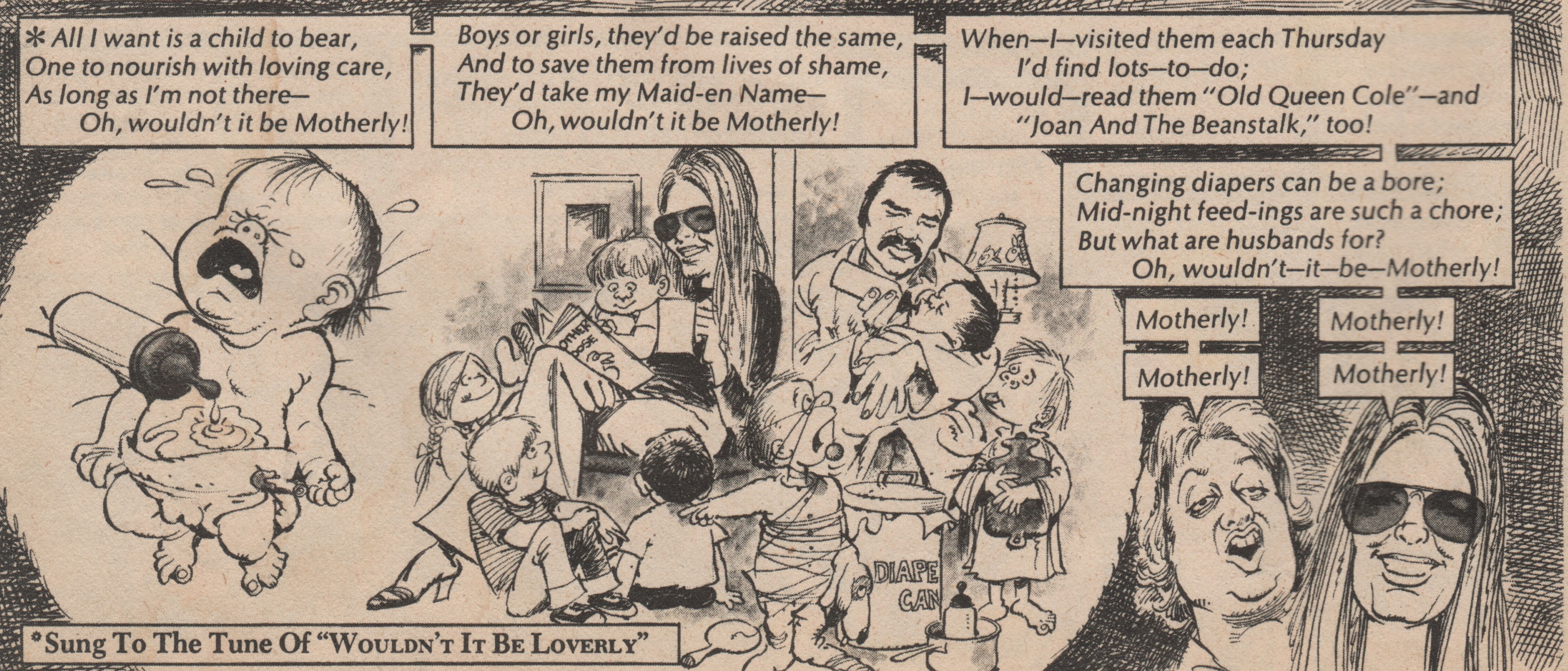

Magazines should name you "Women's Libber Of The Age"!
Steinem should proclaim that You're a genius, You're a sage!
But still we should allow That some of the glory goes to POW!
It was easy! All so easy!
That's true! That's true!
But you're the one who showed 'em, Who showed 'em, who showed 'em! You trained him like a basset And there's no one who'll outclass it, 'Cause they can't surpass it— Y-o-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u . . . Showed . . . 'em!
Listen to them! She's taking the credit for what I've done! I'm the one who made the sacrifices! I'm the one who had to take cold showers! And for what? So she could grab all the glory! Some day, she's gonna get hers . . .
WOMEN POW

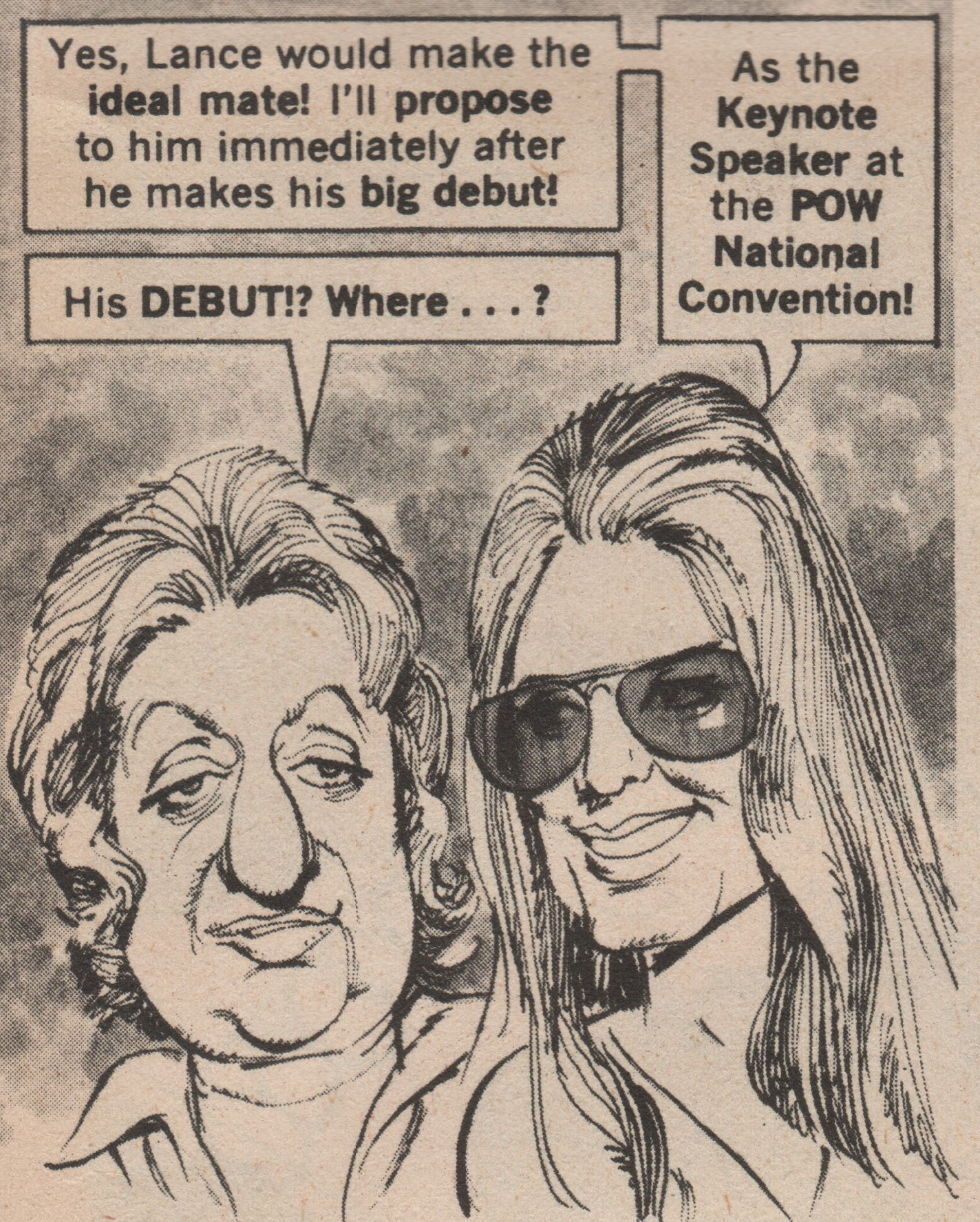

*You I hate, Henrietta, you I hate!
And I hope one day you find the perfect mate!
He'll come on like Warren Beatty,
Call you "Baby," "Dear" and "Sweetie"—
What a fate, Henrietta, what a fate!
As a wife, Henrietta, as a wife,
May your marriage be a monument to strife;
With a husband like a jailer
Who will quote from Norman Mailer—
And for life, Henrietta, and for life!
Ooooooooooh, Henrietta!
I can see you on your
deathbed weak and pale!
Ooooooooooh, Henrietta!
When it dawns on you that
God may be a **MALE!**
As the lights begin to dim
And you start to pray to **HIM!**
God will yell, Henrietta,
"Go to hell, Henrietta!
"You're . . . too . . . late!"
*Sung To The Tune Of "Just You Wait!"

SCENE FIVE: A Few Days Later

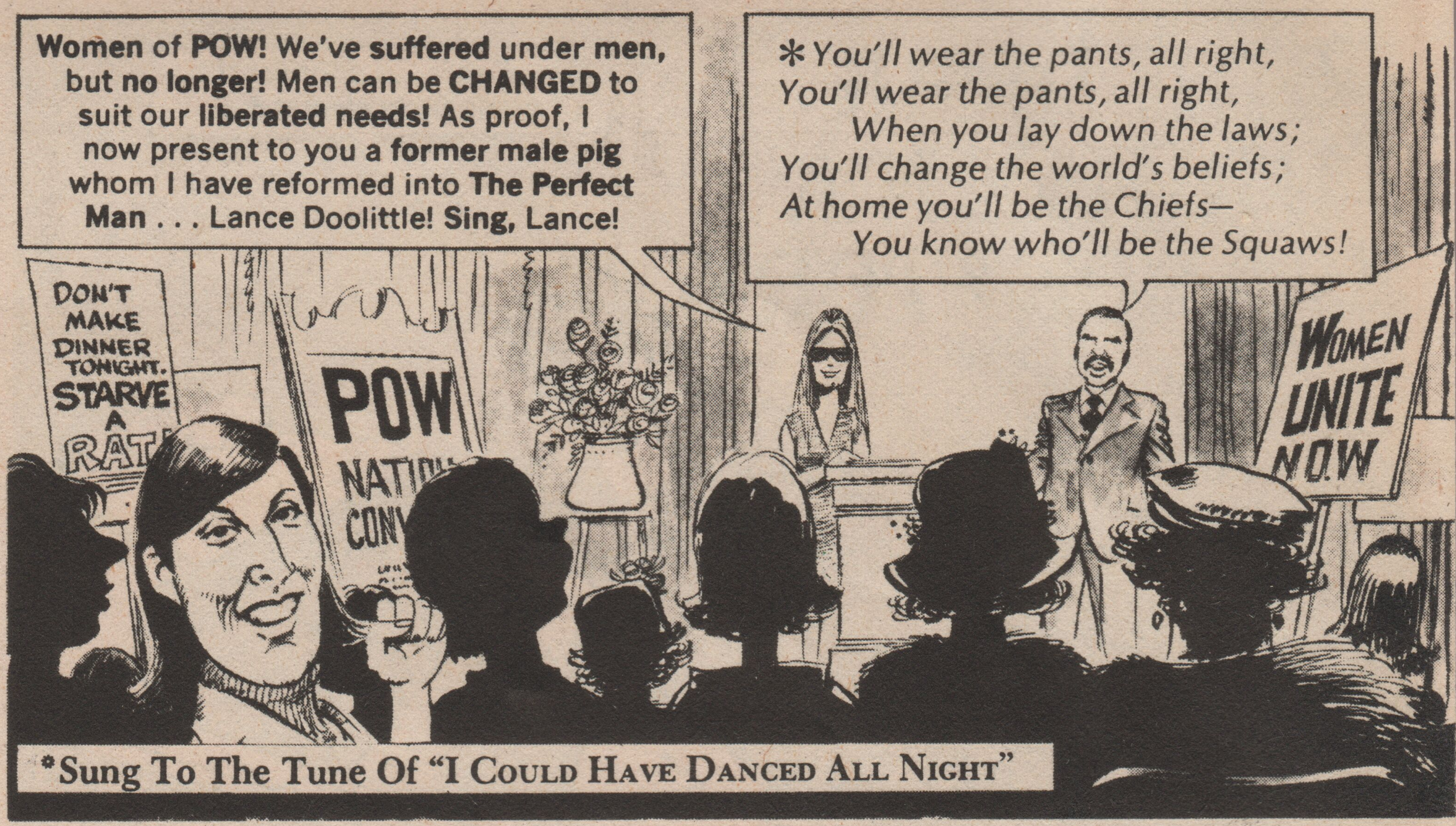

What's wrong with **Lance?** He hasn't **spoken** to me in **three whole days!**
How . . . ? What did you do . . . ?
You know **men** . . . how they **sulk** when they feel **slighted!** But I patched things up!
I sent him **roses** and promised to take him to the **theater** tonight! He got so excited, he ran out to have his **hair** done!

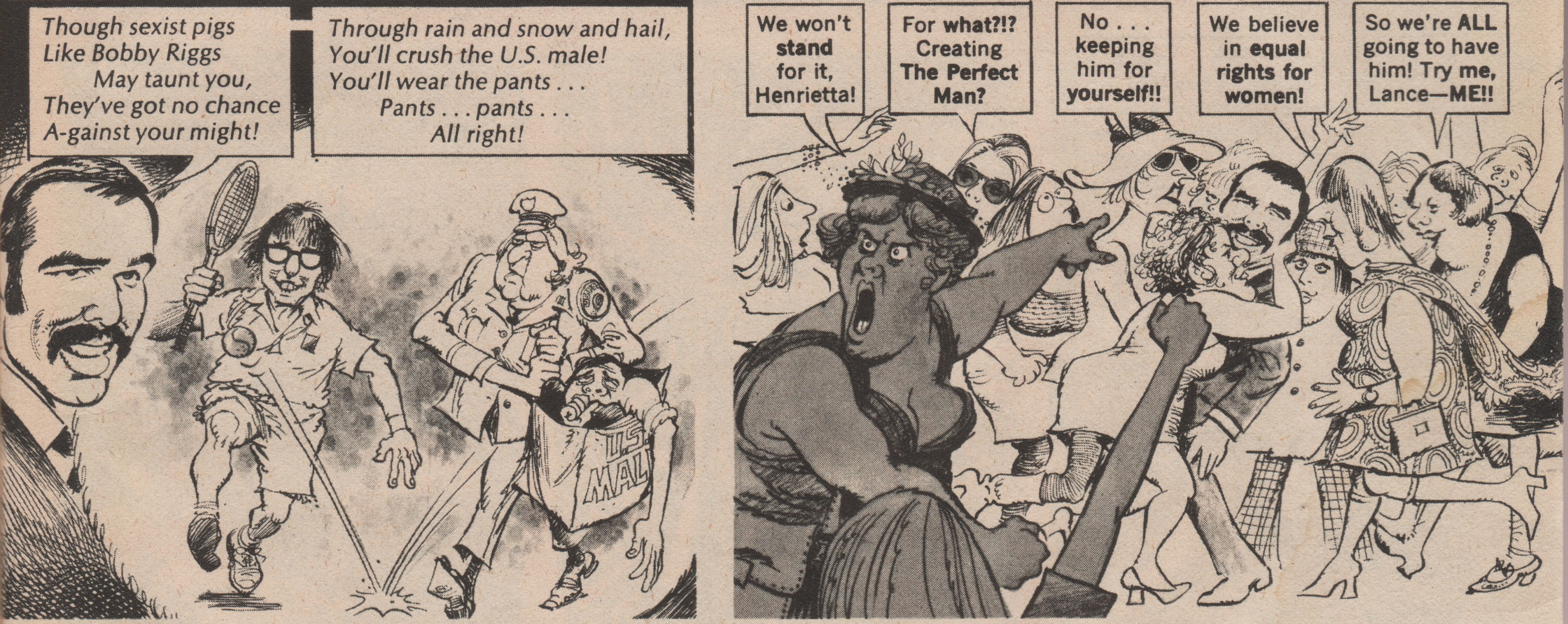

You know, Dickering? Now that I've created **The Perfect Man**, I may just **keep** him!
Well, he **IS** very good around the **house** . . . and **I AM** a woman with **normal, liberated maternal urges!** I can see it all so clearly—
Y-you'd **marry Lance?!?**

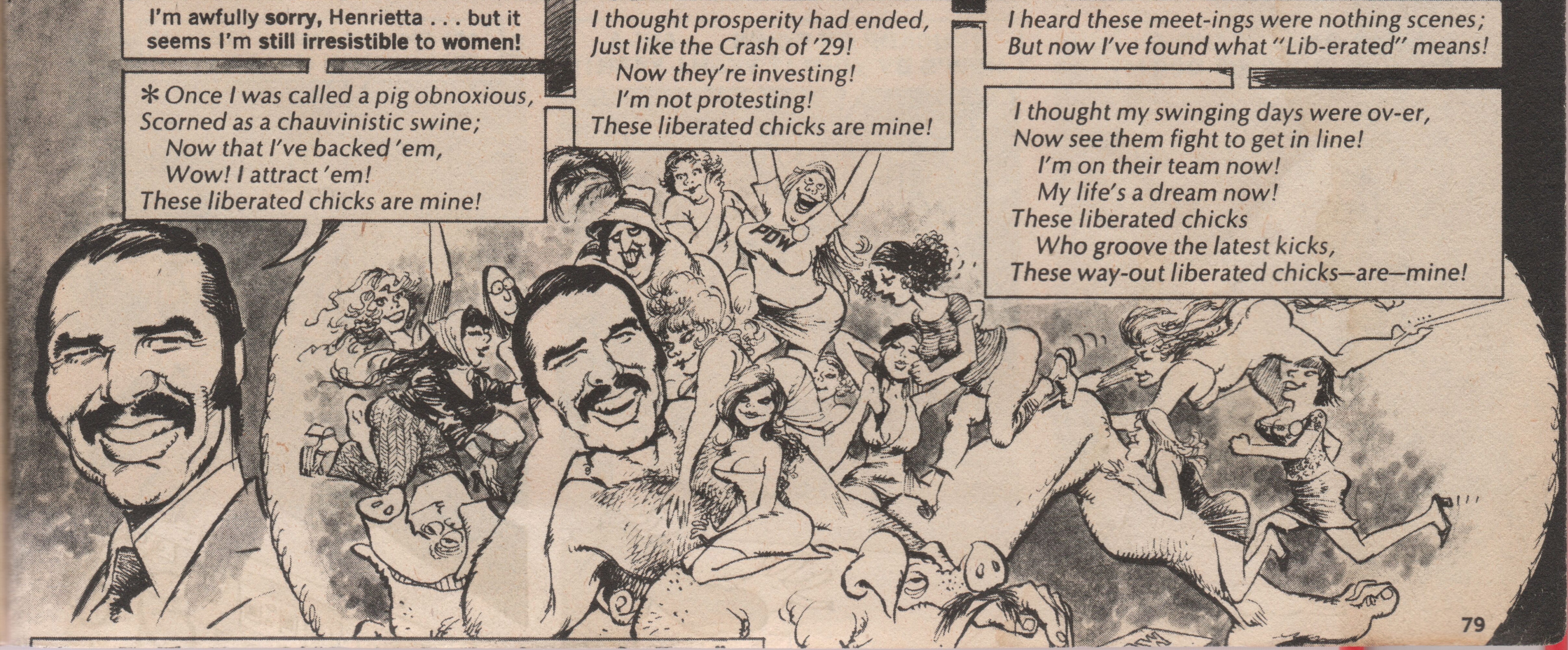

*All I want is a child to bear,
One to nourish with loving care,
As long as I'm not there—
Oh, wouldn't it be Motherly!
Boys or girls, they'd be raised the same,
And to save them from lives of shame,
They'd take my Maid-en Name—
Oh, wouldn't it be Motherly!
When—I—visited them each Thursday
I'd find lots—to—do;
I—would—read them "Old Queen Cole"—and
"Joan And The Beanstalk," too!
Changing diapers can be a bore;
Mid-night feed-ings are such a chore;
But what are husbands for?
Oh, wouldn't—it—be—Motherly!
Motherly!
Motherly!
Motherly!
Motherly!
DIAPER CAN
*Sung To The Tune Of "Wouldn't It Be Loverly"


Yes, Lance would make the **ideal mate!** I'll **propose** to him immediately after he makes his **big debut!**
As the **Keynote Speaker** at the **POW National Convention!**
His **DEBUT!?** Where . . . ?

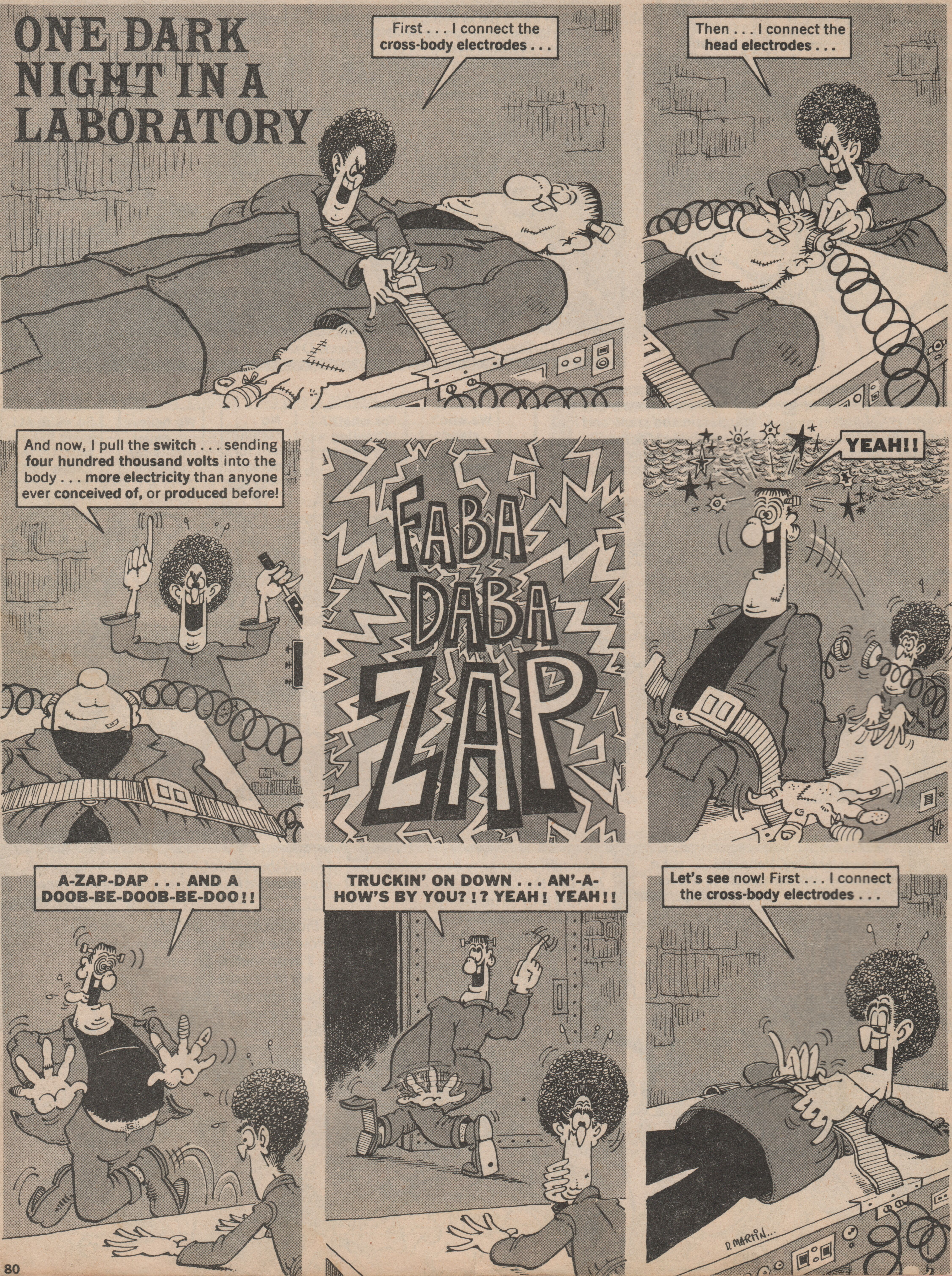
SCENE SIX: The POW National Convention


Women of POW! We've **suffered** under **men,** but **no longer!** Men can be **CHANGED** to suit our **liberated needs!** As proof, I now present to you a **former male pig** whom I have reformed into **The Perfect Man** . . . Lance Doolittle! **Sing, Lance!**
✻You'll wear the pants, all right,
You'll wear the pants, all right,
When you lay down the laws;
You'll change the world's beliefs;
At home you'll be the Chiefs—
You know who'll be the Squaws!
DON'T MAKE DINNER TONIGHT. STARVE A RAT
POW NATIONAL CONV
WOMEN UNITE NOW
*Sung To The Tune Of "I Could Have Danced All Night"


Though sexist pigs
Like Bobby Riggs
May taunt you,
They've got no chance
A-gainst your might!
Through rain and snow and hail,
You'll crush the U.S. male!
You'll wear the pants . . .
Pants . . . pants . . .
All right!
U.S. MAIL
We won't **stand** for it, Henrietta!
For **what?!?** Creating **The Perfect Man?**
No . . . **keeping** him for **yourself!!**
We believe in **equal rights for women!**
So we're **ALL** going to have him! Try me, Lance—**ME!!**


I'm awfully **sorry,** Henrietta . . . but it seems I'm **still irresistible to women!**
✻Once I was called a pig obnoxious,
Scorned as a chauvinistic swine;
Now that I've backed 'em,
Wow! I attract 'em!
These liberated chicks are mine!
I thought prosperity had ended,
Just like the Crash of '29!
Now they're investing!
I'm not protesting!
These liberated chicks are mine!
I heard these meet-ings were nothing scenes;
But now I've found what "Lib-erated" means!
I thought my swinging days were ov-er,
Now see them fight to get in line!
I'm on their team now!
My life's a dream now!
These liberated chicks
Who groove the latest kicks,
These way-out liberated chicks—are—mine!
POW

ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY


First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .
Then . . . I connect the head electrodes . . .
And now, I pull the switch . . . sending four hundred thousand volts into the body . . . more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!
FABA DABA ZAP
YEAH!!
A-ZAP-DAP . . . AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!
TRUCKIN' ON DOWN . . . AN'-A-HOW'S BY YOU?!? YEAH! YEAH!!
Let's see now! First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .
D. MARTIN...

WHAT EMERGING FORCE THINKS IT IS CLEVERLY SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF OVERPOPULATION?

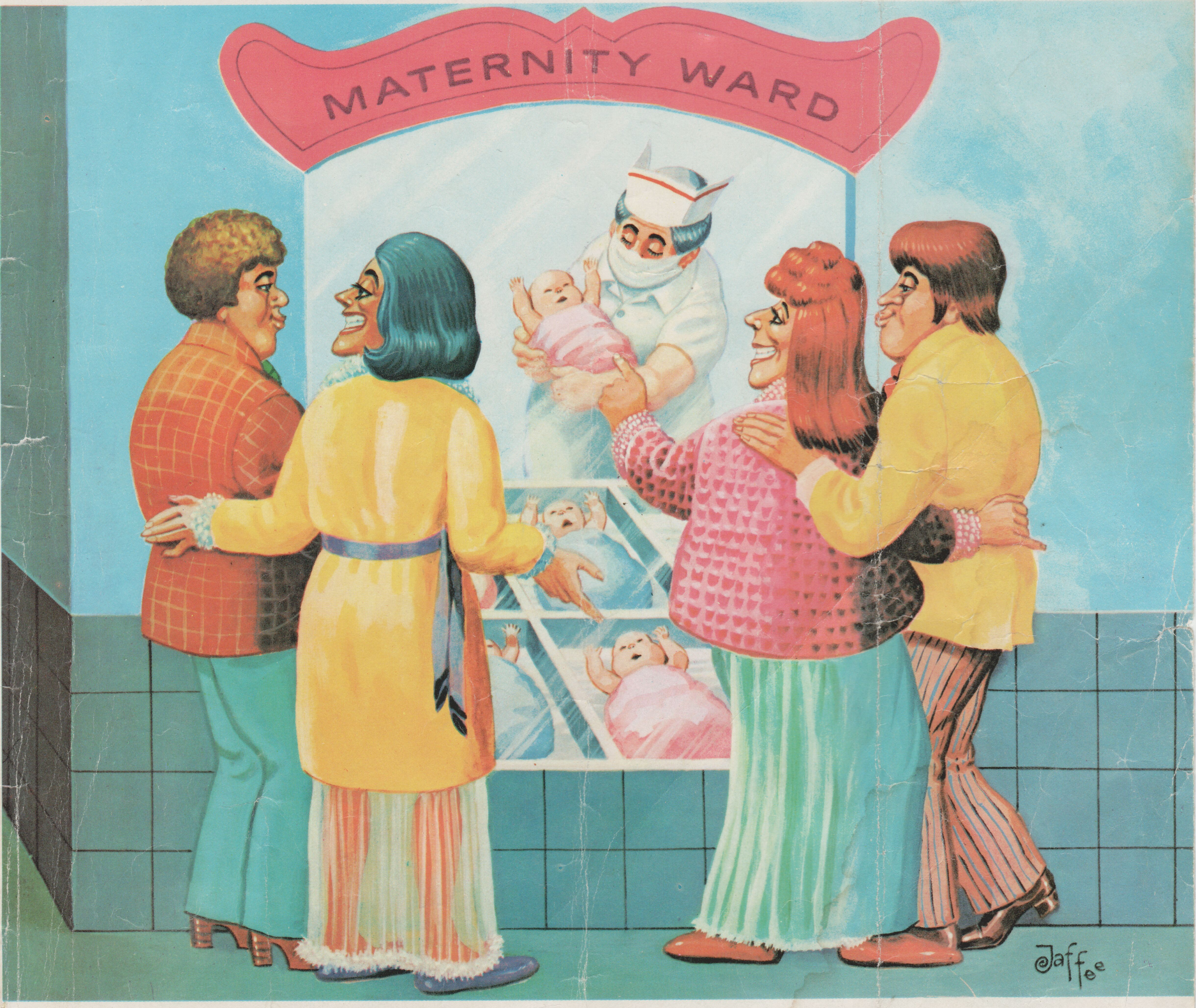
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Although the "Over-Population Problem" has been growing more acute through the years, a previously unheard-from force has only recently emerged from obscurity, claiming (among other things) a unique solution to this serious crisis. To discover their previously unheralded answer to the Population Explosion, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



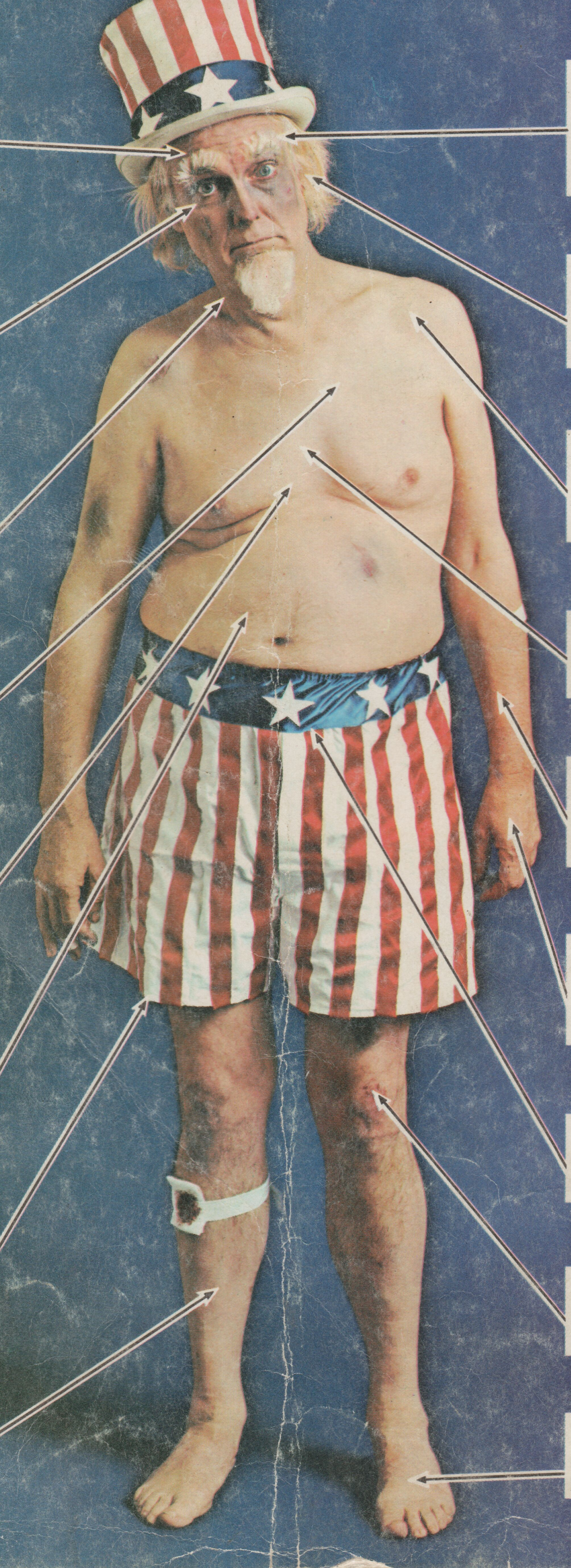
GAZING ADORINGLY AT BRAND NEW OFFSPRING IS PRETTY
EXCITING FOR RICH PARENTS. BUT FOR MANY MORE
POOR ONES, FEWER BABIES MIGHT BE THE HAPPIER ANSWER

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

A MAD MEDICAL REPORT

NAME: Uncle Sam **ADDRESS:** U.S.A.
AGE: 198 **OCCUPATION:** National Symbol



HEAD
Subject suffers chronic headaches of increasing drug abuses, rising crime and urban blight, worsened by the pressures of civil strife.

EYES
Fuzzy vision prevents the subject from focusing on his short-range problems. Also prevents subject from perceiving long-range goals.

NECK
Red in some areas, stiff in most, preventing subject from accepting good advice from his Right or Left.

HEART
Shrinking in size, and hardening, thus weakening his entire system. Fortunately, subject is blessed with a very strong Constitution.

LUNGS
Gasps and wheezes indicate subject is suffering from trade imbalance, as his intake exceeds his output.

STOMACH
Turned, by evidence of corruption and graft on all levels, resulting in occasional internal upheavals.

BUTTOCKS
Bruised and sore from kicks and beatings delivered by nations once considered to be subject's allies.

LEGS
Appear to be atrophied. Patient is unable to keep stride with rapid pace of his overseas competitors.

BRAIN
Signs of severe damage caused by corruption at the top. Possibility of a dangerous major stroke exists unless drastic surgery undertaken.

EARS
Apparent loss of hearing. Subject seems deaf to needs of the economy and pleas of the under-privileged.

SHOULDERS
Sagging from years of carrying the rest of the world. Now weakened to point of being unable to carry self.

CHEST
Partially caved in, indicating the possibility of a future depression.

MUSCLE
Severe deterioration and softening of muscle of subject is obvious, due to a lack of National Purpose.

HANDS
A creeping paralysis is apparent, preventing the subject from grasping his role in a changing world.

INTESTINAL TRACT
Clogged with bureaucratic waste, causing overall sluggish behavior.

KNEES
Fortunately, in good shape, since subject may be forced to his soon.

FEET
Arches collapsing. Feet unable to bear weight of over-inflated body.